

January 1, 1964

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

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*The Australian*

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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TO CUT OUT AND KEEP  
1964 Color Calendar of  
FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS

COMPLETE SUSPENSE NOVEL  
"The Ordeal of Mrs. Snow"  
By PATRICK QUENTIN





## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Infant training

AFTER being an infant teacher I now have a baby son of my own. Before I send him to school I am going to make sure he can tie his own shoelaces, do up his own buttons, and go to the toilet and wash his hands by himself. Many parents waste both their own and their children's energy teaching the youngsters to count, to recite the alphabet, and to "write." The time could be more profitably employed making sure the child is self-reliant and competent in everyday personal skills.

£1/1/- to "Ex-Teacher" (name supplied), Barmera, S.A.

### Giving up smoking paid a profit

MY will-power is zero and I couldn't "just give up smoking" as some people seem to do. You can imagine my delight, therefore, when my husband said one evening, "If you give up smoking, you can have £2 a week extra for your allowance." (That's how much I was spending on cigarettes at the time.) Needless to say, I instantly gave up smoking to earn the £2. What a profitable way to suffer!

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Kent, Frankston, Vic.

### Club nights for the wives

BUSINESSMEN'S clubs have social nights for members to bring along their wives, but some husbands never want to do this, preferring to use the club to be with the boys. So why not nights when the club secretary personally invites wives to come along for an entertainment of some sort — on their own if their husbands are not interested? Many women would appreciate such a break from household routine, and husbands might be shamed into better behaviour. Chivalrous club secretaries, please act, and we shall call you blessed.

£1/1/- to "Housewife Rebel" (name supplied), Pymble, N.S.W.

### Talkative young fellow

AT 10 months of age my son very clearly said his first word, "bird." He soon followed this with "gog" (dog), "goll" (gollywog), "ta," and "Da-da." I always thought a baby's first words were "Da-da" and "Ma-ma," but at almost 12 months, with much coaching from me, there is still no sign of "Ma-ma." I would be interested to know if my son has an unusual collection of first words.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Wadley, Holland Park, Qld.

### Thoughtless house guest

WE have a family friend of long standing, a bachelor with a well-padded expense account and no ties. When he turns up to stay with us he often forgets to help at all, brings his friends along when it suits him, and criticises the appearance of my daughter and me, and, in fact, is most tactless. What does one do in a case like this? We don't want to lose his friendship after all these years.

£1/1/- to "Ione" (name supplied), Ravenshoe, Qld.

## Ross Campbell writes...

A BOY named Geoffrey, who lives near us, told me he got a thick book for his birthday.

"I've read 83 pages already," he said.

I asked him what it was about and he said "explorers and that." I don't think he is terribly interested in the book, but he is proud of his stamina in reading it.

A good many people, not only young ones, have this attitude to books. They regard them as a test of endurance.

I have heard a woman say: "I'm up to page 192 of 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' — the way she might say 'I swam four lengths of the baths this morning.'" She added grimly: "Only 173 pages to go!"

When giving a book as a present, it is as well to know if the person prefers thick books or thin ones.

Some readers like thick books,

### WIDE READING

just as some runners prefer distance races, as a challenge to their staying power. Others will only tackle thin ones. Some with even less perseverance will not read books at all except in digest form.

Different authors write for these varied tastes. Frances Parkinson Keys, for example, has always written fairly thick books.

Paul Gallico started off with a thin book, "The Snow Goose." It was such a hit that he has written for thin-book lovers ever since.

The authors of thin books, it seems to me, have the easier life. While Frances Parkinson Keys and Irving Stone are hitting their typewriters for long hours, Paul Gallico and Françoise Sagan can pack up and go fishing or whatever else they do in their spare time.

## Dropping in

I AGREE with "Visitor" (Vic.) that it is polite to let people know in advance that you intend "dropping in." My husband and I called in to see some friends recently, and, although we thought we were being tactful, we felt that they were embarrassed by our intrusion on their peaceful Sunday afternoon. As we left, they said how nice it was to see us and to come again soon, "but let us know next time."

£1/1/- to "Tact" (name supplied), Five Dock, N.S.W.

BEING young parents with two small children under the age of three, we gladly welcome a casual, unexpected visit by our friends on a Sunday afternoon. Likewise, we know we are welcome at their homes. This saves a lot of the fuss and preparation which accompanies an arranged visit, and we have had many a dull Sunday brightened by the arrival of unexpected visitors.

£1/1/- to "Welcome" (name supplied), Canberra.

MANY people make a habit of dropping in after they have been for a pleasant drive, never thinking to ring and ask if you would like to join them and have tea at some nice spot. Too often I have stood for hours cooking on Sunday morning, only to have a crowd of casual visitors leave the larder as clean as if stripped by locusts, which meant I cooked for hours again after the last guest had left.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Willoughby, Roseville, N.S.W.

JUST dropping in can lead to all kinds of embarrassing situations. For instance, Mrs. Butcher can't stand a bar of Mrs. Baker, and they both arrive. It can be very unpleasant for all. I think it is wise as well as polite to let people know in advance.

£1/1/- to "Experienced" (name supplied), Bingara, N.S.W.

WHEN anybody drops in to see me I am thrilled, no matter what the hour. I feel people come because they enjoy my company, not because they want to see a specially tidy house or me looking like a glamor puss. A phone call beforehand usually sends me into a mild panic.

£1/1/- to "J. Kaye" (name supplied), Tinamba, Vic.

I WOULD say it depends on the person you decide to drop in on. My husband and I do not mind who drops in on us. Most of our friends are the same. The ones who do not like this unexpected dropping-in, we let know before we call. We think it is nice to be able to pop in whenever one feels like it, and do not expect any special treatment on a friendly visit.

£1/1/- to B. Connor, Carlingford, N.S.W.

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• OUR COVER GIRL is Dutch-born Willie Koopman (19), of Crows Nest, Sydney. Willie left Holland to come to Australia five years ago and was "talked into" a modelling career by a fellow passenger on the ship. She was recently named 1963's Photographic Model of the Year, and is interested also in ballet and the theatre. Picture by Attila Bujdos, Turrumurra, N.S.W.

### THIS WEEK IN VERSE



## HEE HAW

or — making  
an ass  
of the law

• So that trotting meetings at Penrith can be taxed at provincial, not city, rates a Bill has been introduced in the N.S.W. Parliament to "deem Penrith Showground to be 40 miles from Sydney G.P.O." (The actual distance is 35 miles.)

If things aren't what they seem to be  
But may instead be "deemed to be,"  
Let's face the future cheerfully.

If Penrith from the G.P.O.

Is less than 40 miles to go

And yet, the distance deemed is so,

Let's plan ahead for sixty-four

And with that precedent ignore

The ills that plagued us heretofore.

Let's deem our income tax as paid,

Our mousy hair a golden shade,

Let's stop forever getting weighed,

And deem ourselves as classed among

The rich, the beautiful, the young,

And favored with a witty tongue.

Indeed, let's deem ourselves to be

The things we've always dreamed to be

Instead of what we seem to be.

— DOROTHY DRAIN





"HOUSE OF SHELLS" built at Deception Bay, Qld., by English migrants Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Storey. They used mainly cockle shells on the concrete, with medallions of oyster shells and several small kinds. Whelks decorate the tops of the "battlements."

# HOUSE (of seashells) IS THEIR CASTLE



MR. AND MRS. STOREY in their garden. They grow vegetables as well as flowers. Mrs. Storey describes her role in the building as "hod carrier, water girl, and nail hammer," and says she was often perched on the roof with a hammer. Her husband is a retired bricklayer.

Pictures by Bob Millar.

● When Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Storey first met in England during the depression and she told him of her life as a servant at St. James' Palace, he told her: "Some day you'll have your own little castle."

It has taken 30 years, a new country, and a building material undreamt of in the England of the 1930's, but Mr. Storey has kept his promise.

THE house the Storeys have built at Deception Bay, Qld., is only a modest two-bedroom cottage, entirely covered with seashells. But it is their castle. It even has battlements.

Mr. Storey, a bricklayer, and his wife migrated to Australia from England in 1950 with their children, Donald, Grace, and John.

Three years ago when they decided to build their home they looked at their very small nest-egg of £100 and decided that since they couldn't be extravagant they could at least be original.

So they built a cavity brick bungalow and covered it with seashells . . . something like a hundred thousand of them.

The £100 scarcely laid the foundations. But every week for three years Mr. Storey put his bricklayer's wages into his house, and he

and his wife became a do-it-yourself team.

They kept back only enough money for necessities.

As they mixed their cement and gathered the shells, Mr. and Mrs. Storey knew they were running a race against time.

His persistent asthma (a war legacy) caught up with him just as he had completed the 700 sq. ft. house.

## Shine in rain

Now an invalid pensioner, he is still able to "potter" with the finishing touches.

"The shell exterior needs no maintenance," Mr. Storey explained. "In wet weather the shells shine as if polished. The floors are cement."

"I was determined that no gales or ants were going to carry my home away."

The shells were pressed into cement on the cavity brick walls — 140 shells to the square foot. Medallion

designs trim the base of the house.

The Storeys' children helped them gather the shells at Deception Bay and Redcliffe.

Donald, now 30, who spent 6½ years in the R.A.N. and is with the Harbors and Marine Department, is married with five children. Grace, Mrs. Colin Wode, has four children.

John, 22, a house-painter and decorator, who will be married in June, also helped his parents paint the windowsills and outside doors (there are no inside doors).

To Mrs. Storey the shell-studded battlements of her neat bungalow are grander far than those she walked round at St. James' Palace, with Whitehall, Pall Mall, and Royal residences in full view.

"Before my marriage," she said, "I spent five months as a cook-housekeeper at Engine Court, St. James' "

Continued overleaf





RABAUL HARBOR seen from Malmaluan, where the Methodist Youth Centre will be built.

**Two charter planes  
will carry more than  
100 volunteers from  
church youth groups  
throughout Australia  
to New Guinea for**

## Operation Malmaluan

A WORK party of 112 young Australians will fly to New Guinea on December 27 with a mission—to build a Methodist Youth Centre in a fortnight.

The Centre, where native youth workers will train, is at Malmaluan, 1400 feet up in the hills overlooking the harbor at Rabaul, 10 miles away.

The two-storey building, 70ft. by 28ft., will be erected over a 24,000-gallon concrete water tank.

Two carpenters, foreman Gil Morris, and three other tradesmen have been at Malmaluan for several weeks preparing the foundations so that work on the fibro building can start as soon as the "work gang" arrives.

The party will work day and night in two shifts to complete the building before the deadline of January 10—the date which young New Guinea natives have set for the answer to their prayers—to be allowed to train as youth workers.

The project includes living quarters for an Australian Youth Director, who will train the natives.

There are 54 young men in the "work gang"—taxi drivers, grocers, farmers, theological students, carpenters, plumbers, electricians, insurance agents, railway

firemen, architects, teachers, panel beaters, and a police constable.

Meals for the builders will be prepared by a team of 10 cooks recruited from the 58 girls in the party.

The other girls, in groups of four or five, will help native Sunday School teachers on mission stations, and some will conduct a vacation school (a Sunday School every day of the week) in Rabaul.

**By MARJORIE  
STAPLETON**

Another project for the girls is painting a new theological college at Rarongo, 30 miles from Rabaul.

The 112 workers, aged from 20 to 30, will leave Brisbane at 2 a.m. on December 27.

Coming from all States, they will assemble in Brisbane on Boxing Day and will be entertained by local Methodist youth groups, who will give them a big send-off from Eagle Farm Airport in the pre-dawn hours.

Rev. John Mavor is taking a party of boys and girls from his three Methodist teenage cabarets on Queensland's Gold Coast to farewell the workers, each of whom has saved the return fare of £100.

The 54 young men will

live in a dormitory in a native-type hut on the site, and work on the building will be divided into two shifts—the first from 3 a.m. to midday, the second from 3 p.m. to midnight.

Another native-type hut will be used as a dining-room, and the 10 girls doing the cooking and washing for the "work gang" will stay in a Church of England house across the road.

Twenty-eight members of the team will stay an extra few weeks in New Guinea as a post-work party.

Almost £9000 for the project and building has been raised in two years by Australian youth groups from concerts, garden parties, car-washing services, delivering telephone directories, and many other activities.

The Methodist youth group at Geebung, Queensland, raised £35 in one day picking onions at Forest Hill from 4 a.m. until dark.

The West End, Queensland, young people bought a motor and the necessary equipment for a lighting plant, completely overhauled it with the help of their minister, Rev. Brian Whitlock, and arranged for it to be sent to Rabaul.

Some members of the group donated £20 each to raise the £400 cost of the lighting plant.

Secretary of the entire

project is Bruce Dingle, an insurance inspector, of Graceville, Queensland.

"The churches do not overlap a lot in New Guinea," he said, "and this is our Methodist area. We must look after the people and give them the chances they appeal for."

"Our foreman feels fairly confident that the building will be completed by the January 10 deadline—in spite of the fact that, at Malmaluan, it rains every afternoon."



BRISBANE girls Judy Barrett, who will cook for the "work gang" at Malmaluan, and Robin Guyatt, who will help with Sunday School lessons at Kabakada.



**BUILDING COMMITTEE (from left):** Bruce Dingle, Ken Dart, John Fuller, Rev. Brian Whitlock, Ian Fulton, and Rev. John Mavor. Rev. Whitlock and his young parishioners provided and overhauled a lighting plant for the native youth centre.

## HOUSE OF SEASHELLS

Palace. I worked for the family of a member of the Royal household—a couple with a small son, Master Alex.

"Their flat had a swing window through which I could walk out around the battlements.

"Although it sounds romantic to live in a palace there were many drawbacks.

"I had a bare little room with lino, cold marble washstand and pottery jug, iron bedstead, and horsehair mattress; no curtains, no comforts.

"The whole palace was inhabited by grace-and-favor residents, and each little household was a world to itself. I was not allowed to speak to servants in the other households.

"We looked down on Marlborough House, York House, and Clarence House, and I often saw Queen Mary walking about at Marlborough House.

*From previous page*

"No cameras were permitted.

"Every morning one fresh egg was sent over from the Buckingham Palace kitchen for my master's breakfast.

"This egg was carried up 86 steps of a spiral iron staircase by a messenger in a silk top hat.

"I took delivery of the egg and boiled it.

"My mistress did not eat eggs.

"Coal was carried up the same staircase. We always ordered a ton, and the coalman staggered up with bag after bag.

"It was the loneliness and discomfort which made me think of resigning.

"And then the last straw came. One morning my mistress said to me: 'By the way, Maude, may I ask where you bathe?'

"I replied: 'In the bathroom, madam.'

"She said: 'My bathroom, how dare you! Your bath is in Master Alex's dressing-room. You are supposed to carry it to your room and bathe there.'

"I knew it, a clumsy old tin hip-bath. I would not be seen dead in it.

"I gave a fortnight's notice and considered myself lucky to get a good reference from the master.

"I said goodbye to the iron bedstead and horsehair mattress and got a position at Sevenoaks with a very jolly family of teaplanter from Ceylon."

**With Mitfords**

During the bombing raids of 1941 the Storeys were evacuated from Deal, Kent, to "Rignell Hall," country mansion of Wing-Commander Derek Jackson and his wife, the former Pamela Mitford, one of the now-famous Mitford sisters.

(In "Hons and Rebels," autobiography of Jessica Mitford, Jessica wrote: "Pam had shown interest and ability in English countryside affairs, was proficient in household management, and had even worked for a time managing a farm. True to her childhood love for horses, she eventually married a jockey named Derek Jackson, and to this day—1960—retains a firm of solicitors called Withers.")

The Storeys stayed at "Rignell Hall" for four years, most of the time occupying the groom's cottage, which was 216 years old and full of charm.

When Mr. Storey left the Army he took the job of butler with the Jacksons, and Mrs. Storey became housekeeper, cooking large meals for many famous people.

Mrs. Storey often answered the telephone to

Mrs. Jackson's elder sister, the famous writer Nancy Mitford.

"Nancy had a most fascinating personality," said Mrs. Storey. "Usually she would fool me with a very solemn voice and then go into peals of laughter and say, 'Don't you know who it is?'"

"I used to say I was no good at guessing and would she tell me."

**Lady Mosley**

Mrs. Storey said that while she was with the Jacksons, Sir Oswald Mosley, British Fascist leader who married Pam's sister Diana, was released from wartime imprisonment and visited "Rignell Hall."

Another of the Mitford sisters, Unity, a friend of Adolf Hitler, had attempted suicide in Germany at the outbreak of World War II and was invalided home through enemy lines at Christmas-time, 1939.

Amid all the talk in wartime England of "Fascist" Mitfords, Mrs. Storey de-

cided the best thing was to go about her work and be grateful for a good home for her children.

She said, "I learned to become a very capable housekeeper."

After the war, the Mitford sisters' parents, Lord and Lady Redesdale, bought an island off the coast of Scotland, where they planned to settle with their daughter Unity. (She died in 1948.)

The Redesdales wanted Mr. Storey to be their household retainer and ferry hand.

But Mr. Storey preferred to return to his bricklaying. And already he and his wife were thinking of migrating to Australia.

They came here in June, 1950.

Mrs. Storey made a trip back to England in 1953, but both she and her husband say they could never live there again.

"The climate here has spoiled us," said Mrs. Storey. "In England I had the light on all the time trying to brighten things up."



## WHERE SANTA IS A SURFIE...

She says

# "Mele Kalikamaka"

but she means

# "Merry Christmas"

● It's to be Christmas on the "fun" island of Maui, Hawaii — where Santa comes in through the surf on an outrigger canoe — for recent American visitor to Melbourne Joycie Kastner, 25, whose job is to help run top-line glamor hotels.

JOYCIE, who came here for an Australian girl-friend's wedding, has to get back to her work as public relations and social director of the Sheraton-Maui Hotel, Hawaii, in time for the Christmas rush.

In Melbourne, Joycie stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Emmet Spring in Brighton, after flying to Australia, for the wedding of their daughter Sue to Jonathan Mott on December 9.

The girls met in Honolulu three years ago when Sue spent three months holidaying in the islands. They have kept up a steady correspondence ever since.

When staff photographer Jim Ellard and I met suntanned Joycie, a graduate in hotel administration from Cornell University, New York, she brought a breath of sea-island charm into the room.

Her long sun-streaked hair was bedecked with gardenias

and around her neck was a double string of seashells.

"Everyone wears flowers in the hair in Hawaii," she smiled. "Gardenias, plumeria (the island uses the botanical name for frangipani), orchids, and hibiscus grow everywhere in the islands."

The belief that Hawaiian hula dancers swivel their hips in grass skirts was politely shattered for us.

"Grass skirts are really more a Tahitian rather than a Hawaiian custom," said Joycie, who has spent the

Bing and Bob stayed only a few days and were up early each morning and off to the golf course, where they played all day.

The hotel is built in a film-like setting. In fact Maui is the island where "South Pacific" was filmed.

"It's a very modern hotel, Polynesian style," said Joycie proudly, "and is built on the edge and the face of a high black precipice above Kaanapali (falling precipice) Beach, with golden beaches on either side.

By  
SCARTH FLETT

past four years working in hotels in Hawaii.

"The usual Hawaiian dress for the hula is a holoku, a long floor-sweeping gown, sometimes with a train of cotton or satin, which the queens of Hawaii used to wear many years ago.

"Grass skirts are rare there, except in connection with the tourist trade."

Joycie played a big part in planning the opening of the Sheraton-Maui Hotel on Maui, an outer island of the Hawaiian group, which welcomed its first guests last January.

Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and golfer Sam Snead were among the "names" who flew from the mainland for the grand opening.

"You could really call it an upside-down hotel. The entrance lobby and dining-room are on the ninth floor, and then you go down in the elevators to the other floors, built down the cliff face."

It has its own small airport and three blue-and-white six- to nine-seater planes for the use of guests travelling to and from Honolulu, just a 32-minute air hop away.

Less than two minutes from the Sheraton-Maui Hotel is the newly built Kaanapali golf course, an

eighteen-hole championship course.

It will be the scene of the next Canada Cup.

In her job, Joycie organises various activities, acts as relief assistant manager and front-office manager, writes news items about guests for the local paper, and entertains V.I.P. guests.

Lucille Ball, husband-comedian Gary Morton, and her children by her marriage to Desi Arnaz, Desi, 11, and Lucy, 10, spent a vacation at the hotel last Easter.

"Lucille was dressed beautifully in brightly colored slacks and shirts — everything matching.

"She is a very serious-minded person off television, and is devoted to her children.

"Lucy, jun., is a natural comedienne, and very like her mother to look at, too."

Evangelist Billy Graham, who stayed six weeks, Raymond Massey (Dr. Gillespie in the television series "Dr. Kildare"), film star Jimmy Stewart and family are some of the other V.I.P.s Joycie has looked after since the hotel opened.

Home for Joycie is in Short Hills, New Jersey, U.S.A., but in four years in Hawaii she has only managed to get home twice.

"If you get one day off

a week in the hotel business you are lucky," she said.

Joycie took her first step toward a career in hotels eight years ago when she entered Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, to study hotel administration.

The four-year course was particularly tough for a girl, covering law, engineering, economics, chemistry, architecture, hotel management, and public relations, but Joycie came through with flying colors.

### Hula at Uni.

In 1959, her last year at college, Cornell University set up the Cornell University School of Hotel Administration in Honolulu, where hotelmen from all over the world can do refresher courses.

Joycie was one of the honored few chosen to help start the school, and through this had her first taste of island living.

In her spare time she attended the University of Hawaii, taking the hula, surfing, and advanced swimming as her subjects!

Before returning to the mainland for her final term, Joycie worked for a few weeks in the reservations and front office department of the Moana Surfrider Hotel on the beach at Waikiki.

WEARING the traditional Hawaiian holoku, Joycie Kastner does the hula in Dr. and Mrs. Emmet Spring's garden in Brighton, Melbourne. Her hands are forming the basic movement called the vamp.



AMERICAN Joycie Kastner unpacks, watched by her Melbourne hostess, Miss Sue Spring (now Mrs. Jonathan Mott). Sue met Joycie during a three months' holiday in Honolulu.





# CHRISTMAS MAGIC



● *Walt Disney's name means magic to most viewers, and his special brand of Christmas magic will be seen all over Australia on Christmas Day in the special Walt Disney Christmas Show. Hayley Mills, surely one of the most beguiling and talented teenage girls the screen has discovered, is Disney's hostess for the show. She will take viewers all through Disneyland, introducing them to famous Disney characters — animated and live.*

● *Walt Disney's Christmas Show may be seen in: SYDNEY on TCN9 at 6.15 p.m. on Christmas Day; MELBOURNE on HSV7, Christmas Eve at 7.30 p.m.; BRISBANE on BTQ7 at 8.30 p.m. on Christmas Eve; ADELAIDE on ADS7 at 8.30 p.m. on Christmas Day.*

## Television

*GILLES PAYANT appears briefly for a dramatic scene from "Big Red." There he is at right, with shaggy, lovable Big Red.*



*HAYLEY MILLS with Frenchman Maurice Chevalier. Before the start of the spectacular Disneyland parade, Hayley and Maurice have a musical rehearsal for their special part of the show, "In Search of the Castaways."*

*DISNEYLAND PARK is a gay and happy place all the year, but at Christmas, decorated for the occasion, it's breathtaking. In this scene, at right, as viewers are conducted round the streets, Hayley stops to introduce a couple of well-known Walt Disney characters.*







**THE FIRST PORTRAIT.** "There emerged a mood which the public does not often see."

I HAVE painted three portraits of Prince Philip. The first was a companion portrait to that of the Queen, now so well known all over the world. It was begun in Buckingham Palace in 1955 and, as in the case of the Queen's portrait, my "studio" was the Yellow Drawing Room overlooking St. James' Park.

The Prince wore the dark green robes of the Noble Order of the Thistle, in rich contrast to the blue of the Queen's Garter robes.

He decided not to wear the flat velvet hat with white feathers. This suited me well because, with rare exceptions, I much prefer my subjects to be bareheaded.

As with the earlier picture, it was necessary to consult the Order before using the robe without the headgear.

Beneath the Prince's robe was the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet. This gave me quite a problem in the later stages of the picture, for when he left on a long overseas tour that autumn he took all his uniforms with him.

I was left to make the discovery that there are very few Admirals of the Fleet; and that none of them possessed the Prince's admirable figure. In the end a uniform was lent by Gieves, the Naval outfitters.

I began with a drawing and I find it most interesting to compare it with the one made for the later portraits.

It is certainly more like the public's conception of the Prince than the first portrait turned out to be.

In the silence and immobility of posing, the cheerful and cordial expression of the Prince in conversation became absorbed and serious to the point of harshness; the line of the mouth grew severe. So in the painting there emerged a mood which the public does not often see.

Prince Philip talked about his coming overseas tour and I had the impression that it would give him great pleasure if he, as a person, could strengthen Commonwealth ties by his interest and curiosity about all he hoped to see.

He talked about his helicopter—which he considered the ideal form of transport.

Painting, however, was his favorite topic — although, like the Queen, he never remarked upon the progress of his portrait. He spent much of the pauses during my work discussing the technicalities of paint.

I discovered that the

### **The Prince brought me some of his own work**

Prince himself had taken up painting only a few months earlier. I asked him how he was progressing.

He laughed. "I wish I had more time for it. There's such a lot to learn. I love it and I paint whenever I can, at Windsor or Balmoral.

"I hope my next tour will give me a chance to get down to it a bit. But I am continually frustrated by my lack of technique."

The Prince brought some of his work for me to see at

our next meeting. It wasn't at all bad.

He had attacked the problem of getting his subjects on canvas with a fresh and direct approach, and a well-developed sense of color and perspective.

For someone who had begun so recently and who had so little time for it his painting was very promising.

He appeared to be genuinely pleased with my congratulations.

But he did not linger on the subject. With characteristic brusqueness, he threw down his paintings and said: "Well, that's enough of my work, Signor Annigoni. What about yours?"

I have said that the Prince did not speak about my portrait of him. But he did make one remark about it, though this was not to do with my painting.

During one of the first sittings he said that he was not too happy about the Thistle robes — or any other costume from the past — being worn for portraits nowadays.

"I'm glad that I wore a pilot's overalls for my last picture," he said.

It is easy to see his point of view.

But for me, these splendid garments are unique and so romantic that I could not be sorry he was wearing them. I said so and the conversation ended there.

I could have gone on to mention the Guards, with their picturesque but out-of-date uniforms, who are one of the sights of London.

We could see them from the window; we could hear them marching up and down, stamping at the turn.

A few days earlier I had seen one of the sentries in the pouring rain, who found himself in a large and deep puddle at the point where he had to turn.

He did not hesitate but sent up showers of spray as he stamped with the greatest unconcern.

I noticed that none of the damp spectators even thought this odd enough to smile.

The picture of the Prince was first shown to the public in the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition of 1957.

### **A model railway in his Audience Room**

Although it was generally unpopular, and Princess Margaret scolded me about it, a number of people took the opposite view.

When the Prince's valet came to collect the Thistle robes, he remarked that it was just like his master. "I know that expression very well," he said.

And several people who saw the Prince on television just after his world tour wrote to say how great they thought the likeness.

The Automobile Association commissioned my second portrait of the Prince and I began the sketches for it in June, 1962, at Windsor Castle.

The small room in which I worked looked out on a very lovely formal garden, and beyond it to the stretches of Windsor Great Park, typical of the loveliest of peculiarly English landscapes.

I admired this outlook and was told that the Prince himself had designed the garden, with its circular path bordered alternately with statues and flowering shrubs, and its central lawn surrounding a fountain in the shape of a gigantic tulip.

The Prince's Audience

Room, as it was called, was obviously not used for giving audience.

His own easel stood behind a door, and the room was almost filled by a large table on which lay a miniature landscape with tiny electric trains.

It looked as though the Prince, like myself, was guilty of monopolising his children's electric railway.

This was not the only reason why the room was a surprise. The furniture was drab and worn, such as you might find in a once high-

class but now fading Victorian hotel.

I had a feeling that here was a Royal playroom in which high spirits could do no damage, a room in which those who sometimes found the protocol of Royal life too circumscribed could let off steam.

On my first morning, as soon as the sitting was over the Queen and the Prince were engaged in the ceremony of bestowing the Order of the Garter.

Just before it began the Prince asked me if I would like to watch. I was most interested and pleased to do so. I began to make a sketch of the proceedings, but it was all over in a matter of minutes.

After this ceremony, the Prince showed me round the enormous castle. I was astonished at the vast hoard of the proceedings, but it porcelain, the furniture housed by the great rooms. And also at the stateliness of the rooms themselves.

I had seen nothing like this in England before. In



**THE ARTIST sets out on a country walk with daughter Ricciarda.**

one small ante-chamber hung a dozen masterpieces, including three famous Rembrandt portraits, one of the painter's mother, one of himself, and a third of a Jewish moneylender.

I was pleasantly impressed by the informality of my visits to Windsor. When we went outside to find a pose against a car, the Prince carried a heavy chair to give me something to sit on while I sketched.

I noticed that he seldom asked for help, and that his staff were genuinely at ease with him.

"Here, Signor Annigoni," he said one morning, handing me a small picture from his bedroom, "what do you think of this?"

It was his latest painting. I found myself as interested as if he had been one of my students.

I used most of my ten sittings to produce a new drawing of the Prince's face. Much to my pleasure he asked me to do another portrait, also from this drawing, of himself in the brilliant and historic Windsor uniform of blue dress-coat, scarlet collar, and cuffs and brass buttons.

From time to time I have been asked to paint a dozen or so other royalties or heads of State.

Of this number only two of the busiest — President Kennedy and the late Pope John — have been prepared to give even as much as three or four sittings.

I must say that the no less busy British Royal family have shown a patience and understanding on this subject which is all the more remarkable when one considers how often they submit to the tedious discipline of having a portrait painted.

• World copyright "News of the World," 1963.

**NEXT WEEK: PAINTING POPE JOHN**





## JANUARY

Summer field flowers

This profuse arrangement of summer field flowers is a casual adaptation of the Japanese style in the form of a triangle. The tall, primary line of grasses and larkspurs is arranged first. A lesser number of grasses form a background for the angular secondary line at left and the drooping tertiary line at right. The secondary line is composed of cornflowers and buttercups—the tertiary of white shastas and marguerites. A few brilliant yellow Paris daisies add a focal point to the design.

Container: Chinese terracotta teapot. Holder: Chicken wire. Materials: Wild oats and other summer grasses, buttercups, larkspurs, cornflowers, miniature shasta daisies, marguerites, yellow Paris daisies.

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## FEBRUARY

Liliums

The giant eight-inch blooms of the hybrid auratum lilies lend themselves perfectly to a very simple triangular arrangement. First, a heavy piece of driftwood is rammed into a needlepoint holder and set firmly in the base of the bowl. This adds stability and line to the whole arrangement. Six lily flowers and three buds are used, graduated in color from deep pink at the bottom to almost white at the top. Tips of stamens are removed to keep pollen from staining the flowers. Stones support the heavy lilies.

Container: Chinese cast-iron bowl. Holder: Large needlepoint. Materials: Driftwood, 3 Jillian Wallace lilies, 2 hybrid Auratum lilies, 1 Lilium speciosum rubrum and bud; river stones.

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## MARCH

Roses

A pretty arrangement of old-fashioned roses is given modern drama by the addition of a candlestick and one dropped rose to make almost a perfect triangle. The roses are placed in a radiating pattern around the exact centre of the triangle—heavy flowers to the bottom, buds to the top, so the arrangement won't seem top-heavy.

Container: Footed milk-glass bowl. Holder: Needlepoint. Materials: Roses (Mission Bells, Ophelia, Golden Ophelia, Lorraine Lee, Frau Karl Drushki). Accessories: Milk-glass candlestick, candle.

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## APRIL

Zephyranthes

A simple old-fashioned flower-holder (the domed-glass type with a series of holes) is placed just inside the rim of a Victorian Cranberry glass bowl. The stems of variegated zebrina are placed around to hide it and the holder is filled with a mass of white zephyranthes, or west wind flowers. The stems of these are graduated, the tallest being placed in position first at the centre. This is an all-around arrangement, meant to be viewed from any angle, and is suitable for a small chairside table.

Container: Victorian Cranberry glass bowl. Holder: Glass flower-holder. Materials: Zephyranthes, Zebrina pendula. Accessories: Porcelain statuette.

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## MAY

### Chrysanthemums

A massed arrangement of drowsy chrysanthemums and liquidambar leaves brings warm autumn coloring into the home. The container is a simple glass refrigerator tray placed inside an ornate chrysanthemum patterned metal box. A heavy needlepoint holder is necessary to support the liquidambar stems, which are braced together with copper wire to keep the floppy leaves in the general form of a five-pointed star. The chrysanthemums, stems cut to graduated lengths, are massed in centre.

Container: Japanese gilt-metal box with glass refrigerator tray inside. Holder: Large needlepoint and copper wire. Materials: Yellow chrysanthemums, liquidambar leaves.

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## JUNE

### Winter flowers

Australian flower-lovers are fortunate in their flowers for the cold winter months. Here is a dramatic and cheerful little arrangement of sweet-scented winter irises, early snowdrops, and bright red dogwood twigs. The three main lines are sketched in first with the dogwood, then the two side-lines are strengthened with small branches of dried native hakea sprayed with white flock or Santa Snow. The arrangement is further outlined with snowdrops. Finally a triangle of irises is added at centre.

Container: Modern china bowl. Holder: Needlepoint. Materials: Algerian winter iris (Iris stylosa), snowdrops and leaves, red dogwood twigs, flock-sprayed hakea branches. Accessories: Pill bottles.

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## JULY

### Japonica

More care must be exercised in the selection of the japonica branches than in their actual arrangement, for they are very hard and brittle. Decide on the container first, then the shape of the arrangement, and go search for the right twigs. Here, due to the narrow neck of the container, it was necessary to find several branches with right-angled bends in the stems so they could be placed in water. The angular arrangement of the branches is softened by the flowing draperies of the statuette.

Container: Chinese pierced porcelain lamp with glass container inside. Holder: None. Materials: Japonica branches (chaenomeles). Accessories: Chinese figure of Kwan-yin.

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## AUGUST

### Spring bounty

Massed spring color is the theme of this formal arrangement which repeats the classic lines of the old Victorian cast-iron column used as a container. Radiating lines of soft grey pussy-willow are placed in position first, then softened with golden Cootamundra wattle. A mass of blue Spanish iris sweeps down to the right, an overlapping mass of golden daffodils to the left.

Container: Glass kitchen jug inside lead Corinthian capital. Holder: Needlepoint. Materials: Pussy-willow, Cootamundra wattle, daffodils, Spanish iris and leaves. Accessory: Wedgwood plaque.

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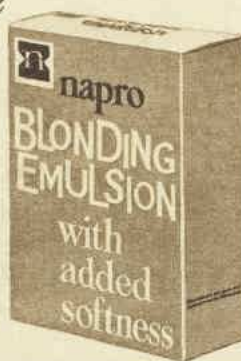




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# Confessions of two authors

● Two visiting authors, American Byron Farwell and English Gladys Fullbrook, have no illusions about the primrose path to literary fame.

**BYRON FARWELL**, who is public-relations director for an international car firm, arrived just as his book "Burton" was reviewed in the Australian Press.

The book, which took him seven years to write, is a biographical study of Sir Richard Burton, the brilliant British author, explorer, linguist, and diplomat.

It was the outcome of years of typewriter pounding in various literary forms.

"None of it any good," he said. "But it taught me that I'm an excellent non-fiction writer. I have no modesty about it when I look back on my early work."

"I'm certainly no novelist. I wrote one novel. The smartest thing I ever did was not to show it to anybody. It was about a man with a super memory, so amazing that in the end he couldn't handle it. In the end, neither could I."

"In my teens I wrote poetry. Fortunately most of it was destroyed. In my twenties I wrote plays on every subject — you name it, I wrote it. None of these was any good, either."

Byron Farwell said he first thought about writing biography in his thirties, when he was struggling with an article about Stanley—"You know, the one who found Livingstone."

The article grew longer and longer until at last he thought, "To heck with it, I'll turn it into a book."

Titled "The Man Who Presumed," it was published in 1957.

He is now working on a third book about the Sudan

at the time of the Mahdi's Rebellion.

He has also written a children's book, "Let's Take a Trip."

Now 42, Byron Farwell lives in Geneva, Switzerland, with his wife and three children. He was born and educated in America.

A book-lover (Byron Farwell was once Lecturer in Great Books at the University of Chicago), he thinks writing is "the hardest thing in the world."

But he does nothing to make it easier for himself. He writes as he does research, which means that a passage

—By  
**RITA DUNSTAN**

must be as he wants it before he can get on with the rest of the job, even drafting.

Another obstacle is his inability to stop before the end of a chapter.

"I always try not to," he said. "I'd rather stop in the middle of a sentence, because when I come back to it I know what I was going to say."

One of the greatest rewards for all this labor came in the form of a com-



**GLADYS FULLBROOK**



**BYRON FARWELL spent 20 years writing before he found that non-fiction was his forte.**

pliment from another author, "Your book (on Stanley) reads so easily I know it must have been hard work."

**THE** other visiting author, Gladys Fullbrook, made up her mind at the age of ten that she was going to be a novelist, launched her career at 15.

Then she entered what she calls "the publishers' slave market" as a prolific writer of steadily returnable manuscripts.

She might still be in that category if her mother had not wisely insisted she take up the more secure profession of teaching.

Among her most interesting assignments were a term teaching the children of British Army personnel in northern India before the war and an appointment in an R.A.F. camp near Cairo after the war.

During the war she served in the W.A.A.F. in England.

"All this time I went on doggedly trying to write," she said. "Then one never-to-be-forgotten day I had an acceptance."

"For the next two or three years I worked really hard and had quite a number of stories and articles published."

"My first two novels came back from the publishers with depressing regularity."

Then she saw a novel competition advertised by a London firm, and she made up her mind to win it.

She did, too — with a novel about Tasmania — a place she had never seen.

Luckily her sister, who had been nursing in Tasmania, returned to England on holiday in time to check the novel, "Apple Island," before it was submitted.

"What a cheek to write about a place I had never seen!" she said.

Since then Gladys Fullbrook has had another novel published, two are in publishers' hands, and she is now working on a book with an Australian background.

She is also half way through another novel about Tasmania, which she visited to see her sister, Mrs. Phyllis Hutchinson, a year ago.

## NEXT WEEK

### "JUST LIKE JESSICA" ...

...complete novel

Glamorous Jessica and quiet Amy are half-sisters. But when Jessica disappears Amy begins a desperate search for the missing girl... our 12-page novel by Jean Potts is a suspense-filled mystery for holiday reading.

### ● Painting the Pope

Pietro Annigoni continues his series about the famous people he has painted, and tells the moving and gently amusing story behind his portrait of the late Pope John.



● **COOKERY**—how to make choux pastry; sweet and savory fillings, too.

● **DECOR**—the way an old house was restored to 19th-century charm.

● **FASHION**—Paris pictures show all the variety in the latest 1964 millinery.

AND—the results of our £100 "What is the puppy saying?" contest.

### Teenagers' Weekly:

Two chic tunics to knit (at right) and crochet are wonderfully new-looking beachwear. Practical too. There's a matching carry-all for each tunic, plus crocheted make-up bag.







## SEPTEMBER

Cottage pinks

Just a simple mass of cottage pinks in every shade from red to white. Mass them in a turquoise glass container with trails of green tradescantia and you have a charming, fragrant posy for a bedside- or dressing-table. Replace the pinks as they fade, change the water occasionally, and you have an almost permanent display right through the warm weather.

Container: Milk-glass jug. Holder: None. Materials: Mixed cottage pinks and tradescantia trails.

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## OCTOBER

Bearded irises (flags)

Heavy-scented bearded irises lend themselves to any number of dramatic short-lived arrangements. Here a full-blown triangle of five beautiful flowers appears balanced on one corner of a blue-green glazed block-shaped container. Balance is given to the arrangement by a fan of iris leaves. Actually both leaves and flowers are supported on a narrow needlepoint holder in the container.

Container: Chinese glazed earthenware block. Holder: Oblong needlepoint. Materials: Bearded iris and leaves.

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## NOVEMBER

Nasturtiums

Careful arrangement of nasturtiums is almost an impossibility, for the springy stems have a life of their own and change direction constantly when placed in water. Here a profuse grouping of them in red and tawny shades is massed in a small classic urn. The drooping line at right is actually a single stem with half a dozen flowers growing naturally from it. Always cheerful in the hot weather, nasturtiums last for days in water and have an attractive spicy smell.

Container: Antiquated china urn. Holder: Chicken-wire. Materials: Mixed nasturtium flowers and stems.

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## DECEMBER

Geraniums

Favorite flowers in European cities, scarlet geraniums contrast beautifully with the dull blues and cream of German beer steins. The small container repeats the large in miniature, and the addition of an ivy-geranium trail at right balances the triangular arrangement. No holder is necessary, as the geranium stems arrange easily in such a tall container.

Container: Two German beer steins. Holder: None. Materials: Scarlet geraniums (both ivy and zonal types).

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# WORTH REPORTING

**A**N Adelaide garbage collector, going about his rounds in the suburb of Myrtle Bank lately, came across a most unusual piece of "garbage." It was a perfectly sculpted clay head placed neatly on top of a rubbish-bin.

Was this rubbish? Or was it art? Or was it both?

The collector decided to leave the answer — and the head — to somebody else.

The creator of the head, Mrs. Ieva Pocius, who had hoped to get rid of it, had to bury it in the backyard along with many of her other discards.

Mrs. Pocius, a sculptor who works at home, cannot find enough space for her successes, let alone her "failures."

"My husband is tired of digging holes to bury all my old bits and pieces," she said.

"Actually there was nothing wrong with the head I put out with the rubbish, but it was not to my liking. I thought perhaps someone else might like it, but I picked the wrong person!"

Mrs. Pocius graduated in October, 1962, from the South Australian School of Art.

Because of alterations to the school, the diploma presentation was not held until last March.

Mrs. Pocius is a Lithuanian who came to Australia 12 years ago with her husband, a civil engineer, and two children.

When she was a small girl she used to visit her uncle, a sculptor in Warsaw, Poland, who gave her bits of clay to play with.

As soon as her children were in high school in Adelaide she decided to study the subject seriously. She found that a course was available at the School of Art, but that no one was enrolled.

"That was four years ago," she said. "As the only sculpture student I had to sit in with the artists who were doing painting. It worked out quite well under the guidance of artist-sculptors Alex Leckie and John Dowie."

Mrs. Pocius hopes to hold an exhibition of her work next year, but in the meantime she is trying to restrict herself to small figures.

"I don't know what it is," she said. "I get an urge to expand and expand — and find myself making large groups."

One of these is a religious sculpture 5ft. high on a 4ft.-wide base which took three months to make. Mrs. Pocius has it on her back verandah.

"I would give it away if anyone cares to take it and put it in a good setting — alone, with plenty of space round it," she said.

★ ★ ★  
**ONE** of the most unexpected (and hard-to-pronounce) places from which we received Christmas and New Year greetings was Adakalapur, Bannangur, in the jungles of South India.

The message of goodwill (by a slip of the pen it was to *The Australian MOTHERS' Weekly*) came from Father Joseph Pampackal, Superior of De Paul Institute of Charity, who also makes an appeal to Australian readers. Here is part of his letter:

"I happened to read your magazine. I appreciate it very much and would like to get one. But I am unable to subscribe, for I am a missionary working in the jungles among the poor folk. This institution is only in the beginning stage, too.

"So if some good mission-minded people send me their used copies I will be very happy."

Father Pampackal's address is care of Bannangur Post office, D'Kotta, Hosur, Salem Db., South India.

## Shells in the mail

**E**VERY week for the past three years a wooden box of shells has shuttled 500 miles back and forth through the Queensland mail between Mr. Tony Marsh, of Rockhampton, and Mr. Ossie Rippingale, of Toowoomba.

The reason? Tony Marsh was writing and Ossie Rippingale illustrating a book about cone shells. The two men met recently for the first time in the three years to celebrate the completion of their work.

Their book, "World Wide Cone Shells," will be available in Australia soon.

It is a history-making work. No book on cones has been available to shell collectors throughout the world for at least 75 years. The last such books, by 19th-century conchologists, have long been out of print.

The task taken on by Tony Marsh and Ossie Rippingale — both amateur conchologists — was enormous. The family of the Conidae (cone shell) is one of the largest shell families.

The book contains illustrations of about 450 cone shells from all over the world, nearly all of which are in the authors' collections. Some rarer specimens are valued at about £200.

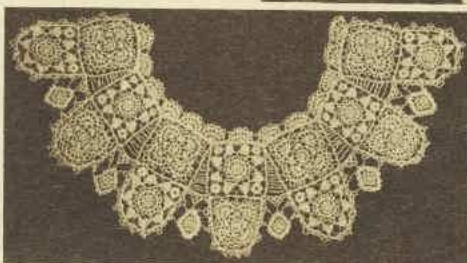
The authors issue a word of warning to visitors to the Great Barrier Reef: Living cone shells sting, and their poison can be dangerous, even fatal.

"If handling is necessary, hold the shell toward its middle, keeping clear of the ends," said Mr. Marsh.

"The sting protrudes from the small end."



● Three members of the Polish Echo Choir in national costume. From left, Miss Jan Chruszczewska, choir secretary; Mrs. Anna Ziegler, conductress; and Mrs. Maria Ciechanowicz.



● Lace collar and detail (above).

## Lace made by a bricklayer

**A**N ecru lace collar crocheted by a bricklayer who learned French to be able to make it has just been donated to the Museum of Fine Arts and Science at Ultimo, in Sydney, by Mrs. Jean Aston, of Fairlight, N.S.W.

It was made by her father, the late George Gibbon, more than 50 years ago and won him first prize at a Paris exhibition.

"Dad took up crocheting as a hobby after watching Mum knitting in the early days of their marriage," Mrs. Aston recalls.

"There wasn't any kind of pattern too difficult for him to follow — he could spot an error in the instructions just by reading them."

Mr. Gibbon always painstakingly sandpapered his hands before taking up his crochetwork.

He noticed the collar design (above) in a French magazine, and it intrigued him so much that he set about learning French so that he could translate the instructions into English.

He then had to send to France to get the cotton. It was the thickness of a hair. Making the collar took him 12 months.

"Mum wore it for years, both in England and after we came to Australia 50 years ago," Mrs. Aston said.

"I remember wearing pinafores with the tops crocheted by Dad, too."

## Old and new lands in song

**T**HE pre-Christmas concert by the Polish Echo Choir in Ashfield Town Hall, Sydney, brought nostalgic memories to a large part of the audience.

Many of the items were Polish folk songs. But the choir sang in English, too — including, as a tribute to their new country, "The Song of Australia."

The choir was born four years ago when a group of Polish men living in Sydney got together to sing the songs of their homeland. They staged a concert, received an enthusiastic hearing, and formed a mixed choir.

The group now has more than 50 singers.

"The younger people who've been here a few years often find it quite hard at first to speak and sing in Polish," said 20-year-old Jan Chruszczewska, the choir's secretary.

"But they want to learn something about the background and culture of the country they were born in."

"I felt the same way when I first heard the choir sing songs I remembered my grandmother singing in Poland — even though I used to go unwillingly to Polish school on Saturday mornings when I was a little girl."

Jan has been here for 14 years and works in the office at Bankstown Hospital.

The costumes worn by the choir take yards and yards of ribbon, embroidered braid, and appliqued motifs.

"We mostly make our own costumes," said Jan, "and

we help make for the men who haven't someone to sew for them.

"The heavy boots the men wear were made specially for them by a Sydney firm."

Except for a few combined rehearsals before a concert, the men and women rehearse on separate nights.

Several romances have blossomed at choir practice nevertheless. The choir has sung at four weddings of members. In two cases the bride and groom met through the choir.

## HEIRLOOM CLOTH NEEDLEWORK OFFER

● Last week we explained that because of the huge demand for our Heirloom Cloth needlework offer (November 27 issue), we would be unable to meet all orders for the nine-square made-up cloth (No. 3 offer) until the end of December.

So many more orders for this one and the No. 2 offer are still reaching us that there will be a delivery delay for December orders until February-March.

All orders for the No. 1 offer should be completed by the end of December.



● Sculptor Mrs. Pocius with an iron work—Education embracing children.



# RICH FARE FOR HOLIDAY VIEWING

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● There are holiday programmes to suit all tastes and every age group on the three Melbourne TV channels this Christmas.

**SOME** programmes, like big sporting coverages, become festive by implication simply because they happen each year at Christmas-time.

One such Christmas perennial is the Davis Cup Challenge Round, which will be played in Adelaide this year.

This will be telecast direct by all three Melbourne channels on the three days, December 26 to 28. Each channel will provide its own team of expert commentators.

GTV9 has arranged another sporting "special" for Boxing Day. Viewers will see the start of the annual Sydney-Hobart yacht race which GTV9 is taking from TCN9, Sydney, via the coaxial cable.

Other programmes are definitely designed just for Christmas.

Probably the most exciting of these will be seen on Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m. on Christmas Eve.

It is a one-hour Disneyland Christmas spectacular with teenage star Hayley Mills as hostess (see page 6).

With Hayley, viewers will tour Disneyland and see it in its Christmas-time dress. They will meet famous Disney cartoon characters like Mickey Mouse and Peter Pan.

Famous actors Walter Pidgeon, Lilli Palmer, Robert Taylor, Fred MacMurray, and Maurice Chevalier will also be featured in scenes from recent Disney films.

The whole thing ends with a parade along Disneyland's main street, with Walt Disney, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, the Disneyland band, and floats.

For the third Christmas running GTV9's "It Could Be You" goes into a night-time slot, 7.30, for its special Christmas edition.

This time, producer Myke Dyer says, compare Tommy Hanlon will be showing his national audience how some people bring happiness to others at Christmas.

"By introducing them to the public we can help them to carry on with the good work," Myke said.

"There are six segments in the show. One features a young boy in Queensland who suffers from muscular dystrophy, another the work done by a few Melbourne

people for elderly pensioners."

The show will also take viewers to Pentridge, on film, to see work the prisoners do for under-privileged children.

The last "It Could Be You" for this year will be on December 27, and the first for 1964 a month later, on Monday, January 27.

GTV9's "In Melbourne Tonight" gets festive looks of contrasting kinds in its last two programmes of the year.

On Monday night, December 23, Bert Newton's IMT will be presented from the foreshores at Sorrento — with the whole cast in a holiday-at-the-beach mood.

## Television

The show will be videotaped at about 7 p.m. for showing at the usual 9.30 p.m. time.

Bert will be supported by Evie Hayes, Bill McCormack, Annette Klooger, Johnny Marco, the Thunderbirds, the GTV9 chorus, and the ballet, who will dance on the sand.

Director of Bert's IMT, Ron Davies, the camera crew, and the cast will spend the whole day at Sorrento preparing for the show.

### Beauty contest

A stage will be erected on the beach and the action there will be covered by cameras — one on a tripod in the water.

A highlight of the show will be a bathing-beauty contest.

The finale, which takes place just after sunset, will be a singalong with all the people watching joining in the songs.

Graham Kennedy's last IMT for the year will be a straight show with a Christmasy flavor, producer Frank Sheldon said, "with everyone taking part."

Christmas cards will decorate the set and, as Graham reads them, will also provide the link between acts.

The GTV9 ballet will provide something special with a ballet based on the Hans Christian Andersen story "The Little Match Girl," by Joan Sumner and John Bailey.

The GTV9 chorus, all dressed as Santas, will sing "Be a Santa," Toni Lamond and Graham will sing a duet, and Diana Trask is a guest in the show.

There's talk, too, of a big surprise on this show.

As usual, one of Channel 2's main Christmas offerings is an ice show, and this year it's "Beauty and the Beast," programmed for 8 o'clock on Christmas night.

Choreographed by Nancy Hallam and produced by Oscar Whitbread at the St. Moritz Ice Palais, Melbourne, it has a lovely fairy-tale setting.

Marilyn Wright is Beauty and Wayne Caldwell is the Beast. Sydney skater Mervyn Bower, who is Australian pair-skating champion, will partner Nancy Hallam in a pas de deux.

At 6 o'clock on Christmas night there will be a ballet version of "The Fir Tree," by Hans Christian Andersen, choreographed by Robert Pomie, who also dances three roles, the father, a peasant boy, and a sailor.

Patricia Cox takes the role of the Spirit of the Fir Tree. The narrator is Keith Hudson.

The ballet, produced by Christopher Muir, is a combination of play, mime, and ballet.

The Sydney-produced opera "Hansel and Gretel" will be repeated at 2.30 p.m. on Christmas Day.

For something a little out of the ordinary watch for the play on Channel 2 at



● Marilyn Wright as Beauty in Channel 2's Christmas ice ballet "Beauty and the Beast" (8 o'clock on Christmas night).

9.30 on Christmas night. It's "The Two Wise Virgins of Hove" and stars those two stalwarts, Margaret Rutherford and Martita Hunt.

Of direct interest to many viewers will be Channel 7's programme "Christmas Salute" to be shown on Christmas night at 9.45.

The programme, which includes Christmas messages from Australian troops in Malaysia to their families at home, was made in Malaysia just recently by a team from Crawford Productions.

Beginning in Singapore, the "special" then covers Australian camps on the Peninsula, with interviews at

Camp Terendak, the R.A.A.F. base at Butterworth, naval headquarters at Kuala Lumpur, and north to the Thai border for films of action against terrorists.

## Film of the week

● Channel 9, Wednesday, December 25, 10 p.m., "HOLIDAY INN" with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Walter Abel, Marjorie Reynolds.

Irving Berlin's finest music ("White Christmas," "Easter Parade") plus Bing and Fred add up to great entertainment. Filmed 1942.

## TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the week

Mamma once said (when I was very young): "My son, whatever you decide to do when you grow up, do one thing for me — and that is to try to be as honest as you can, both in your dealings with people and also in what you say. Some people won't like it, but I think they will respect you. And when you have a person's respect I think that is the finest compliment he can pay you." And I have tried to do just that. There is just one thing she didn't tell me . . .

Mamma's moral: If you always say what you think, you can become courageous, respected, and FRIENDLESS.



Tommy Hanlon

## REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

### ★★★ THE GREAT ESCAPE

Twenty years later one still marvels at the audacity of planning the mass escape of 200 Allied airmen from a prison camp, and this screen version of Paul Brickhill's book on the escape is three hours of tension, excitement, and humor. The color, direction, and understated acting of the stars make this one of the best of the escape films. — Athenaeum, Melbourne.

In a word . . . INSPIRING.

### ★★★ FANNY

Sentimental story of a Marseilles barkeeper's son and a fishmonger's daughter whose love survives a five-year spell away at sea on his part, and marriage to a man 40 years her senior on Fanny's.

The atmosphere of the French seaport is colorfully captured, and the appearance of Maurice Chevalier as the elderly husband and Charles Boyer as the barkeeper will please the mums. — Regent, Melbourne.

In a word . . . ROMANTIC.

### ★★ CAPTAIN SINDBAD

Guy Williams is the hero, Captain Sindbad, in this holiday feast for the children. There is plenty of color and adventure with "goodies" in the shape of Sindbad's men, and a "baddie" in the wicked ruler (Abram Sofaer). There are dragons and evil whirlpools and storms, but nothing to frighten even the littles. — Metro, Collins Street.

In a word . . . FUN.

### ★★ IN SEARCH OF THE CASTAWAYS

This delightful version of Jules Verne's story of two men and three teenagers who go in search of a shipwrecked sea captain is a must for children from eight to 80. Maurice Chevalier, Hayley Mills, and Wilfrid Hyde White are three of the party which encounters adventures from earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, floods, and capture by hostile Maoris. Good, clean, colorful fun. — Metro, Bourke St.

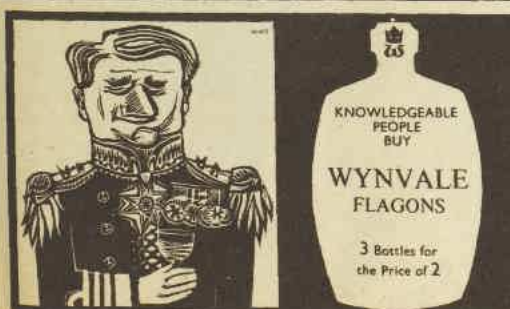
In a word . . . CHARMING.

## How Fast Can You Read?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique of rapid reading which should enable you to double your reading speed and yet retain much more. Most people do not realize how much they could increase their pleasure, success and income by reading faster and more accurately.

According to this publisher, anyone, regardless of his present reading skill, can use this simple technique to improve his reading ability to a remarkable degree. Whether reading stories, books, technical matter, it becomes possible to read sentences at a glance and entire pages in seconds with this method.

To acquaint the readers of this magazine with the easy-to-follow rules for developing rapid reading skill, the company has printed full details of its interesting self-training method in a new book, "Adventures in Reading Improvement" mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Simply send your request to: Reading, Dept. 216, Box No. 4518, G.P.O. Melbourne. A postcard will do.



READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES





**GUESTS** at the reception in the white-and-gold marquee. In the foreground of the picture are Mrs. J. E. Trude (in peacock-blue-green), grandmother of the chief bridesmaid, Sally Trude; and the bride's two grandmothers, Mrs. C. B. Steddy (in lavender) and Mrs. W. S. Page (back to camera). All are from pioneering families.



**THE BRIDE**, formerly Miss Joanne Steddy, and her attendants (from left): Misses Adrienne Billington, Susan Firehock, of Sydney, Sandra Mott, and chief bridesmaid Sally Trude, 11. The bridesmaids wore white peau de soie Empire-line dresses and carried bouquets of daisies. The bride carried white roses.

Pictures by Bob Millar

## Brisbane wedding

● Two hundred guests attended the wedding of Miss Joanne Steddy and Mr. John McGilvray at St. Thomas' Church of England, Toowong, Queensland, on December 6. The reception was held in a marquee hung with chandeliers in the garden of "Endrim," 90-year-old Toowong home of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. G. Trude.



**CHAMPAGNE RECEPTION.** From right (nearest camera) are Mr. J. G. Trude; his daughter, chief bridesmaid Sally Trude; pageboy Andre Hart; Miss Sandra Mott; Tony Neylan (who flew from Saigon to be best man at the wedding); and the bride and bridegroom.



**THE BRIDE'S MOTHER**, Mrs. J. G. Trude (left); bridegroom Mr. John McGilvray, of Surfers' Paradise; the bride, formerly Miss Joanne Steddy, in a gown of French brocade; Mr. J. G. Trude; and the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. J. W. McGilvray.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 1, 1964



# SOCIAL ROUNDAABOUT

**T**HE first things the new American Consul-General, Mr. P. Lincoln White (Link), and his wife, Helen, unpacked at the Consulate in South Yarra were several personally signed photographs of American "greats," the late President John Kennedy, Harry Truman, Dean Rusk, and Cordell Hull, which now line their mantelpiece.

"There has been a muddle over some of our belongings. The ones I intended to store have arrived in Melbourne, while those I wanted to bring here are in store in Washington," laughed Mrs. White, in the soft accent of her birthplace, Brooklyn.

Mrs. White's arrival in Melbourne was delayed by an accident on board ship two days out of San Francisco, when she tripped and fractured her hip. She was hospitalised in Auckland for several weeks before being able to join her husband in his new post. An alive, vital person with twinkling blue eyes, Mrs. White's first few weeks in Melbourne have been hampered by the crutches she is still using. "I hope to be off them by Christmas, but there's been no Christmas shopping," she sighed.

Mr. White was formerly the Chief of the State Department News Division in Washington and this is their first overseas posting. Their home is in Chevy Chase, Maryland, the "country club" district, just five miles from Washington. Mrs. White describes her hobbies as her three small grandchildren, Joanne, Bobby, and Cathie, the children of their only son, Paul, who lives in the neighboring Washington suburb of Bethesda.

**LEAVING** on Boxing Day for their home at Flinders, where they will relax until mid-February, are Mr. and Mrs. John Summons, who will have Christmas dinner at their home in South Yarra.

**EIGHTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD** Mrs. L. Maslin, of Wootton, Darlington, W.A., has flown over to spend Christmas with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ivo Harms, of "Berryarbor," Lilydale. She'll be a proud guest at a party to be given during the Christmas holidays to celebrate the graduation of her youngest grandson, Dr. Peter John Harms. He graduated in medicine at Melbourne University and is following in the footsteps of his eldest brother, Dr. Graham Harms. Peter is engaged to medical technologist Miss Glenys Almond, of Camberwell, and they plan to marry late next year.

**AS** a result of their work over the past year the Women's Committee of the Navy League handed a cheque for £1715 to Capt. A. N. Boulton, president of the Victorian Division of the Navy League of Australia.

**CHOICE** of Wesley Church, Shepparton, for her wedding to David Paul on January 4 means that Jenny Broadbent, daughter of the N. S. Broadbents, of Mooropna, will be "going home" for this important occasion. Although it's several years since Jenny came to Melbourne, Shepparton is still a stronghold for her relatives and friends. Jenny, who is a physical education teacher, will have two Melbourne University friends, Barbara Power and Valerie Eaton, and her sister, Robin Broadbent, as bridesmaids. David, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Paul, of West Brunswick — and also a teacher — will be attended by John Hobday, Graeme Robson, and Alan Pilkington.

**QUIET** family dinner party at Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Carlyle's home, "Harefield Park," Gruyere, celebrated the engagement of their eldest daughter, Ann, to David Burnell, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Burnell, of Balwyn. Ann and David — he is Officer in Charge of the Melbourne University Animal Research Unit at Mount Derrimut — plan to marry toward the end of 1964.

**H**OME again after nine months' touring through England, the Continent, and America is Margaret Wilson. She returned to Melbourne in Orcades and went straight home to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Wilson, of "Elleston," Balliang, where she is remaining until early in the New Year, when she will return to the staff of the Royal Women's Hospital.

**BELOW:** Arriving at Nine Darling Street, South Yarra, for their wedding reception after their marriage at St. James', Gardenvale, are Mr. and Mrs. Jonathon Mott. The bride, formerly Miss Sue Spring, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Emmet Spring, of Brighton, wore a gown of fine wild silk appliqued on the bodice with stephanotis and crystals. She carried a posy of fresh stephanotis. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Mott, of Albury, New South Wales. In the background is the best man, Mr. John Pittendrigh.



**FASCINATING** silver glitter Christmas tree was focus of interest for foursome at cocktail party given at their apartment at Amosbury House, South Yarra, by Colonel and Mrs. E. H. B. Neill (centre couple), before they left for two months overseas. With them are Mrs. Neill's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Robinson, of Macarthur. Abroad with the Neills is their son, Jamie, who is looking forward to skiing at St. Moritz with them for a month. During the rest of their time away, Colonel and Mrs. Neill will spend Christmas with her son, Ronald Macdonald, in New York, and New Year with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Toby Case, in London.



**TOASTING EACH OTHER** in champagne at their wedding reception at The Sheraton Room, South Yarra, are Mr. and Mrs. Richard Riggall, who were married at St. Bede's, North Balwyn. The bride was Miss Gaye Dowling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dowling, of North Balwyn. She wore a gown of cream silk, and her headdress was a pillbox of carnations. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. McK. Riggall, of "Wandobah," Benalla.



**AT GAY DANCE** given for Miss Lisa Kimpton (second from left) by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Kimpton, at their home in Toorak, the guest of honor is pictured with, from left, Mr. Jim Clarke, of "Devon Park," Dunkeld, Mr. Simon Bragg, of "Landgrove," Cootamundra, New South Wales, and Miss Gillian Kimpton, who is Lisa's cousin.

**GREETINGS** with Melbourne friends were exchanged by Miss Jillian Palmer and her fiancé, Mr. John Buchanan, at party Jillian's mother, Mrs. R. V. Palmer, gave for her at her home in South Yarra. The pair came down specially for the party from Sydney, where they will be married at St. Peter's, Watson's Bay, on January 21.







**T**HE first night out sets the tone for the whole trip, and coming back on the Queen Elizabeth that autumn was no exception. I was eighteen and travelling alone, after spending the summer at Cannes studying French literature in an on-and-off sort of way.

Cannes is really a strange place to study anything, for a scruffy collection such as we were. I was there with some friends from college, and none of us had much money; our British and our French friends had even less, and as we migrated between the beach, the College International, and the Cafe Printemps, where we drank coffee every morning, we were well aware of the Other life, in all its glamor, taking place around us.

The section of the beach set off for the college students was crowded with Germans doing callisthenics; cheerful Italians; studious Indians, who brought books to read; a pair of Fijian Islanders, who were always organising basketball games; and the Americans, trying anxiously to absorb everything.

Just up the way was the real Cannes: yards of suntanned flesh in bikinis we didn't have the nerve to wear, coming from smart restaurants we couldn't afford to go to, and probably talking about things we would consider imbecile. However, there was the vision, and it lingered after the session ended and I went to London to spend a few days with some friends of my parents before getting on the "Queen" at Southampton.

On board, I discovered that I was sharing my tourist-class cabin with three nuns, who nearly reduced me to despair. I left my suitcase without unpacking it and went to sign up for a table in the dining-room. As I was standing bleakly in line, wondering whether I would be trapped by seven immigrants or three schoolteachers chattering about their impressions of the chateau country, a young man approached.

He looked absolutely right, somehow. He was dressed in just what young men should wear when boarding the "Queen" in England in September to go home—whatever that is—and he didn't look as though he belonged in the galley with us peasants. He also seemed faintly familiar.

He dashed over to me. "So there you are! I'm Billy Kahn, from the Bemises' party the other night."

"Oh, yes! Hello!"

"It's lucky I found you in this madhouse. I don't know another soul on board. Come up and have dinner tonight in the grill. You don't have to dress."

"I'd love to," I said gratefully, while the immigrants slid out of sight for one night, at least.

"That's wonderful! You'll have to go up to the top deck and climb over a sort of railing. The last time I sailed on this ship, a couple of girls I knew did it. It's a little tricky till you know just where to go."

He then pulled out a pencil and a pad of paper and drew a small diagram of the ship, with arrows, while I watched with fascination. This was the kind of sophisticated knowledge that infallibly impressed me, and if Billy Kahn was used to guiding girls even over railings on top decks, I felt utterly safe in his hands. Besides, he was an inordinately attractive young man.

He then disappeared, leaving me so dazzled that I managed to sign myself up for a table with immigrants and schoolteachers, before rushing back to the cabin and facing the truth about the contents of my suitcase.

I had exactly four dresses (shorts had been the rule in Cannes), of which one was hopeless, two were possible, and the fourth was for great moments. Since I had worn the great-moments dress at the Bemises party, I decided on one of the possibles. It had to be pressed; I couldn't find the steward.

The nuns appeared, and I asked if any of them had a travelling iron, which provoked roars of laughter.

*Sisters Luke, Matilda, and Pauline watched Billy Kahn as he escorted Jane to dinner.*



# ONE LAST DATE

*When she began the voyage, Jane had no idea her life would suddenly become so glamorous and sophisticated . . . a charming story*

By **NORA JOHNSON**



Then they got very interested and took the dress away, saying if nobody was around they'd iron it themselves, and the whole thing got stranger and stranger as seven o'clock approached.

At ten to seven Sister Luke bustled in with the dress, announcing that she had simply barged into the ironing-room and done the job herself. I thanked her gratefully and put the dress on and tore off with Billy's chart, while the nuns stood in the doorway, waving good-night and saying they hoped I'd have a good time.

I arrived at the verandah grill almost half an hour late. "What on earth happened to you?" asked Billy, not very patiently.

"Well, the nuns had to iron my dress, because I couldn't find the steward, and I got lost on the top."

"It's ridiculous to barricade the classes from each other this way. What nuns, for heaven's sake?"

We had champagne, and then a dinner Billy had specially ordered. Part of it was guinea-hen under glass, which he said girls always seemed to find thrilling. Then he put a cigarette in a holder and lighted it, looking magnificent with the sea and the moon behind him, and said, "Sylvia Sands got on at Cherbourg."

"No kidding," I said with interest.

Sylvia was the most famous, the most beautiful, the sexiest movie star in the world. She left a hundred myths in her wake, all incredible and exactly like all other myths left by all other movie stars before her.

She drank champagne for breakfast; she was a horror to work with; she was basically a simple and sweet girl who liked to potter in the kitchen. She had a diamond-studded evening-dress; she had a poodle named Jeepers; she kept getting married, in the eternal hope of finding a man who understood her. She had just acquired her third husband, a French actor, and she was taking him home to bestow on Hollywood.

Billy had seen her come on board. She was wearing a fur coat that exactly matched the poodle, and Albert, the actor (I never found out if that was his first name or last), had a hat that matched both. She had no fewer than seventeen trunks, her maid, and a retinue of about a dozen people.

Her jewels were incredible. She never wore too many at once. That was the thing about jewels, said Billy — too often the people who had them didn't have the taste to wear them correctly.

Somewhere around this point, between the conversation and the crepes suzette, I began to feel like one of the poor folks getting a peep into the window of the mansion. It occurred to me that Billy must be incredibly rich — not just because of his air of authority about jewels (he could have read that in the paper) but because he himself looked exquisitely unostentatious. He looked terribly clean, healthy, and polished, like all those people down the beach at Cannes.

I really felt small-minded and mercenary for thinking all this, but Cannes had corrupted me. When I was being honest with myself, I had to admit I had got tired of tapioca soup at the pension and had longed for a dinner

like this, and I had got tired of wild-haired students who were bitter about everything. If having money made you free to be easy and happy, I was all for having it.

"I'd like to meet Sylvia," Billy said. "I'm interested, in a clinical sort of way. Apparently, she's stupefyingly dumb."

The grill was almost full now, and through the door came a group of people, among them the most poisonous girl I knew — Pickle Weatherall. Pickle was in my house at college. She was tall, with the figure of a broom handle, and had a sharp, ratlike little face peering out from under a bouffant hairdo.

In spite of his simple mind, Pickle did have one mental faculty, and that was the ability to case a room with horrible thoroughness and decide from one glance just what she was going to do with the contents of it in relation to the next phase of her life.

Since she never bothered to speak to me at college, I hoped she wouldn't now; but, unfortunately, she knew Billy, and she came storming over to our table and lavished greetings on him.

"Pickle Weatherall — Jane Barclay," Billy said.

"Jane. Oh, Jane, of course. How are you?" said Pickle with a blank stare, as though we didn't crawl through the same courses and cups of coffee all winter.

"How's your trip been since Venice?" she asked Billy. "I still haven't got over that ridiculous night when we kept giving those gondoliers those silly directions and screeching those absurd songs. Mummy had a fit when I got back," she rattled, while I sank lower and lower in my chair and tried not to gnash my teeth.

"I didn't know you were going to be on the 'Queen,'" Billy said.

"Oh, I didn't, either. We were going to fly. Then Mummy decided she wanted another ocean crossing, and it all got terribly complicated, and we had to go to Paris, and then we kind of got picked up by Sylvia."

"Sylvia Sands?" Billy and I chorused, while Pickle gloated at the effect she had made.

"Oh, yes. She's sweet. Really a darling." Then a pious, responsible expression. "And she's really lonely. She's very shy, basically. I think I'm a help to her. I'm more used to social situations than she is. You know she came up from nothing, and everything is new to her, and she feels better if I'm around. And Albert's English is limited."

There was a breathless pause.

"I have to run off now, but we'll be seeing you. Sylvia's eating in her cabin tonight — she's exhausted — but she'll be around tomorrow. So glad you're on board" (to Billy) and "Goodbye" (to me), and off she scampered.

I have an unfortunate predilection for losing my head at the moments of potential truth in my life. The people who manage to remain blank slates, just for a minute, have the key to wisdom.

If I had simply said nothing I would probably have found out an infinite amount about Billy, Pickle, the Other Life, and a few dozen other things, just from what Billy did next — whether he moaned, looked impressed, laughed

wildly, or rapidly ordered a couple of double brandies.

But I never learn, never, never; and, as usual, I went too far, and as soon as Pickle was more or less out of earshot, I said, "Oh, ye gods," in a tortured undergraduate voice, which immediately precluded his opinion on any subject whatever.

He only smiled and said, "Well, here's a chance to meet Sylvia. How about some more coffee?"

Meeting Sylvia, as it turned out, was no problem at all. Everyone met Sylvia. Everyone, that is, in first class or who climbed over the railing on the top deck. My nuns were terribly interested in all this, and I filled them in every day after lunch. (I slept all morning and stayed up half the night, then climbed back over the railing long after they were asleep, so it was about the only time we got together.)

They didn't want to seem nosy or worldly, so they didn't really come out and ask me about her, and I just dropped bits of information, such as: "Sylvia Sands was wearing this terrific blue net number last night, and a sapphire necklace, and she really is terribly dumb." Or, "Albert isn't really bad, but he just can't get over the fact that he's married to Sylvia. I think he really wishes he'd never left France."

Sisters Luke, Matilda, and Pauline received all this with interested nods, never forgetting that these were souls who might or might not get to Heaven. They said they thought of me every night, going off into all of this, and they prayed for my safety. I didn't quite know what they meant by that, but I appreciated it.

Sylvia didn't usually emerge until late afternoon, when she appeared for a swim in the pool. Along with her came Albert, Pickle, Pickle's mummy, the maid, an English couple, a small swarm of agents and bodyguards, whose job seemed to be to protect her, generally, from going wrong, and Billy. Since it was quite clear that I had a choice between trailing after a movie star and mouldering in tourist for the remaining four days, I joined the retinue.

Sylvia was curiously helpless. I had expected her to be imperious, snapping her fingers and sending all of us scuttling around on errands; but it was quite the opposite. She didn't seem to have any power of decision, and people (mainly Pickle) were always saying, "Now, Sylvia, how about a swim?" Or, "You look pale, dear; get in the sun." Or, "Now we'll send for your yoghurt."

Sylvia accepted all this with trancelike happiness. She didn't drink anything but a little champagne, and she had to be reminded to stop after one glass; she didn't smoke; and she hardly talked. Speech was so rare that when a few soft, squeaky little words came from her, we all absolutely leaped to rapt attention. Nothing provoked any reaction in her except jewellery, the poodle, and Albert. She loved them all equally.

There was something touching about her. There was some truth in what Pickle had said — Sylvia was shy, in a way — but if she needed Pickle she was unaware of it. In spite of everyone's efforts to protect her from the harsh

To page 18



world, Sylvia had a habit of roaming off and making new friends.

I decided, after fascinated observation, that she simply never questioned for a moment that she was the most beautiful creature who had ever lived, and she thought it only fair to bestow herself on other people from time to time. It was probably her only generous instinct.

After dinner I would go off along narrow passageways, through small doors, up and down remote stairways, over the railing in a bracing salt breeze, and down to the first-class lounge, where I joined Sylvia & Co. at a large, coveted table. If I didn't exactly feel like an integral member of the group, at least I was allowed to sit with them.

Surprisingly enough, Billy wasn't much more integral than I was. I should have thought he would make it anywhere, but Sylvia, in her quiet way, really made all the rules. Around the third night, when Billy, doing his best to be particularly charming and devastating to Sylvia, happened to reveal that he had a year to go at Princeton, he did himself incalculable social damage.

"Oh, dearie," said Sylvia, "you're still at school?" And Billy was dead. It was all right for Pickle to be still at school, and me; but I suppose she thought men shouldn't be. They should either have never gone at all or have got it all over by the time she met them.

After this disaster, Billy turned to me and muttered under his breath, "That woman is stupefying. Let's dance."

"Why do you get so upset, then?" asked Honest Jane, which irritated Billy even further.

Continued from page 17

## ONE LAST DATE

"I'm not upset! It's just the principle of the thing. Just because she never got past the third grade, she represents me going to Princeton."

That Sylvia had a secret yearning for higher education was so preposterous I almost hooted; but for once I managed to remain silent.

"Well, what are you wearing tomorrow night?" Billy asked, while we were dancing.

**I** ABSOLUTELY cringed. I didn't know whether he was implying that I looked like a slob or was just gaily reminding me that the next evening was Gala Night and wanted to know how to envision me. In either case, it reminded me of the complete hopelessness of my situation — no more dresses.

"Somebody at our table dropped dead, or has flu, or something, and I've told them to squeeze you in. So you don't have to sit with your immigrants."

"Oh, divine," said I bleakly.

"Well, make it something with a low neck. And put your hair up, or back, or something." I looked at him in mystification, but he only gave me a sphinxlike smile. "And I'll even pick you up at your stateroom, and we'll climb the railing together."

He then pressed me against his starched shirt front, which he had never done before, and whispered in my ear, "You could be a beautiful girl, Jane."

I woke up at ten the next morning, which was early for me, got dressed, and set off for first class. I didn't tell the good sisters what I was up to. There was a heavy

atmosphere of guilt and confession in the cabin, and it seemed the only way to operate, under the circumstances, was to feel guilty now, sneak off, and do the deed, and drown in repentance later.

I went to Pickle's and Mummy's cabin. Pickle opened the door, in curlers and cleansing cream, so that it was impossible to see her expression, while Mummy yawned and groaned in one of the berths.

"I hope I didn't wake you up," I said brightly, cruising in and sitting down. "It's such a heavenly morning. Are you going to play deck tennis?"

"I'm going to have breakfast," said Pickle suspiciously. "Who's that?" Mummy yelled.

"Jane. You know, Jane Barclay," Pickle said.

"Pickle, I wonder if you could help me out," I said, with a mighty effort of the consciously casual. "I'm in the worst fix, and I don't know what to do."

Pickle began slowly removing the face-cream with tissues, while my mind raced like lightning. There must be no mention of Billy's having pronounced himself my escort for the evening, since Pickle had been flirting with Billy, who had been flirting with Sylvia, and the only reason there was any hope at all was that Pickle didn't think I was a competitor for Billy's attention — or any threat to anybody, in fact.

"I have this divine dress I'd been saving for tonight," I said, "and I got it out this morning to have it pressed, and there's nailpolish all over it. It got spilled in the suitcase. And I don't have anything else along, because I flew over" — a lie — "and had to travel light. I wonder if you have something I could wear. Just anything." I was fairly safe in saying this, because everything Pickle owned was gorgeous.

There was a long silence, and finally Pickle said, "Well, I don't know. I only have a couple of things left. I hate lending my clothes, and I'm smaller than you are."

I said, "Oh, only half a size or so, because, remember, you wore a skirt and sweater of mine to Yale last winter, and they looked fine."

Pickle gritted her teeth. "I'm an eight. You're a ten. If you want to suffer all evening, I have something. It's not very clean, and there are shoes to match it, but they're filthy, and your feet are probably bigger than mine."

She rummaged through her suitcases, and finally the dress appeared. It was green silk and beautiful, and it had the low neck that was going to dazzle Billy.

To Pickle's annoyance, I tried it on (it fitted only barely) and informed her how good it looked on me, or I in it, and how low-neck dresses were exactly right for me because, unlike some people, I didn't have protruding collarbones.

Then she had to produce the shoes, and, to the wicked stepmother's irritation, they fitted Cinderella perfectly. Then, with a minimum of thanks, I snatched up the treasures and left before she or Mummy could decide to do anything about it.

Billy came to the cabin at seven exactly, to be greeted by Sisters Luke, Matilda, and Pauline, and me. They had kindly offered to go and sit in the lounge, but were obviously so eager to have a look at him that I didn't have the heart to send them off. So they sat banked around the two lower berths

while I attempted to float about, in a hostesslike manner, in the remaining square yard of space, gathering my purse, while Billy looked at me approvingly.

Then we went off, while they stood in the doorway, waving after us and giving us their blessing. We went up and down the stairways and along the passages and over the railing and ended, to my surprise, at the observation lounge.

"I thought we'd have a drink here first, just the two of us," said Billy. He ordered champagne, smiling, and lighted a cigarette, which was reflected in all the windows around us. "You know, Jane, you look fabulous. The hair—" His hand swooped helplessly, as though words couldn't express it.

"You should wear it that way all the time. You have a terrific neck." I was getting fainter by the minute. What had I, in my mean and trivial life, done to deserve all this? "And the dress—" He leaned over and peered at it. "Isn't that Pickle Weatherall's dress?"

Oh, the cat! I thought. Did she run and tell him? "I—it—yes. I had one, but I spilled nailpolish on it, and I—"

"I thought so. She wore it in Venice. It looks better on you. What are you looking so flustered for? I think girls should wear other people's things if they look good in them. Don't you?"

"Oh, absolutely!" I screamed. "At college, we borrow each other's clothes all the time."

"Right. We see eye to eye." Billy gave me a really sweet, tender, kind smile, while I sat telling myself I was a nasty, suspicious girl. Then when I pulled myself together, Billy reached into his pocket and pulled out a small, square box.

Now, in our hearth-centred society, a small square box means only one thing to nervous young girls. But they are usually produced after certain preliminaries and not by young men whom one has known for four days and whose interest has been, shall we say, less than passionate.

Billy put it on the table and fingered it fondly, while I stared, transfixed. Then I thought, Oh, now, this is ridiculous. I mean, what does he do, hand them out to everyone he meets?

"Oh, now, Billy," I began, with a nervous laugh.

**H**E pressed a button, and the box popped open. Inside was no ring but a pair of simply fabulous earrings. Each consisted of a huge diamond and an amazing pearl, set in platinum, with an emerald shaped like a teardrop hanging below.

I stared at them, then at Billy, while he watched me with a smile. (He had been one big smile ever since he had picked me up at the cabin.) Then he took one out of its white satin nest and dangled it in front of my eyes. "Do you like them, Janie?"

Suspicion crept in, heavy suspicion. Nobody ever calls me Janie without my express permission, and what was going on, anyway? "They're gorgeous," I said.

"Put them on," said Billy. I took them cautiously, as though they were a pair of cobras, and put them on my ears.

Billy exhaled blissfully, like an artist who has just finished a painting. "You're great," he said. "They go with you. Look at yourself."

I dug a mirror out of my bag and stared into it. I suppose I looked fine, really; but I felt like the little match girl wearing the queen's tiara. I just didn't have it in me, somehow. Maybe in ten years I could manage this sort of thing, but not now. But they were simply beautiful. I shook my head slightly, and the emerald drops twinkled in the soft light.

"Now, don't get too carried away, Janie," Billy said. "I'm not giving them to you. I bought these in Vienna for my mother. Do you think she'll like them?"

"If she doesn't, she should have her head examined," I said.

Billy leaned across the table. "Will you wear them this evening?"

For some reason, the first thing that popped into my head was the three nuns. But I kept looking at myself in the mirror. "Why?" I asked.

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## FROM THE BIBLE

● "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

—Ephesians 6:13.

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"Just because you look beautiful with them on." He took my hand across the table. "Please wear them. It's one of those things there really isn't any answer to. It would please me, that's all."

"All right," I said suddenly, and put the mirror away.

"Good," said Billy. "Let's get on down to dinner." He put the box back in his pocket, suddenly in a great hurry, left some money on the table, and swept us down to the dining-room.

After dinner, which had been the usual fanfare of funny hats and confetti, we went to the lounge to join the group. I had been feeling rather peculiar, as though the asps on each ear were working a spell on me. I couldn't forget them for a moment.

Just before we went in, Billy said, "Now, don't mention the earrings. Just don't say a word about them, and we'll see what people say. Okay?"

"Okay," I said nervously. Attending Miss Sands that evening were the usual crew — Pickle and Mummy, the English couple (who had no visible function), the swarm of agents, and Albert, looking apologetic for existing, as usual.

Sylvia was in gold lame, lots of it, clinging and dripping. She wore her usual expression of dazed contentment, but the rest of them looked somewhat bored, and I suspected that they really would be relieved when the ship docked in New York and the obligation of heavy friendship was broken.

Sylvia would survive without Pickle; Pickle would now have some conversation back at college; Mummy would return to Mr. Weatherall, whoever the poor man was; and the agents and bodyguards would get back to their bars or wives or whatever wasn't along with them on the "Queen."

Everything happens faster aboard a ship, like a movie run off at double speed, and I wouldn't have believed it, three days before, if I had been told they would actually notice me arriving and look interested. But they did. I was still feeling a little odd.

Now I had a kind of peace-

ful, simple-minded feeling, as Sylvia probably had all the time, and I thought they were all rather old and worn-out and liked me because I was young and fresh and interesting, or something of the sort, and I sat happily in a chair as Billy sat down next to me and began pouring champagne and chattering about knots and the ship's rate of progress.

It was really very pleasant. For the first time in the whole trip I wasn't worrying about whether Billy wanted to make a conquest of Sylvia or Pickle or if she was trying to ensnare him or if the hideous bodyguard with the bad teeth wanted to flirt with me. We all just seemed content, old friends chatting on the last night.

Sylvia turned to me and said, "Beautiful, dearie, just beautiful."

"Thank you," said I, thinking how nice and sincere Sylvia was basically.

"How lucky the dress was green," Pickle said. "I see you got the spot off the front."

Oh, heavens, I thought; but fortunately she hadn't said it very loudly, and in my present Christian mood, I thought, "After all, it was just Pickle, and we have to accept the cuttings with the gem," or something.

"You wear them perfectly," Sylvia said. "Where did you get them, dearie? Are they hair-looms?"

"They aren't hers," Billy said. "She's modelling them for me. I got them in Vienna for my mother. Do you think she'll like them?" He made this inquiry to the table in general, and I turned and stared at him in disbelief.

"Naturally she will," said Mummy firmly. "Perfect taste."

"No wonder you wanted a decent dress," Pickle said with a horrible grin, while I absolutely froze.

Sylvia turned to Billy, fired to speech. "You mean you picked them out, honey? You're a wonder. If there's anything I'm crazy about it's jewels. And Albert doesn't know the first thing about them. I mean, the ones he likes are so junky. Do you learn that at Princeton?"

"You have terrific taste in jewellery, too," said Billy smiling wildly and lighting her cigarette. "I noticed the necklace you were wearing the first night. It was just right with that blue dress. And you didn't wear anything else with it. That's the secret."

I took Mother's earrings off and laid them on the table in front of Billy. The I stood up. "Thanks, sport," I said faintly. "My car looks a little better."

Billy jumped up and said, "What are you doing? You promised you'd wear them. Nobody else can wear them the way you can."

"Mother will look terrific in them," I said. "Good night."

They all began yelling objections, while I had a moment of weary pleasure in being sought after. Then I just turned around and went away, leaving Billy in the somewhat ridiculous position of having no one to wear his gems. They just wouldn't be on right with Sylvia's gold lame.

I went up and down the stairways and through the doors and over the railing and back to the cabin, where the three nuns lay asleep in their black habits swaying slightly as they hung their hooks in the darkness.

Then I took off my clothes leaving Pickle's dress in a heap on the floor (for which Sister Luke would scold me in the morning), and did what any young girl, in that life or the Other, would do — I got into bed and cried.

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A COMPLETE SUSPENSE NOVEL

# THE ORDEAL OF MRS. SNOW

By PATRICK QUENTIN



MRS. ADELAIDE SNOW heard her niece's voice and then Bruce Mendham's laugh in the hall. Quickly she picked up a book and pretended to read. She didn't want Lorna to think she was waiting up for her, that she was being nosy or uneasy about this frighteningly whirlwind romance.

The two young people came into the living-room.

"Aunt Addy, you're still up."

"Is it late, dear?"

"Late! Early! How do I know? I don't even know what year it is!" Mrs. Snow ran to her and threw her arms round her. "Oh, Aunt Addy, darling, Bruce has asked me to marry him."

Bruce Mendham, hovering behind her, smiled his most ingratiating smile. "I hope you approve, Mrs. Snow."

Mrs. Snow had prepared herself for this moment, and there were more than enough reasons for disapproval. It was hardly a month since they'd met Bruce, coming back from Europe on the Ile de France. They knew practically nothing about his background, his way of life. He had no job, no money. Mrs. Snow, from the romps of a conventional wealthy upbringing, had intended to emphasise all these points, but now Lorna's face completely disarmed her.

She had never seen such pure, undiluted happiness. The boy radiating from the girl swept all cold, commonsensical objections aside. Bliss! thought Mrs. Snow, in wonder. How seldom it comes, and what a beautiful thing it is!

The fact that an odd sense of foreboding still lurked in her meant nothing. Mrs. Snow was a sensible woman, all too conscious of her own weaknesses. She knew that the loneliness after her husband's death her love for her niece had become much too possessive.

Surely she would have felt this same reluctance, this same hostility toward any other man who wanted to take Lorna from her. What were the real, human objections to Bruce, anyway? He was handsome, good-natured, immensely kind. Wasn't it just an ugly demon of jealousy that made her find him a little too good-natured, a little too handsome, a little too—plausible?

Triumphant in her victory over herself, Mrs. Snow smiled at her niece. "Darling, I'm delighted."

"Oh, Aunt Addy, I knew you would be. Bruce was terribly worried because he had no money, no job, or anything. But I told him he didn't know you. I told him you'd be an angel. Oh, Aunt Addy, darling."

BRUCE said: "I'll get a job, of course, Mrs. Snow."

"I've got an idea about that, too," broke in Lorna. "You know how you're always saying you should have someone to take care of your affairs, Aunt Addy. Bruce wonderful with figures and efficiency and things like that. Think! If you hired him we could all three of us go on living here. There'd be no break. You and me and Bruce..."

The bribe! thought Mrs. Snow. But, in spite of herself, contentment began to flood through her.

"Bruce working for me? That may be an excellent idea. We'll think about it."

But Mrs. Snow knew she wasn't going to think about it. It was already settled. The pattern of the future was fixed.

Somewhere, deep in her mind, a little voice was whispering: Are you sure you haven't betrayed yourself—and Lorna?

But the voice was so faint that she could scarcely catch the words...

It was eighteen months later that Mrs. Snow lost herapphire ring. She was sure she had put it down in the living-room when she and Lorna and Bruce had been sitting there after dinner. But no one could find it.

The episode wasn't very important. The ring was insured, and it had no sentimental value. But Mrs. Snow hated mysteries. After breakfast next morning she had the living-room turned inside out, with no result.

Neither Lorna nor Bruce could offer any explanation. And then, because Sylvia Emmett arrived to take Lorna out to Long Island, the search was abandoned.

Bruce, who was joining Lorna at the Emmetts' the next day for the Labor Day weekend, stayed behind because there was some work to do. He and Mrs. Snow lunched together, and all through lunch Bruce went on about the ring.

"I can't understand what could have happened to it. It's so absurd. How can it have vanished into thin air?"

Suddenly, without warning, the idea came to Mrs. Snow: Isn't Bruce being too innocent about all this?

It was terrifying to her how that one little idea was able to shatter the entire facade that she had, for Lorna's sake, so carefully constructed. Ever since the wedding, the return from the honeymoon, she had been determined to like and trust her nephew-in-law. If there had been times when he had seemed insincere, conceited, even cunning, she had blinded herself to them. She had thought she had succeeded almost completely in seeing him as Lorna saw him.

But now, once the idea of the ring had come, she realised how much she had been fooling herself. She had never liked Bruce; she had never trusted him. This proved it. For here she was, although she had given him full control over her business affairs, calmly considering him capable of so sordid a petty dishonesty as stealing her ring.

For a moment, Mrs. Snow felt dizzy, and before she could control herself another insidious thought jumped into her head. Several times that year her banker, Hilary Prynn, who had been her late husband's closest friend, had jocularly accused her of extravagance. It hadn't seemed to her that the household had been spending more than usual, and she had dismissed Hilary's remarks as mere playful badinage. But what—what if Bruce had been tampering with the accounts as well?

Mrs. Snow hated herself for these unwanted suspicions. She felt unclean, as if she were perversely desirous of destroying Lorna's happiness. But she was clearheaded enough to know that a suspicion, however unjust, should be checked before it is dismissed.

After lunch, she went up to her study and called the bank. Fortunately, Hilary was in Baltimore until Friday, so it was easy enough to ask for a statement and her recent cheques without arousing any awkward questions. The assistant manager assured her that the statement would be in the mail next morning.

Mrs. Snow put down the receiver and gazed at it bleakly, as if it were a symbol of impending disaster for all of them.

Let me be wrong, she thought. Please, let me be wrong. Next morning, she sat down at the Chippendale desk in her late husband's study. She put on her reading-glasses and looked down uneasily at the manila envelope from the bank, which she had slipped out of the morning mail before Bruce came down to breakfast.

There was no turning back now.

As she lifted the ivory paper-cutter to slit the envelope, a tap sounded at the door. She started. It was only Joe, the handyman.

"I'm all finished up down cellar, Mrs. Snow. Okay if I leave?"

"Whenever you're ready, Joe."

"And, Mrs. Snow—my wife's going on at me about scraping the floors down to our place. Seeing it's a long weekend, I was wondering if maybe I could borrow the sanding machine."

"Of course," said Mrs. Snow. "Take it right now."

"Well, I got a couple of chores uptown. I could pick it up tonight." Joe hesitated at the door. "You sure you going to be okay all this time with Maggie away sick and only Arlene to help?"

"You know I'll be all right, Joe. Bruce will be off any minute to Long Island. I'm having no guests. Arlene will be here by noon, and there'll be no one but me."

"But it's a long weekend. Maybe if I was to drop in Sunday?"

"Now don't fuss, Joe. Go off and have a wonderful Labor Day spree."

"Okay, Mrs. Snow. Thanks."

The door closed behind Joe. Mrs. Snow opened the envelope and took out the statement and the bundle of cancelled cheques.

SHE had no clear idea of what she was searching for, but, like most very rich women, she was less vague about her money than she seemed. She started to turn over the cheques. Bergdorf's, Hammacher Schlemmer, Cartier's—yes, that had been for Lorna's wedding-anniversary bracelet.

She came to a cheque made out to cash for seven hundred and fifty dollars. She puckered her forehead at it and put it aside. By the time she reached the bottom of the pile, she had found two more cheques made out to cash. One for five hundred. One for fifteen hundred.

She spread the three cheques in front of her and studied them. They were correctly numbered for their place in the sequence. The signatures looked like hers. They must have been done, for the bank to have passed them. But she was completely sure she had never written them.

So I'm right, she thought, with a cold sinking of the heart. And at the beginning my instinct was right, too. In my cowardice at the idea of losing her, I did this to Lorna! I let her marry a crook, a fortune-hunter!

Impulsively she picked up a red pencil and scribbled "Forgery" across one of the cheques.

Her self-accusations and her anguish for Lorna were merged with her anger against Bruce's stupidity. True, it was one of his duties to take care of the incoming cancelled cheques. He must have thought it would be easy to destroy the forgeries before she found them. But did he imagine she was so woolly-headed that she would not notice a 2750 dollar discrepancy in the accounts?

Mrs. Snow put the three cheques in the manila envelope and rose with the envelope in her hand. There was nothing indecisive in her character. She had started this; she would go through with it. It cut her like a knife to realise how Lorna was going to suffer. But Lorna was no fool and no craven.

Once she knew the truth, she would be able to face it. Grimly Mrs. Snow moved to the door, past the large walk-in safe that stored all her papers and her late husband's yachting trophies.

"Bruce!" she called down the stairway. "Bruce. I want you up here, please."

Her nephew-in-law was smiling when he strolled into the study. Mrs. Snow could now admit to herself that she had always been irritated by Bruce's smile. It was as smug and self-satisfied as his thick black hair, his little moustache, his graceful, horesman's body.

"Good morning, Aunt Addy."

Mrs. Snow looked at him icily. "It's not a very good morning, Bruce. I'm afraid I've caught you out."

"Caught me out, Aunt Addy? What have I been up to now?"

"I give Lorna a very generous allowance. If you needed more money, you could always have come to me. Why, in heaven's name, did you forge those cheques?"



Mrs. Snow was startled at the total collapse of Bruce's pose. Was he so conceited that he had never prepared himself against possible exposure?

"Cheques?" he stammered. "It's useless to deny it." Mrs. Snow held out the manila envelope. "I have the three cheques here. They are obvious forgeries. They have the correct numbers on them. You're the only person with access to my cheque book, the only one who could have known the right numbers."

"I haven't the slightest idea how many other cheques you've forged in the past, but that can easily be found out. It doesn't particularly matter now, anyway. Nor does the sapphire ring."

Mrs. Snow was ashamed of the feeling of personal satisfaction mingling now with her distress. "I'm not going to bother telling you what I think of you, Bruce. I don't believe in wasting breath. Nor do I believe in giving thieves a second chance. I've called you up here because I think it's only fair to let you know what I'm going to do."

"I'm going to call Lorna right now. The sooner she knows the truth the better. After that I shall call my lawyers and have them start immediate divorce proceedings. Later, I may or may not turn you over to the police. That will depend entirely on how well you behave."

"But, Aunt Addy—" Bruce Mendham's smile was meant to be both rueful and charming, but it merely succeeded in making him look like a Halloween pumpkin. "Just listen to me, please. I can explain. I was in a jam. I was going to pay it all back. I swear I was. I got a tip on a horse at Belmont. Seven to one. It couldn't lose. That's what they told me."

"I called a bookie I know and bet five thousand to win. Okay, so the horse came in third. That happens all the time. But what could I do?"

**B**OTH his hands had gone out toward her. The skin of his face was greenish and damp. She had the uncomfortable feeling that he might, at any moment, drop down on his knees.

"Aunt Addy, you can't play fast and loose with those bookies. They're tough. They can have you killed if they feel like it. He wanted his money. I scraped up all I had. It wasn't enough. He demanded the rest. Lorna has only what you give her. I knew it wasn't any use going to her, and I knew you wouldn't understand."

"I had to do something. I was desperate. I wrote the first cheque, to stall him, and . . . Aunt Addy, I'll pay you back. I'll work for nothing. I'll raise the money somehow. Please, please, don't let Lorna know. Don't go to the police. I was crazy. I realise that now. I'll never look at another horse. I swear it. Aunt Addy, if only you'll give me a chance . . ."

Mrs. Snow listened to this incoherent flow of words with contempt and disgust. A cringing crook was worse than a brazen crook, she thought. Poor Lorna! Her head ached. She took off her reading glasses and lit a cigarette.

"Please, Bruce, don't go on. You must know these childish excuses haven't the slightest effect on me."

She put down the envelope, turned to the telephone, and dialled.

"Operator, I want to call the Lawrence Emmetts at East Hampton. I don't know the number, but you can get it from Information."

#### Continuing our novel

Mrs. Snow had turned her back on Bruce. Her moment of feeling triumphant was over. Now she could think only of the unpleasantness that lay ahead, and the sight of the sycophantic Bruce was extremely distasteful to her. She was concentrating on the best way to break the news to Lorna. She didn't notice Bruce's hand move stealthily forward and slip the manila envelope off the desk.

"Hello, Sylvia? This is Adelaide Snow. Is Lorna there?"

"Hello, Mrs. Snow." Sylvia Emmett's voice was brisk and outdoorsy as ever. "I do wish you'd change your mind and drive down with Bruce. We'd so love to have you. I'm afraid Lorna and Larry went out sailing early. They'll be back for lunch, though. Shall I have her call?"

"Yes, yes, please. And, Sylvia, tell her to do it the moment she comes in. It's extremely urgent."

"Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Just tell her I shall want her to return immediately."

Mrs. Snow put down the receiver and turned back to Bruce. He seemed to have pulled himself together. He was no longer craven. He looked surly, a little sinister.

"Aunt Addy, you'd better think this over. I warn you." "You warn me? What absurd impertinence!" Indignation rose in Mrs. Snow. "Lorna's out sailing. I'll have to call the lawyers without her."

She moved back to the phone and then remembered that Sampson and Gibbons had recently changed offices. Their new address was on a letter she'd received a few days before. It would be in the safe.

She dropped the cigarette into an ashtray on the desk, crossed to the vault's heavy steel door, and dialled the familiar combination. The door swung open. She stepped inside and turned on the light. The letter file was at the back of the little room by the heating duct, opposite the shelves where her husband's yachting cups gleamed brightly.

As she moved toward the file she heard a faint creak behind her. She turned to see the door of the vault swing shut. She gave a little exclamation of irritation and alarm. The spring mechanism on the door had broken last week. Joe and Bruce were supposed to have fixed it. She was foolish to go on using the safe. There was no real need for it.

She took the few steps back to the closed door and tapped on it urgently.

"Bruce!" she called. "Bruce, let me out! Let me out!"

Bruce Mendham stood in the study by the desk. He could hear his heart pounding. He had never dreamed the old lady would get wise to the cheques. Exposure had taken him completely by surprise.

Even when he had slipped the manila envelope into his pocket he had had no plan. It had just seemed obvious that possession of the cheques would be an advantage.

And then she had gone into the vault. Suddenly the opportunity for salvation had come: almost without thinking, he had taken it.

The moment he had pushed the safe door shut behind her, he'd realised how brilliant his instinct had been. Joe knew he had been planning to leave the house to join Lorna immediately after breakfast. Joe, too, was a witness to the fact that the door mechanism on the safe had been faulty. Alone in the

house, Mrs. Snow had gone into the vault for something; the door had swung shut behind her; and . . .

Bruce Mendham, who had spent all his life charming himself into one comfortable berth after another, had little imagination. To him Mrs. Snow was just a boring old woman turned dangerous, who had almost succeeded in ruining his very existence. He could think of her shut up in the safe as unemotionally and scientifically as if she were one of her Siamese cats.

Four days, including Labor Day, until the next week began. Certainly, in a small, sealed room, she could never last that time. He had the cheques, and once Mrs. Snow was out of the picture there would be no one to testify against him. And Lorna would inherit everything.

How could he ever have doubted the Mendham luck? "Bruce!" He heard Mrs. Snow's voice, muffled like a voice on a bad telephone con-

off. "You sure she ain't going to need me? The cats, maybe?"

"No, Arlene, everything's taken care of. See you Tuesday. Happy Labor Day."

"Happy Labor Day to you, Mr. Bruce."

Bruce dropped the receiver and went upstairs, past the study, to his and Lorna's bedroom. Lorna had packed his suitcase for him yesterday, before she had driven down ahead of him with Sylvia Emmett.

He picked up his briefcase from the bed and slipped the manila envelope inside beside the bundle of letters from the morning mail, which he was taking to Lorna. As he did so he remembered Mrs. Snow's sapphire ring. When he had picked it up in the living-room two days ago, he had been planning to pawn it for a new stake to play the horses. He wouldn't need it now, but it might come in handy.

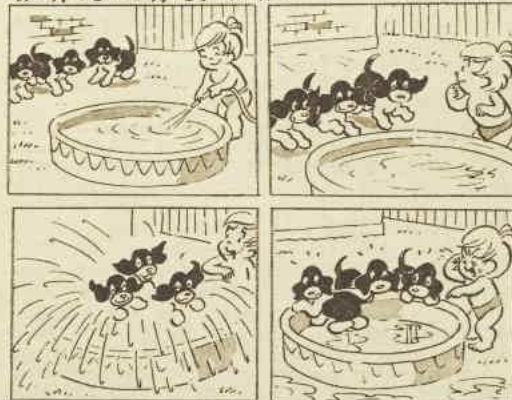
He took it out of his trou-

## THE ORDEAL OF MRS. SNOW

### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



nection. "Bruce, let me out."

Excitement and self-satisfaction sprang up inside Bruce. Joe had gone for the weekend. Maggie, the maid, was at home sick. The cook, who slept out, too, and came in daily, was due to arrive at noon. But that could easily be fixed. So could Lorna. It would be a cinch to explain away Mrs. Snow's urgent call. He never had any trouble handling Lorna.

Bruce Mendham took the manila envelope out of his pocket. He brought out the three cheques. He frowned angrily when he saw the word "forgery" scribbled over one of them.

"Bruce, Bruce, let me out, I say."

Bruce put the cheques back in the envelope and replaced the envelope in his pocket. With a casual, confident glance around the study he strolled downstairs to the living-room.

Mrs. Snow's two Siamese cats were perched on a window-sill before a broad panorama of the East River. Bruce took out his pocket telephone book. He was meticulous in his habits. All the necessary addresses for his job were duly listed there. He found the cook's number and dialled it.

"Hello, Arlene?"

"That's right."

"Arlene, this is Mr. Bruce. I'm calling for Mrs. Snow. She's decided at the last minute to go away for the weekend. You needn't come until Tuesday."

"Honest?" Arlene's rich Southern voice was bubbling with pleasure. "Gee, that's fine, Mr. Bruce. I can really get me a ball." She broke

ser pocket and dropped it into the briefcase. He heard it clatter against the revolver he'd bought last week for protection when he thought he might not be able to raise the cash in time.

He locked the briefcase and glanced at his watch. Ten-fifteen. Plenty of time to make East Hampton before Lorna came back from sailing. He glanced at himself in the mirror. The reflection was as satisfactory as usual.

At the back of his mind there was a faint sensation of panic. But it didn't trouble him. He hardly remembered that only a few minutes before he had been sweating in terror before visions of poverty and gaol.

Bad things happen to you. That was life. You just had to use your brains and rise above them.

He strolled out of the house and through the glossy sunshine of Sutton Place to the garage. Before he drove off, he tossed the attendant a dollar.

"Happy Labor Day, Mr. Mendham."

"Happy Labor Day, Nicky."

"Let me out, Bruce."

Mrs. Snow rapped once again on the smooth, handleless interior of the safe door. The terror of confinement in small places, which had plagued her all her life, was uncoiling inside her like a python. It merged with other, more rational fears. Bruce knew the combination of the lock. He had been standing right out there. Why hadn't he . . .

She forced herself not to think until she was sure she could check her panic. Claustrophobia was a weakness. You could control it by will-

power. Calm, she said. Calm.

On the shelf at her side, the yachting trophies sparkled in the illumination from the single ceiling bulb. When Gordon had been alive, they had spent months out of every year sailing all over the world. She had been in many dangerous situations and endured them.

The thought of the ocean, vast, sun-swept, open to the sky, helped stave off the trapped sensation, and she felt strong enough now to face the truth. Bruce was not going to let her out. He was as stupid as he was dishonest. When he had seen the door close on her, he must have lost his head.

She had threatened to turn him over to the police and he had taken advantage of an accident to try some hysterical getaway attempt. That must be it. Of course that was it. What a fool she'd been to walk into the safe!

And yet — I warn you. She remembered the ominous look on Bruce's face when he had said that. Was it possible that he had deliberately shut the door on her? Was it possible . . . ?

Panic leaped up in her again. She fought it back implacably. Whatever Bruce might have in his mind, there was nothing to be seriously alarmed about. True, the house was large and the safe in the very middle of it.

There was no possible hope of attracting the attention of neighbors. But Gordon had designed the safe himself for his collection of oceanic sculpture, which had gone to the Metropolitan Museum at his death. It was large, almost like a small room. It must be at least eight feet by six.

And she wouldn't have to be shut up here for long. Arlene would arrive at twelve. She glanced down at her tiny platinum wrist-watch. Without reading glasses, she couldn't make out the position of the hands. So much for her vanity in refusing to wear glasses all the time! But it was certainly after ten. There was less than two hours to wait.

For Arlene would arrive at noon. It was inconceivable that Bruce would do anything, telephone to put her off, for example . . . The idea came so swiftly that Mrs. Snow's mind reeled under its impact. And, at the same moment, she thought of the cigarette she had left burning in the ashtray on the cluttered desk.

She had visions of flames curling, creeping through the scattered papers beyond the sealed door. She needed every ounce of courage to keep from screaming and pounding on the smooth metal.

She made herself turn to the shelves of cups. Five years ago, on the day after Gordon's funeral, she had stored them all away because the memories they conjured up had been too poignant. She had hardly looked at them since. But now they were like old friends. She picked one up. She recognised it at once. Gordon had won it at Marblehead in 1939.

She clutched the delicate stem, feeling the cool firmness of the silver. She would just stand there quietly by the door and think of Marblehead.

Arlene would come. Of course she would come.

"It's going to be all right," she said out loud. "It's going to be all right."

Arlene Davidson let the telephone drop on its stand and sank luxuriously back against the pillow of her bed. So Mrs. Snow was going away for the weekend. What

a break! Four full days of rest. About time, too. She hadn't had a real vacation since last New Year's.

Idly Arlene wondered where Mrs. Snow was going. She didn't visit much anymore, not since Mr. Snow passed on. Probably she'd decided to go with the young people to Long Island after all. And yet, that was kind of surprising. After nine years Arlene knew Mrs. Snow very well. Mrs. Snow didn't like to hide the fact. And somehow it was Mrs. Snow's style to keep out of their way, not to butt in on her niece's engagements. Yes, it was funny . . .

Through the thin partition wall, Arlene could hear the creak of an electric iron. Her sister, Rose, was pressing dresses. Out on 114th Street the kids were putting up terrific holler playing basketball. Arlene liked to think of ever one else up and about and hillying in bed. It was glamorous.

She twisted around and glanced affectionately at the telephone. She was glad she had her special phone installed when she moved with Rose and her husband. It was worth it just for the time like this—to reach out, answer, and slip right back in a doze.

**W**ELL, though Arlene lazily, what was she going to do now she was off? It was too bad she'd had that fight with Leroy. Leroy was a nice boy, even if he did make her mad. It would have been fine to drive down to Jersey with him. But that was out. She certainly wasn't going to be the first one to call and make up.

She could, of course, go over to Brooklyn with Rose and Willie. But that'd be kind of dull. A lot of her sitting around, cackling drinking tea. Maybe she'd go downtown and do some shopping. There was the blouse in Saks. She had saved almost enough now, at

Suddenly she thought, I Friday today—pay day! How crazy she'd been to forget when Bruce called. And he strange of Mrs. Snow to forget it, too. Mrs. Snow was always such a one for paying regular.

Arlene sat up in bed. Done it, if she wanted that blouse she'd have to get right down to Mrs. Snow's and collect her pay before Mrs. Snow started off. Lying in bed was so pleasant that she toyed with the idea of putting off the whole deal. But common sense got the better of her. With four free days ahead of her and no Leroy to pick up the bills, she'd need the money desperately before next Tuesday.

She glanced at the phone. Should she call Mrs. Snow and remind her? No. No use wasting money on calls. She could depend on Mr. Snow. Since she hadn't need her for the cats, Joe must be staying. Even if she made early start, Mrs. Snow would leave the money with Joe.

Arlene tumbled reluctantly out of bed, slipped her feet into her feather mules, and climbed into her satin house coat. She went down to the hall to the bathroom, came back, and dressed carefully her best black suit so as to go right on to Saks.

Her brother-in-law was the living-room, sitting by the window with his feet up, reading the newspaper.

"Man, you're dressed kill. Figuring on going work like that?"

"I'm off. Mrs. Snow's nephew called. She's going



away for the weekend. I'm just going to collect my pay; then I'm going downtown to pick up a blouse."

"You and your blouses! What you going to do with all them blouses you got stuffed in your closet already? Coffee's on the stove."

"No time. Tell Rose goodbye." Arlene waggled her hand at Willie and walked out to the street. It was quickest to take the subway. She made her way daintily through the scrambling throng of children toward the corner. The sunshine was beautiful, just right for the shore. Once she'd collected her money, maybe she'd call up Rosie and the two of them could . . .

A tall man in a snappy gabardine suit and a brown Stetson hat was strolling down the street toward her. Arlene glanced at him and froze into dignified haughtiness. At the sight of her, the young man broke into a delighted grin.

"Arlene, baby, I was just coming to see you."

"I'm sorry, Leroy. I'm in a hurry. Got to go downtown."

"You working this weekend?"

"No. As a matter of fact, I'm not. But I—"

"Fine. That's fine. I've got the car right around the corner. Run back in, grab a couple of things, and we'll head off for Atlantic."

"But, Leroy, I can't. I've got to go downtown and pick up my pay."

"What you want with your pay? I got more than enough for both." Leroy's hands moved caressingly up her arms. "Arlene, baby, you're not still mad about the other night? You know better than that. A guy's got a right to get loaded once in a while. Honey . . ."

A feeling of warm contentment flowed through Arlene. "Don't, Leroy. Don't act like that—not in public."

"Honey, I'm crazy about you. There isn't anyone else, never will be, that sends me like you do. Arlene, sugar, you're not going to stay sore."

"Well, I . . ." "That's my baby." Leroy gave her a playful pat. "Go grab your things. I'll bring the car up."

"But I ought to go downtown and get my pay. I . . ." Arlene's sudden smile was radiant. She put up her hand and twisted his ear. "You, Leroy! You'll be the death of me before you're through. Okay. It won't take me but a couple of minutes to get packed. When you're ready, honk your horn."

**M**RS. SNOW stood by the safe door, straining her ears to catch any noise from the house beyond. It had been hard to keep track of time, but it must be twelve by now. Arlene was always punctual. She let herself in through the back door. Usually she started right away on the breakfast dishes and then she came up to the study to arrange the dinner menu with Mrs. Snow.

Here on the third floor, the study was too far away for Mrs. Snow to hear Arlene's key in the lock. But surely, if Bruce had left the study door open, she would be able to hear the clatter of dishes when the time came.

Mrs. Snow thought she heard a faint sound. Her body quivering, she pressed herself closer against the safe door. But a ship's siren boomed from the East River, and when it faded the silence in the house was profound.

Her legs were aching now. It had needed a great deal of willpower to stand, quietly relaxed, by the door all this

Continuing our novel

time, but she had managed it. She hadn't made a futile attempt to escape from a trap she knew was hermetically sealed; she hadn't let herself think of Bruce; she hadn't given an inch to her dark fear of the encircling four walls, which lurked constantly at the fringes of her mind; she had refused her imagination any leeway whatsoever.

The yachting cup had helped a lot. Holding it in her hand, she had been able to reconstruct the whole weekend at Marblehead, even to the men who had sat next to her at dinner, the name of that rather interesting lady from Chile, and, of course, her times alone with Gordon.

But now that the hour of release must be so close she could no longer cling to the soothing unreality of the past. The remorselessly closed door that she had been looking at without seeing suddenly became a closed door again.

There was the naked light bulb dangling above her; hemming her in were the shelves of cups on one side and the shelves of papers and files on the other—and the rear wall, with the jewel safe, which backed on to her bedroom.

The air smelled musty. For the first time it was brought home to her that there was no ventilation in the room. Air. Her knees felt thin as water. Arlene! Arlene, you've got to come!

That one moment of weakness was enough to crack her defences. She felt panic pouring into her like a miasmic river fog. It only she knew the time! If only she had her glasses!

Mrs. Snow stepped back until she was standing directly under the ceiling light. She brought her wrist-watch up close to her face and then blinked her eyes shut and open again. For one second the dial swam into focus and she saw the hands.

It was twelve forty-five!

Before she could stop it, a little cry forced itself through her lips. The sound of her own voice was split up and echoed back at her from the crowding walls, adding fantasy to terror. Arlene had never, in nine years, been this late. Then she wasn't coming! Bruce had called to put her off. That meant . . . that meant . . .

Face it, Adelaide Snow. Face it. Bruce has deliberately shut you in. How wrong you were! He's far more criminal than he is stupid. He's shut you up here so you'll die, so you won't be able to expose his sordid, petty dishonesties, so you'll die.

Mrs. Snow stumbled against the shelves of cups, clinging to them for support. For a moment there was nothing but darkness and horror. The air would grow less and less; thirst would come. In her mind's eye, she saw herself, days, perhaps, ahead in the future, screaming, beating, beating at the smooth door with torn and blood-spattered fists.

Her hand brushed one of the cups and it was contact with the cup that saved her. It was almost as if some mystic, healing power streamed out of it and through her, bringing her strength from Gordon.

You've got to be brave. If you're not brave everything is lost.

She gritted her teeth as if somehow the enemy, panic, were in her mouth.

There was Lorna. She had told Sylvia to have Lorna call her the moment she came back from sailing, had told her that Lorna was to come

home immediately. Lorna knew she wasn't a hysterical woman. Lorna would take the call seriously. She would phone. Then, when she got no answer, surely, she would come.

Yes. This was the first time Mrs. Snow had ever made so urgent a demand on her. Lorna would come home. Unless—unless Bruce was already on his way to East Hampton with some lying, plausible story . . .

Mrs. Snow snapped off the train of thought. She couldn't afford to think that way. She had to clutch at every hope. Lorna would come. And if she didn't, hadn't Joe said he was coming back that evening to pick up the sanding machine? Yes, of course, he had. There was Lorna and Joe. There was nothing to worry about.

Slowly, deliberately coming to terms with reality, Mrs. Snow surveyed the cramped little room that was her prison. The bare cement floor was long enough for her to lie down at full length. She could sleep there if she had to. She could sit down, too. Yes, it would be a good idea to save her legs.

**S**HE turned to the shelves and, after careful thought, picked up a large embossed silver cup. She and Gordon had won it together at Nassau.

She sat down on the floor, leaning her back against the metal furnace duct, and rested the cup on her lap. 1935! What a clear, sparkling Caribbean winter it had been; she remembered the very day of the race.

Gradually she began to feel the gentle tug of the breeze at her hair. She was surrounded by blue sea. Off to port, palm trees curved above the glittering silver stretch of beach.

Gordon glanced over his shoulder at her, smiling, his face mahogany brown from the sun. Yes, there had been salt spray in his hair.

While Larry Emmett puttered around in the moored Star boat, Lorna Mendham climbed out on to the little sun-splashed jetty and dropped down contentedly on her back. The morning sail had been wonderful. The gulls, floating silently against the blue sky above her, were wonderful. Soon Bruce would be arriving. That would be most wonderful of all. Lorna crossed one blue-jeaned knee over the other and wiggled her bare toes. She felt absurdly happy.

That was nothing new. For eighteen months she had been living in a state of constant euphoria. She still marvelled that love could do this. In the old days there had always been some anxiety or another. She had never been quite sure of her looks, never quite sure that she was making the right impression, never quite sure, even, whether she existed or not. Then Bruce had come into her life.

Maybe she wasn't just happy, she thought. Maybe she was slap-happy. For, actually, life wasn't as ideal as it seemed to her. Aunt Addy, in spite of the fact that she tried not to be, was jealous of Bruce and difficult about him, and Bruce, although he was too sweet to admit it, didn't really get on with Aunt Addy. And he was justified, of course.

It was bad for them to be living in Aunt Addy's house, tied to her apron strings. Aunt Addy was bossy. She did like to organise everything. If Lorna had been really enterprising, they would have moved out months ago. But Lorna was too happy to be enterprising.

Poor Aunt Addy! Now Uncle Gordon was dead, she had no one to love except Lorna. Why not humor her for a while at least? There was more than enough happiness to go round.

But Aunt Addy should be disciplined. Bruce was right about that. She had to be taught that just because she had the money it gave her no right to keep them jumping all the time.

Lorna rolled over on to her stomach. The jetty planks beneath her were rough and warm. There was a delicious smell of brine, seaweed, and tar.

Bruce! mused Lorna. Her whole mind, body, and spirit were saturated with the thought of her husband.

Sylvia Emmett, in a white sweater and black slacks, was hurrying down the jetty toward her. Lorna was too indolent to get up. She waved casually. Soon Sylvia's calves appeared at her eye level.

"Hi," said Lorna.

"Lorna, your aunt called. You're to call her right back. She says it's terribly important. She wants you to come home at once."

It seemed to Lorna that the jetty rocked queasily under her. She jumped up. "What's the matter? It isn't Bruce?"

"She didn't say."

"Has Bruce come?"

"Not yet."

Lorna started running down the jetty. She saw now that her happiness had been an omen of disaster. Bruce! Something dreadful had happened to Bruce! Why, oh, why, just because an extra morning sail had seemed so tempting, had she come down ahead of him with Sylvia?

It was the first time since their marriage that she had spent the night away from him. How could she have been so crazy? It was all her fault.

She reached the end of the jetty and started to run through the garden toward the house. As she came, panting, up to the drive, she saw Bruce's green convertible swinging to the front door.

Her heart leaped with joy. She ran to the car, reaching it just as Bruce was climbing out. She threw herself into his arms. He swung her up in the air, kissing her cheek, her lips.

"Hi, babe. What a reception!"

"Bruce, you're all right?"

"Of course I'm all right."

"Aunt Addy called. She said it was terribly important. She said I was to go back at once. I was sure something had happened to you."

"Oh, that!"

Bruce set her down on her feet again. He was grinning. There was something about his smile, thought Lorna. It was all gaiety. When Bruce was smiling, it was impossible to remember that anyone in the world could be lonely or miserable.

"Bruce, what does Aunt Addy want?"

"Just one of her brainstorms."

"Brainstorms?"

"When we were going through the mail this morning, she got on to the sapphire ring again. She started figuring that if it had been stolen maybe some of her other jewels had been stolen, too. She went into the vault, opened the wall safe, and searched through her jewel-box. She practically had hysterics. Her emeralds were missing."

## THE ORDEAL OF MRS. SNOW

Bruce reached into the back of the car and brought out his briefcase.

"You can imagine the scene. She came barging out of the safe screaming 'We've been robbed. Burglars!' She was going to call the police. She was going to call you and bring you right back as a witness. At least I managed to get her to call you before the police. Thank heavens I did, because . . ."

He started to laugh. Lorna, infected, found herself laughing, too. "Because—what Bruce?"

"You've guessed the payoff, of course. We found the emeralds in the drawer of her dressing-table. She'd worn them the other night to the Silsons'. And not only that, the sapphire ring—"

"She didn't find that, too?"

"Sure. Down in the upholstery of the chaise-longue."

They were both laughing uncontrollably now.

"That's funny," moaned Lorna. "That's really funny because I searched in the chaise-longue. I spent hours digging down, and it was there all the time!"

"She's a card, your Aunt Addy. A real card. Getting old, I guess. Memory isn't what it used to be."

"Poor, darling Aunt Addy."

Lorna drew away from her husband. "I guess I should call her, anyway."

"She's probably forgotten all about it by now." Bruce's face was serious again. "Listen, babe, call her if you like. You know me. I never want to butt in. But—do you think it's wise? I mean, always letting her feel she can push you around whenever the spirit moves her? After all, just because she got in a panic, she didn't think twice about calling you and scaring you to death for fear something had happened to me."

**L**ORNA remembered her terrible moment on the jetty. That had been Aunt Addy's fault. "Yes, Bruce, you're right. She's got to learn sooner or later that I'm a grown-up person with a life of my own. If she wants to talk to me, let her call back."

"Check, babe." Bruce slipped his arm around her waist. "Where're Larry and Sylvia?"

"Down on the jetty."

"Let's corral them. After all this excitement I could do with a martini."

Mrs. Snow sat crouched on the floor by the furnace duct. She had one of the yachting cups in her hand. Every second or so she tapped rhythmically with it against the metal of the duct.

It seemed now as if she had been in the vault for days, but it had been only six hours. Five minutes before she had stood once again under the ceiling light and blinked her eyes at her watch. It was five o'clock.

Lorna wasn't coming. She had resigned herself to that.

The phone had rung several times. Its insistent ring had been harder to endure than the silence. But, even if one of the calls had been from Lorna, she wasn't coming. At most it took two and a half hours to drive up from the Emmetts'. If Lorna had returned from sailing at lunch time, Sylvia would have given her the message right away. If Lorna had been coming she would have come at once.

No, her worst suspicions had been confirmed. Bruce had called Arlene and put her off. Bruce had hurried to East Hampton and had managed to convince Lorna that Mrs. Snow's phone call had been a false alarm.

Joe Polansky was her only hope. Joe had said he was coming for the sanding machine tonight. She knew his habits. He ate supper at six. Probably he would help his wife with the dishes and then come uptown. He could scarcely arrive before eight. But she was taking no chances. Since four o'clock she had been tapping on the duct.

**T**HE duct had been her one big break. Three years ago, when she had had the new heating system installed, she had made the engineers bring the unsightly duct up through the vault. It led to the cellar where the sanding machine was stored. Even if Joe didn't come up into the house looking for her he would certainly hear the tapping.

For minutes, while she sat there tapping, Mrs. Snow had been trying to accustom herself to the fact that calculated wickedness was not just something that one read about in the papers, that one vaguely knew existed but that could never rear up in one's own life.

She had always thought of herself as a worldly wise woman who had been everywhere and seen almost all there was to see. She realised now how Gordon's love, and later, Gordon's money, had kept her almost as naive as a child.

Bruce had been living here in the house with her for over a year. Although, for Lorna's sake, she had tried to blind herself, she had seen through his conceit, his cupidity, his false charm. She had finally exposed him as a thief. But, even when she was accusing him to his face she had never dreamed that he was anything more than stupid and dishonest. Mortal danger had lurked there, and she hadn't caught a glimpse of it.

Even now it was almost inconceivable to her that someone she knew, her own niece's husband, could be—this! A man who could shut a woman up in a vault and leave her to die!

The horror of that knowledge was worse than the claustrophobia, worse than the haunting realisation of an everyday, bustling Manhattan, stretching all around her little prison cell, going about its business totally ignorant of and unconcerned with her predicament.

But she was free from panic now because of Joe. Bruce thought he had been so clever, but he hadn't known about Joe and the sanding machine. Joe was the ace up her sleeve.

The thought of him gave her a tense, gambler's thrill. She was playing poker, and she was going to win. Her normal, energetic optimism had reasserted itself.

Of course she was going to win.

She rapped sharply on the duct with the silver cup. It was strange. She had thought thirst would come before hunger. But it wasn't so. She didn't feel thirsty at all, but for some time now she had felt a nagging hunger in her stomach. That was because she had had no breakfast. She had been too eager to get up to the study with the bank statement before Bruce came down and caught her.

Very faintly, from somewhere far off in the house, she heard the sound of wailing.

The cats! She had hardly



thought about them all day. Poor Chiang and Mei-Ling! They were used to getting their dinner at five o'clock. If ever Arlene was even a few minutes later, they always howled like banshees. They were down in the kitchen now, prowling.

Mrs. Snow felt a sudden excitement. The moment Joe arrived, the cats would go hurtling down the cellar, yowling, scolding, demanding food. Joe knew their ways as well as she herself did. Even without the tapping, he would be sure to guess something was wrong and investigate immediately.

The tapping, the cats. Everything would be all right. Of course it would . . .

Because Joe would come. There wasn't a doubt in her mind about that. She knew Mrs. Polansky. For years she had had Joe completely under her thumb. If Mrs. Polansky wanted her floors scraped this weekend, scraped they would be.

And not just that! Joe would want to come tonight, if only to get away for a while from home. Mrs. Snow knew how fond Joe was of her. He fussed over her almost as if she were his sister. She and the house were really his whole life. His little room in the cellar was his asylum, his refuge from his wife's nagging.

Mrs. Snow felt an odd, cosmic calm. Now that there was no longer any reason to be afraid, she could see that this dreadful experience was not only a punishment for her own error of judgment, it was also a blessing in disguise.

Lorna was so infatuated with Bruce that it was perfectly possible she might have forgiven him for the forgeries. But she would never be able to forgive the man who had tried to murder her aunt.

This, Mrs. Snow told herself, was just another instance of the devious way life worked for the best. Soon Bruce would be in gaol, and Lorna, cured of her obsession, would be free of him. Free to pick up once again that happy, untroubled existence that she and her aunt had enjoyed before the wedding.

No, she mustn't think selfishly like that. Free to find a decent young man who honestly loved her and would make her a worthy husband.

The hunger pains were troubling her again. Mrs. Snow tapped the cup against the furnace duct.

Downstairs she could hear the faint but insistent crying of the cats . . .

**J**OE POLANSKY came out of the kitchen and sat down cautiously on one of his wife's new electric-blue lounge chairs. Supper had made him sleepy. He would have liked to relax for a while. He couldn't, of course. He had to go uptown for Mrs. Snow's sanding machine.

Not that he could have relaxed around here, anyway. In the old days, it had been bad enough. What you up to now, Joe? Joe, how many times I got to tell you not to smoke that stinking pipe in here? But the old days had been paradise compared to what it was now.

Joe felt a bitter resentment against Minna's sister in Jersey for dying the month before and leaving her two thousand dollars. Ever since, there'd been no peace. The fancy new living-room suite with those lace things on the arms; talk, talk, talk, about curtains and plants in pots and heaven knows what. And the floor!

Joe glanced down at the chipped, uneven boards at his feet. No amount of sanding was going to make them look like anything but what they

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were — cheap, old, worn-out, cold-water flat flooring. But you couldn't tell Minna that!

"Ready, Joe?" Minna bustled into the living-room. Her new permanent wave had piled her hair into a cone of tight grey curls. Even her face looked different after that beauty treatment. Kind of tight, too, like it would split, maybe, if she smiled. She had a five-dollar bill in her hand.

"Here. I don't have any singles. You'll have to take this. But mind, now. Just the taxi coming back with the machine. You take the subway up like always."

Joe accepted the bill and rose obediently. Years ago—Joe had never been able to find out when—he had given up trying to assert himself with Minna. Maybe it had been when they didn't have any children and the doctor said it was his fault.

And then, maybe, Minna had always been such a big girl and him so small. Joe didn't know exactly how it had happened. But it had, and because he was ashamed of having lost his manhood, he was too proud to try to fight his way back.

"Now, don't you let Mrs. Snow talk you into doing any chores up there tonight. I know the way she is. I want you back here and in bed early so you can get a good start tomorrow on the floors."

Mrs. Polansky followed him out on to the landing. She loomed massively over the stair rail as he started down.

"Got the little machine, too, the one for the tables. And you come straight on back, now. No dawdling around. Joe—do you hear me?"

Hear her! Wasn't anyone on the block, practically, who couldn't hear her!

It was pleasant in the street. A real mild evening. Joe always felt better the moment he was out of the apartment. He thought affectionately of Mrs. Snow's household. Arlene would be finishing up after dinner now. Soon she'd be off. It wasn't right, Mrs. Snow staying all night there in that big house by herself. He was glad he was going to drop in. He could make sure everything was okay.

He turned into Sixth Avenue and started through the crowds toward the subway. The image of Mrs. Snow was still in his mind. Sometimes he didn't know what he'd do if it weren't for Mrs. Snow and the friendly, familiar world of her cellar.

He thought of her sitting there in the study that morning. Go off and have a good Labor Day spree, Joe. A spree! Imagine Minna ever suggesting a spree! Minna, who took every cent of his pay except for car fare and didn't even allow a bottle of beer in the house.

He passed the bright, neon-lit entrance to a bar. A sailor and a girl turned sharply in front of him and disappeared through the swinging doors. Heck, it was Labor Day weekend. Everyone having a good time. Joe hesitated at the door, the impulse to revolt stirred unexpectedly in him. Must be close to six months since he'd been inside a bar. He touched the five-dollar bill in his pocket. Minna could never figure out the taxi fare down to the last dime.

A little man in a blue raincoat, not unlike himself, pushed past into the bar. Joe Polansky followed him in.

It was just an ordinary bar, cosy, cheerful, with customers scattered along the bar. A jukebox was blaring. Way down in the back a guy was

singing and dancing on television. Joe went to the bar and ordered a beer.

Unintentionally he had sat next to the little man who had come in ahead of him and who was ordering a shot of rye. They glanced at each other. The little man beamed and gestured to the barman.

"Jack, this gentleman's beer's on me."

"Oh, no," said Joe. "What do you mean, no? This beer's on me and the next and the next and the next. I'm celebrating. A guy can't celebrate alone." The little man leaned closer on his stool and put an arm around Joe's shoulder.

"Know something, old-timer? I'm a granddaddy. My first grandson. Born just a couple of hours ago. Eight pounds. A fine boy. What you know about that, brother? Danny Carson's the name."

Joe was usually shy with strangers, but Mrs. Snow's word "spree" had infected him with a sense of adventure. This was a spree—this casual, friendly meeting, all this noise, the chattering voices, the tangy taste of the beer. And it didn't seem like you had to figure out things to say to Danny, either.

He did all the talking—all about his daughter and what a fine girl she was and what a fine steady boy she'd married, and how the nurses at the hospital had said they'd never seen a finer-looking baby.

Joe finished his beer and accepted another. His spirits were soaring. What a real friendly guy Danny was! And what a fine life he led with all those kids and now the grandson and . . .

Suddenly Joe remembered Minna. He glanced at the clock. Gee, he'd been in here a half hour already. Danny's arm was on his shoulder again.

"Heck," he said, "I gotta go. Gotta pick up a sanding machine for my wife—or will I catch hell!"

"Catch hell!" Danny gave a resounding guffaw. "Hey," he called to the bar at large, "hear that? Here's a guy so scared of his wife he's gotta pick up a sanding machine."

No one paid much attention, but the barman, who happened to be standing in front of them, gave a knowing smile. Joe felt himself blushing with anger and shame.

Of course they were all laughing at him. Why shouldn't they? These guys that came here were real guys. They didn't let themselves get pushed around by their wives. They could have as many sprees as they liked.

"Spree!" That word and the two beers were just enough to prod his rankling pride. Minna and her "no-dawdling - mind - you - come straight-home!" What did Minna think he was, anyway? A mouse?

To hell with the sanding machine! He'd pick it up when he was ready.

He turned to Danny, slapping him boldly on the back. His whole body glowed with the warmth of liberation.

"Drink up, Grandpappy. The next round's on me."

It was twelve o'clock—midnight. Mrs. Snow stood under the ceiling light. She was pressing her hand against her mouth to keep from screaming.

Hour by hour, as her hopes of Joe's coming grew less and less, fear had begun to get a grip on her. It had invaded her inch by inch, overwhelming her hunger pains, subduing even the

nagging thirst that had come soon enough to plague her. Now it had complete control of her.

She had never known such a fear could exist. It was like a terrible, obscene insect inside her, coiling round her heart, sliding up her spine, chewing, sucking at her brain.

Joe wasn't going to come. He hadn't just lingered at home, missed his subway, or decided to walk. He wasn't going to come.

In Mrs. Snow's terror-struck mind, Bruce had become a figure of more than human evil and cunning. Somehow Bruce had found out about Joe and had seduced him—just as he had seduced Arlene and Lorna. There was no hope now.

**N**O hope. No hope. The words thumped in her with the thumping of her heart. Above her, the ceiling seemed slowly to be descending. The walls were stalking, creeping toward her. The sparkling yachting cups that once had brought comfort were nightmares now, death offerings sealed with the corpse in the tomb. This was a tomb. She was buried alive.

She was going to die. Panic surged through her like the huge, sweeping waves of a storm at sea. Waves! In her extremity, Mrs. Snow clung to the image of waves. This wasn't fear; it was water, cold, clear sea water pounding over her. She was in a sailing-boat; she was trapped in a north-easterly gale. But you could fight a storm in a boat. With strength, with daring, you could fight . . .

With immense effort, Mrs. Snow met panic head on and slowly, grimly, in a hand-to-hand battle, subdued it. First the scream faded from her throat; then the tension slackened; then, panting, damp with sweat, exhausted, she stood there quietly—herself again.

But it was a new self, purged of false hope, whose strength was in its resignation.

If I'm going to die, she told herself, I'm going to die. There's nothing so terrible about a sixty-year-old woman dying.

Now that she had accepted the probability of death, she found she could start, on a different level, to hope again. Something could always happen. Lorna, for some quite separate reason, might come back earlier. And then there was dear old Hilary Prynn. Hilary, as Gordon's best friend, ritualistically arrived every Saturday to take Adelaide Snow to lunch at the Plaza.

She had remembered Hilary earlier in the day, but she had been so sure of Joe that she hadn't thought much about him. Certainly he would come tomorrow. He would ring the bell. Since the lunch date was such a ritual with them, he would surely suspect something was wrong.

Yes, something could still happen to save her. But the important thing was to conserve her strength. She must try to sleep.

Mrs. Snow glanced up at the ceiling bulb. How long did a bulb last? She had no idea. It would be hard to lie there in the stifling little room in total darkness, but it would be far worse if the bulb were to burn out. She reached up and twisted the bulb. Darkness fell on her like a wet tarpaulin.

She dropped down to her

knees and then stretched out on the cement floor. She tried to imagine she was in the cabin of Gordon's cruiser. That was the only box-like area in which she had never felt constricted.

She was in the cabin; the boat was rocking gently, and—yes—Gordon was in the bunk next to her.

But the illusion didn't quite work. The thirst was bad again. She could bear it. It wasn't any worse, really, than a toothache. Insidiously, however, hope started to undermine her again. It whispered to her that Bruce couldn't possibly have known about Joe and the sanding machine.

Joe hadn't come that evening because of some perfectly normal domestic reason. A party, perhaps. But, whatever happened, Mrs. Polansky was going to see to it that her floors were scraped that weekend.

Yes, Joe would be there in the morning, early. She reached her hand through the darkness, groping for the cup she had dropped. She must have it near her. She must be ready to tap again on the duct for Joe . . .

A little after three, Joe Polansky stood by the subway stairs, watching Danny weave downward.

"Bye, Danny. See you tomorrow, Danny. Bye, old pal."

Joe was happier than he'd ever been in his life. He and Danny must have hit pretty near every bar in the neighborhood before they were through. And Danny had invited him over to Jersey tomorrow for an all-day party to celebrate the grandson. He'd found a friend. A real pal. Somewhere to go where he would always be welcome. Everything was wonderful, rosy, and friendly.

Suddenly, as he stood there, swaying slightly, Joe Polansky thought of Mrs. Snow. Minna and the sanding machine had dissolved from his mind hours ago, but off and on all evening he'd thought of Mrs. Snow. There she was, all alone in that big house.

It wasn't right. What if burglars came? And why wouldn't they come with all those valuable things lying around? Immense warmth for Mrs. Snow spread through him. She never pushed him around. There was no do-this-do-that about her. "Go off, Joe, and have a wonderful spree."

His affection and his anxiety for Mrs. Snow merged. It seemed perfectly clear what he had to do. She needed a man in the house to protect her. That was him—Joe. He was the man in Mrs. Snow's house. The thought of his little cellar room was inviting, too. No Minna raging and stomping. Minna made him tired.

He climbed down the subway steps. He reached the turnstile. He felt in one pocket and then another. Fumbling he started the procedure all over again. Then it dawned on him. Who could expect a miserable five bucks to last long on a spree? Wasn't a cent left.

That was that, then. Poor Mrs. Snow. She'd have to spend the night all alone. Well, couldn't be helped. It was home—and Minna.

As he climbed the steps again, he felt an unexpected excitement. It was better to go home, anyway. About time he told Minna a thing or two. High time.

He had trouble getting his key into the apartment-door

lock. He was still poking around with it when the door was flung open. Minna stood there in her nightdress, huge, bosomy, purple in the face.

"Joe Polansky. Drunk! Of all things! Drunk! Where's my sanding machine?"

With great dignity, Joe pushed past her into the hallway.

Minna swung around, grabbing at him. "You! You should be ashamed! And my money! Where's my five dollars?"

"Spent it." "You spend my poor dead sister's money on liquor? Joe Polansky—you listen to me!"

Joe turned slowly and faced his wife. He was the gay buckaroo of the movies, with the slightly arched eyebrows and the jaunty little smile.

"And you, Minna Polansky, just listen to me. If you want that sanding machine, okay, go get it yourself. Me, I'm gonna sleep. That's what I'm gonna do. And tomorrow, when I'm good and ready, I'm getting up and going to Jersey, to a party, to my friend's house. Good ol' Danny. Floors! Getting your floors scraped! Think you're Mrs. Rockefeller?"

The new blue sofa beckoned invitingly. There was more to say to Minna—a lot more. But Joe was losing track of it. He crossed to the couch and with a little sigh dropped down on it, tucking his legs up under him.

"Joe, my sofa! Joe, your filthy shoes!"

Minna was bending over him, clutching at his shoulders, tugging at him.

With all his force Joe shoved her away so that she went skittering heavily backward across the room.

"Go away," he said blissfully. "Stupid old fat Minna."

**M**RS. SNOW woke up in utter darkness, her heart pounding like a piston. Panic had been with her in her uneasy sleep, and instantly, before she could marshal her control, it had her by the throat. She jumped up. She was so weak that she almost fell, but she steadied herself. Shivering all over, she groped through the blackness until she found the electric bulb and twisted it on.

The light came blindingly, but it managed to check her panic a little. She blinked her eyes and went through the agonizing procedure of consulting her watch. It was harder than yesterday, but at last she managed to make the little hands come into focus. Five forty-five. Morning already.

Joe might be here any minute now. She would have to start tapping.

She turned to pick up the cup from the floor, and once again she stumbled. Dizziness and nausea swept through her.

Suddenly it dawned on her that it was the air. The air was thick and fetid, with a sickeningly sweet aftertaste. She had to gasp to take it into her lungs, and each time it made her want to vomit. She had never dreamed the air would fail her so soon. Here was a new enemy, far more lethal than hunger or thirst.

Standing there, supporting herself against the shelves of cups, she almost surrendered to panic.

"Gordon!" She found her self gasping out her husband's name. "Gordon! Gordon, help me!"

Her own voice, hoarse, all but most insane-sounding, was the only sound. She was the master of



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

January 1, 1964

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY



**HOW TO KEEP YOUR NEW (YEAR) BOY—page 3**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately



# Letters

## Is variety, or steady job, best?

HAVING worked for two years as a phonogram operator for the P.M.G., I am now thinking of looking for some other job.

However, my parents are much against this, as they feel a permanent position in a Commonwealth concern is something which I should hold on to.

I know jobs are hard to get, but this knowledge doesn't change my determination to see a bit more of life than I'm seeing now.

Do readers agree with my parents that a permanent position is worth keeping, or do they agree with me that to see more of life by changing the circle of friends developed in one place to a new lot of friends in another is just as important? — "Phone Peemgee," Maidstone, Vic.

## Depression cure

I'VE discovered a very good remedy for ridding oneself of those depressing moods: write to some fictitious person a long letter, telling him (or her) all your problems— together with anything else you want to get off your chest.

If you're in the mad clutches of love, write to the object of your affections, telling him your feelings.

But PLEASE never post the letter.

I hope you will find this useful in dispelling all those pent-up emotions

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

which everyone must be subject to at one time or another. — "Authoress," Drummoyne, N.S.W.

## Contradictory

AS a teenager I cannot understand the law that gives a teenager the right to drive a car at the age of 17 yet will not grant the responsibility of voting until 21.

Surely if a teenager is permitted to drive a car, with his own and other lives in his hands, he should be permitted the responsibility of voting. — S. Watts, Wentworthville, N.S.W.

## Why pair off?

OF the mixed parties I have attended during the year there are only a few at which I really enjoyed myself. These were when an unequal number of boys and girls mixed together and joined in party games or dancing.

At other parties numbers were even, and much to the embarrassment of many there we were expected to "pair off." For those with boy-friends or girl-friends present it was all very well. Of the remainder, we girls sat in a corner and chattered nervously while the boys talked cars and smoked in another corner.

Why should guests be expected to pair off? Can't party-throwers leave it to Cupid and arrange a party so that everyone joins in and has an enjoyable time?

What do other party-goers think — to pair off or to have a ball? — "All For a Ball," Casterton, Vic.

## Cars and health

THE approach of physical fitness of some of my friends causes me much amusement, and perhaps (as we do not own a car) some envy.

They tell me they need exercise, so they book for squash, but are driven or drive themselves to the courts, then are called for or drive away after a short "workout."

They never walk to school, and they sit around in the lunch hour. Although they set great store by physical fitness, it is the nice, comfortable sort—just a little here and there, with lots of car-riding and spine-bashing in between.

Also, if they have any spare time on Saturdays or Sundays they spend it watching TV.

Regular exercise, or just some good plain walking plus enough sleep and the right food seem to me to be the answers to physical fitness. — (Miss) K. Wilkins, Brisbane.

## Sports and job

I AM a high-school student and very soon will have to make up my mind what to do for a career. I have considered many occupations, but so far have found none that are suitable, as I would very much like to join an athletic club after hours.

Because of my love of sport I could not work in an office, where sitting for long periods is involved.

Have other teenagers any ideas of a suitable career for me? — Beryl Trigg, Cummins, S.A.

## Bright idea

ALL paper money should be printed in bright colors. The pound note is the nearest to a distinct color, but notes in general are all in dull or muted tones.

I know of two incidents where people have nearly lost notes because they went unnoticed, and there must be many cases like this all over Australia.

With the new decimal system, I hope that all dollar notes will be made in bright, easily noticed colors. — "Fourteenager," Kensington, W.A.

## Which school?

NEXT year I am entering high school, but do not know which school to choose out of three possibilities.

The first, which is the school my elder sister attends, is a very good school and rates high in every field of competition. The trouble is that because it is so very large I would not have much chance of being chosen for sporting teams.

The second is not so large and is the school which most of my friends will be going to. Unfortunately, it has a poor reputation.

The third is a new school where I would have every chance of being chosen for teams.

Which would be the most sensible to choose? — "Confused," Camp Hill, Qld.

## Age no bar to board-riding

IN answer to "Surf-boarder," on whether there is any age bar to board-riding, I would say there is not.

At my home beach (Cronulla) there is a 73-year-old man who still surfs, even in the cold winter months. He will take on any wave up to 10ft., and is a good rider.

My younger brother, who is eight years old,

## NEXT WEEK . . .

• Hayley Mills in Crete, where she has been making her latest film, and swimming and water-skiing with her young co-star Peter McEnery (plus her advice on overcoming shyness, and a glamorous evening-gowned cover picture). • How to knit or crochet one of the new cotton beach tunics. • Pin-up of Digger Revell.



also has a board, but prefers a smaller surf.

So if people from eight to 73 can ride boards, I don't see why a 19-year-old like "Surfboarder" can't. —"Stick," Kurnell, N.S.W.

**MY** husband is 25 years old and is the father of three daughters. He has been riding a surfboard for six years now, and is still going strong.

He is a member of a surf club, and we have just come back from Surfers' Paradise by plane with his 30lb. board as part of our luggage.

Wherever we go, his board goes, too. —Mrs. A. M. Holmes, Kingsford, N.S.W.

#### Holiday job

**I**F there are any boys with no holiday jobs, take my advice and buy an old car.

Last Christmas I looked for a job, but found that I had inquired too late. I could not think of any way to make money until one of my friends told me he had bought a car to fix up during the holidays, hoping to make a profit before school started again.

I talked my parents into the idea and bought a car for £15, and spent another £15 to restore it.

On selling the car I got £60. —G. Campbell, Burwood, Vic.

#### Terrible temper

**I** HAVE a terrible temper and can find no way to control it. When I'm mad at someone or something I throw the nearest object at the wall in a fury.

Counting to ten and taking five deep breaths does nothing for me. Help, please. I'm desperate. —"Liz," Deakin, A.C.T.

## BEATNIK



"No — we don't want to hear the Beatles' latest hit. You play 'The Wild Colonial Boy' and like it."

# HOW TO KEEP YOUR NEW (YEAR) BOY

● Your special boy for 1964 may not come wrapped up like our lucky cover girl's present, but he'll be along — and it's up to you whether he stays around.

By KERRY YATES

**THE** most important thing to discover in the New Year is not the NEW you, but the REAL you — because that's the girl he's going to like.

It may be hard to find the real you again. For the past few years you've probably been working to create the teenage image you admire — straight blond hair, semi-beat clothes and that recently acquired "oh-so" accent.

Sure, you've had lots of dates, but have you ever won someone you really admired? With the New Year coming up, you've probably been wondering if your Mr. Right will be along, too.

So the first thing to do, in making New Year resolutions, is to take a good, long, honest look at yourself.

If it's a tizzie blonde you see, why not decide to return to the "mouse" brown-haired beauty you once were.

Every girl goes blond at some time or another. There's nothing like a change, but a change can last too long.

Lightening the hair can have marvellous results — you may feel suddenly feminine and sophisticated, look really different, and be complimented by everyone. But one

day you find you're tired of being blond, and that's the time to change back.

Next take a good look at your wardrobe. Is that low black dress really flattering to your teenage torso, or should you have picked the pale blue silk shift your mother liked?

Remember, if a girl dresses neatly in clothes which suit her personality as well as her figure, she can look right anywhere and anytime.

When buying a new dress, don't be tempted to buy one that is just "not you," even if it's awfully elegant — you'll hate yourself in it the second time you wear it.

There's no harm in buying one madly gay lime-green silk dress, if you're usually the pale, demure-color type, but don't make it a habit.

When teens step into the social whirl of dates, parties, and balls, they suddenly become conscious of their speaking voice.

There's nothing as pleasant as a well-spoken young girl, and there's nothing worse than someone who "puts on the dog" — and there's a big difference.

It's important to speak slowly and distinctly, and often a girl, with a slightly softer voice than her friends, interests a special guy to come closer to listen to her views.

If you meet a boy you'd like to have as your steady, remember that your behaviour will be on stage for a long while, so here are a few tips to help you to be yourself:

● Don't try to impress him with family fortunes, celebrated friends, or places you've been — he's interested in you of the moment not the past.

● Be natural and casual, and don't fuss over him. Boys like to fuss over a special girl, but usually hate the same treatment from a prospective steady.

● Don't talk too much about yourself. If you suddenly run out of small talk about general topics, casually mention something about his interests.

So there's a quick round-up to help you make your most important New Year resolution — Operation You!

Your friends will be delighted with your 1964 look. They'll probably say, "Oh, I like the NEW you" — but you'll know they mean they like the REAL you, and what could be a greater compliment?



# Now is the time for a SURF-

• The surf and the stomp go together — they're both fun and they're both the craze at the moment in the teenage world. So invite the crowd to a surf-'n-stomp party for a really swinging night.

MAYBE you wonder just how the surf and the stomp first met. Well, the story goes in the Sydney surfing world that the young surfers who represented Australia in the Surfing Internationals in Hawaii last year brought the dance home with them.

It happened that surf music was becoming really big here when the boys returned about nine months ago, and they introduced the stomp at the Avalon Surf Club, on Sydney's northside, and then the stomp s-p-r-e-a-d to teenagers everywhere.

And if you're a teenager, that means you. No doubt your friends will be stomp-crazy, too — so a party after a day's surfing should go really great.

Dress is strictly stomp-fashion — bermudas or bahamas, sloppy joes (like the American college sweatshirts), and sneakers for everyone — it's almost the surfer's uniform now.

If possible, remove all the furniture except a radiogram from your living-room, or wherever the party is to be held, and call some friends to help with the decorations.

Pin posters or pictures of beaches and surf on the walls and borrow a few surfboards to create the right atmosphere, placing a couple across the doorway to form an arch.

Palm leaves will help, too. These can be placed across the ceiling or just left standing against the walls. The touch of greenery will look great.

Now, to start the stomp, just spin some surfing discs. There are many local and overseas EPs and LPs for you to choose. More than 50 surfing tunes have been recorded to date, so music should be no problem.

Your guests will probably want to stomp all night, but if they want to stop for a while, here's a game you could organise.

Give out pencils and

paper and give a prize to the most original design for a super surfboard—like one with an outboard motor, beach umbrella, TV set, and sails.

Or maybe ask them to design an original surfing character like Murphie the Surfer or Surfer Joe. You may even discover a budding artist to paint these gremlins on the backs of your sloppy joes.

Stomping will make your guests hungry and thirsty — so here's a new set of "surf" recipes to help you serve something different to delight everyone.

Have a big bowl of salted nuts and another of potato chips. Sprinkle the chips with a little grated cheese and some curry-powder and pop them into the oven for a few minutes for a wonderful new wave of flavor.

Remember to have a good supply of paper napkins and paper plates to save the washing-up when everybody has gone home.

tomato, green pepper, cucumber, and raw mushroom slices.

But you could assemble various fillings in individual bowls and let guests pile up their own.

Ham, mortadella, swiss cheese, sliced olives, gherkins, slices of cold chicken — any or all of these combine well to make the best-looking and best-tasting munchie.

## Bombora Beauty

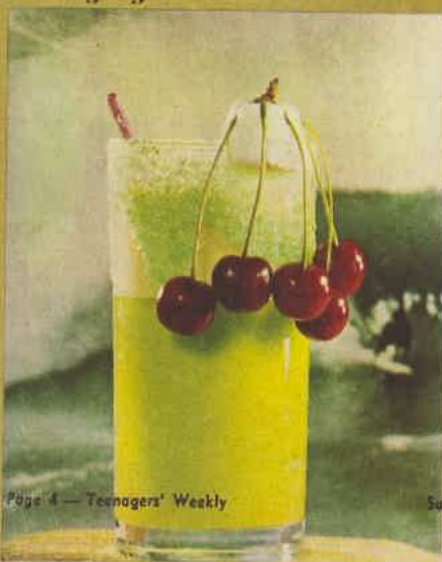
One loaf sliced brown bread, one loaf sliced white bread, butter, tiny tomatoes, celery leaves, your choice of fillings, mayonnaise.

Cut all the bread slices into rounds, using a large round cutter; butter one side only. Alternate white and brown slices, putting a different filling between each slice, until the sandwich is five or six rounds tall. Spoon a little mayonnaise on the top slice.

Push a thin skewer or cocktail stick down through the layers and top this with tiny tomatoes and celery leaves.

We used tomato slices, grated cheese with chopped gherkin, tuna mashed with a little lemon

## Hanging Fire



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## Malibu Munchie

Long, thin bread rolls (about 7in. long), butter, lettuce, your choice of fillings.

We made ours from layers of salami, cheese,

## Bombora Beauty

## Malibu Munchie



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — January 1, 1964



# 'N-STOMP PARTY

By **KERRY YATES**

juice, tomato sauce and grated onion, potato salad.

**Variations:** Eggs, hard-boiled and mashed with a little curry-powder, salt and pepper; peanut butter with some chopped raisins and a little honey; cottage cheese, mashed with a little mayonnaise, then mixed with a little chopped celery; crisp, crumbled bacon on top of tomato slices.

## Hot Dogger

Frankfurters, bread rolls, mustard or mustard sauce, butter.

To serve the rolls hot, place in paper bag and secure firmly. Place in moderate oven and let heat through 10-15 minutes. Split, butter generously, place a frankfurter in centre of roll, and let guests spoon over their choice of mustard, mustard sauce, tomato sauce.

Or have a selection of jars from which guests spear their own savory favorite — gherkins, pickle relish, pickled red cabbage, dill pickles.

Make sure that frankfurters are nicely plump and hot — that they do not split during cooking. Place them in saucepan, bring them just to a boil over gentle heat, then let them stand 5 minutes. Drain well.

**Variations:** Slash cooked frankfurters lengthwise. Spread open and fill with finger lengths of swiss

cheese. Wrap slice of bacon around frankfurter to secure filling; fasten with small wooden pick. Grill until cheese is melty and bacon is crisp. Fill into buns.

Or use golden brown, sizzling sausages in place of frankfurters — or offer both. Cover sausages with cold water, bring just to boil, drain, pat dry. Place in well-greased frypan (add a little bacon for flavor) and cook until sausages look too good to leave for another minute. Don't prick them, don't cook them too quickly — and they'll be firm, perfectly shaped, delicious!

## Gremlinburger

One and a half pounds hamburger minced steak, 1 lb. sausage mince, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 onions (finely chopped), 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce, tomato slices, 1 tin mushroom caps, hamburger buns.

Combine first 7 ingredients, shape into eight flat patties. Fry in a well-greased pan until brown and sizzling on both sides.

Lift on to hot, toasted bun half; top with a thick slice of tomato and two or three mushrooms secured with a wooden pick.

Mushrooms may be

heated in their own liquor or brushed with a little hot oil to which a clove of garlic has been added.

**Variations:** Add finely chopped chives or parsley to hamburger mixture.

Top hot hamburger with thin slice of cheddar cheese; place under griller until cheese is golden brown and bubbly. Sprinkle with finely chopped parsley, dust with paprika.

Top hamburger with thick slice of grilled tomato; add crisp bacon curl.

Cut cheese slices into strips and place across hamburger, lattice-fashion. Grill until bubbly and spoon over a little hot tomato sauce.

Cut green or red peppers into 1/2 in. slices; remove inside seed sections. Place one pepper ring on top of hot hamburger; place a slice of hard-boiled egg in centre, sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Top each hamburger with a fried egg (cut to neat shape with a scone-cutter); spoon over a little worcestershire sauce.

Make a delicious Creole Sauce. Serve it separately and let guests help themselves, spooning the sauce over each hot hamburger-on-bun.

To make Creole Sauce you'll need: Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup

chopped onion, 2 thinly sliced green peppers, 2 lb. skinned chopped tomatoes, 12 sliced olives, bayleaf, 1 clove crushed garlic, salt, pepper, parsley.

Melt the butter, stir in onions and green peppers, cook over gentle heat 5 minutes, stirring. Add all remaining ingredients, cover, cook gently 20 minutes. Taste, adjust seasonings if necessary. Sprinkle sauce with chopped parsley.

## Hanging five

Milk, lime flavoring, ice-cream; egg-white, green jelly crystals; marshmallows, cherries.

Brush rims of glasses with egg-white, dip in green jelly crystals; put aside to dry.

For each glass of milk allow one large scoop of ice-cream and lime flavoring to taste (add a few drops of green food coloring, if necessary, to give a cool green color). Beat well until mixture is foamy. Pour into glasses.

Cut a slit in base of marshmallow (allow 1 for each glass); arrange over rim of glass. Dangle a bunch of five cherries over marshmallow.

Or omit marshmallow and cherries. Just add an extra scoop of ice-cream to top of each glass and call it a Dream Wave!

● For the latest in stomp fashions — pages 8, 9.



**Gremlinburger**

**Hot Dogger**

Supplement to The Australia

ly — January 1, 1964

Teenagers Weekly — Page 5



## Hot air lifted first men (in a balloon) into the air age

● The greatest and fairest in France assembled at Chateau de la Muette, Paris, in November, 1783, to see the first human free flight in history.

**KING LOUIS XVI** and Queen Marie Antoinette, not yet shadowed by the guillotine, watched intently as M. Pilatre de Rozier and Marquis d'Arlandes soared skyward in a fire balloon, drifted over Paris, and landed in a field 5½ miles away.

The age of flight had come. It began in 1782 when Joseph and Etienne Montgolfier, paper makers of Annonay, Central France, read a treatise by English chemist Joseph Priestly which caused them to think hot air might have lifting qualities.

They experimented with paper bags over the kitchen fire, and noted that the bags hovered above the flames. They hitched a dish containing fire to a bag which shot promptly to the ceiling. From a bonfire in the garden they sent a bag 60ft. into the air.

On the verge of a great discovery, the Montgolfiers made an enormous bag of linen lined with paper. They took it to Annonay market-place and lit a fire of straw and wool under it. A wondering crowd saw the bag rise 600ft. before returning to earth as the air cooled.

The fame of the Montgolfiers' balloon spread. The French Academy of Science ordered Professor Jacques Charles to investigate it.

### "Work of the Devil"

Charles did not go to Annonay. He had studied the properties of hydrogen, discovered by Henry Cavendish in 1766, and guessed wrongly that the Montgolfiers had used hydrogen to lift their balloon. He stole the idea, made a balloon himself of varnished silk and pumped it full of hydrogen.

Gaping thousands saw the professor's balloon shoot 3000ft. into the air from the Champ de Mars, in Paris. More amazed were peasants at Gonesse, 15 miles away, when a globe, 13ft. across, came out of the sky and bounced across their fields.

One poked the monster with a pitchfork. It hissed at him. They decided it was the work of the devil, tore it to shreds and dragged it through the village tied to a horse's tail.

The Montgolfiers arrived in Paris a few days later and were sum-

moned to give a balloon display before the Court.

They were convinced their balloon would carry men. As a preliminary, they hitched a basket containing a sheep, a duck, and a cockerel to a balloon, and sent them up before the King.

The cockerel limped on alighting. The fearful blamed the "evil effects of the upper air," till a spectator said he saw the sheep kick the cockerel before they went up.

### Channel crossed

It was now the turn of men. The Montgolfiers asked the King whom they should send. Louis kindly nominated two condemned criminals as the first aeronauts.

This shocked the Montgolfiers. They accepted with relief when scientist Jean Francois Pilatre de Rozier begged the honor of being the first to fly. Pilatre de Rozier rose 100 feet in a tethered balloon. He made the first free flight with Marquis d'Arlandes a few days later.

This provoked Professor Charles. He built another hydrogen balloon with a basket for passengers, ballast to throw out to maintain height, an altitude barometer, and a valve to help descend.

In it he and Professor Robert outdistanced the Montgolfiers, drifting 27 miles in two hours.

Within months Jean Pierre Blanchard decided it was time to cross the English Channel in a balloon. He persuaded American Dr. John Jeffries to put up the money, and rose with Jeffries from Dover in January, 1785, bound with the wind for Calais.

Blanchard thought he could speed them up by tugging at silk-covered oars shaped like wings. He turned frantically a hand-operated fan to "force the balloon through the air," and tried to steer it with a giant rudder. All these contrivances failed.

The balloon was leaky. It sank toward the sea. To save their lives Blanchard and Jeffries threw out the ballast, the flags, anchors, oars, brandy, rudder, flying suits, and Blanchard's trousers before they



THE FIRST balloon to carry men into the air, as seen by a Paris artist in 1783.

landed, freezing, 12 miles inland from Calais.

This, in turn, annoyed Pilatre de Rozier. He decided he could cross the Channel quicker than Blanchard if he combined the lifting power of hot air and hydrogen.

He built a balloon with a hydrogen bag and a hot-air cylinder below and rose with his friend P. A. Romain in June, 1785, to cross from Boulogne to England.

A spark from the brazier exploded the hydrogen. The balloon crumpled in flames. Pilatre de Rozier and his friend plunged 3000ft. to death. The first man to fly was the first man to die in an air accident.

### First air raid

Ballooning spread rapidly. Napoleon Bonaparte formed the first air force to man an observation balloon. He threatened England with invasion by balloon. Imaginative pictures show Englishmen in man-carrying kites fighting a balloon armada which never came.

In 1849, Austria launched the first air raid, sending fire balloons with bombs over Venice, then in revolt.

Meanwhile, cranks thought of fitting balloons with sails so they could tack, and training birds to drag them through the air.

The balloon led naturally to the bombing Zeppelins of World War I, and to giant dirigibles like Germany's Hindenburg and Britain's R101, whose fiery fate ended the age of the airship.

Today, balloons, mainly scientific, soar miles into the stratosphere to measure cosmic rays and air currents.

And it all began when the brothers Montgolfier released paper bags over the kitchen fire at Annonay in 1782.



# Top recording stars in surfi musical play



By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● Against the red plush upholstery, glass chandeliers, and rich gilt carvings of the Palace Theatre's auditorium, a surfing musical play—the first of its kind to be held in Australia—will open in Sydney on Boxing Day.

"ONCE UPON A SURFIE" will feature Australia's top recording stars — Lucky Starr, Bryan Davies, Dig Richards, Jay Justin, Rob E.G., Jacki Weaver, Jan Green, and the Delltones—acting, as well as singing their top 1963 disc hits.

The scene on stage will be a typical Sydney beach — with a backdrop of surf, sand, and blue sky, and the props will be beach umbrellas, towels, and a shark tower.

There'll be a story-line, with Dig Richards as "Dig the Beachnik," a "way out" beach inspector, and Jacki Weaver will be "Gadget," a snooty surfing girl whom the rest of the cast are intent on bringing down a peg or two.

The rest of the boys will be members of a surf club, as most of them are in real life. "We'll just be ourselves," said Lucky Starr, and the only "costumes" will be shorts, gay shirts, and swim trunks.

So that the chance for the cast to sing their hit numbers falls naturally into the script, the surf club stages a concert in the clubhouse to impress the eight professional models who have been written into the script as the surfies' girl-friends.

Bryan Davies and Lucky Starr have the other leading parts, and for both of them this will be their last Australian appearance before going overseas—Bryan to England, and Lucky back to America, where he is booked for nightclub appearances in Las Vegas and a nightclub tour.

Because he has to leave for America on January 1, Lucky will be in the show only from Boxing Day until New Year's Eve, then Rob E.G. will take his place until the show closes on January 28.

Lucky will surely have a hectic couple of days. He'll do a matinee of "Mother Goose" with other members of the show cast on December 31.

In the evening he'll have two sessions of "Once Upon a Surfie," the second performance finishing well after midnight.

He'll then rush off to Mascot to catch a 6 a.m. plane to Las Vegas. On arrival he'll spend an afternoon rehearsing with the band before doing two, or possibly three, performances at the "Flamingo" in the evening.

All the cast of "Once Upon a Surfie" are very excited—and not

CAST of the surfing show "Once Upon A Surfie": From left (back row): Rob E.G., Dig Richards, two of the Delltones (Brian Perkins and Pee Wee Wilson), Jay Justin; (front row): Delltones Colin Loughnan and Warren Lucas, Jacki Weaver, Lucky Starr, Bryan Davies, and Jan Green. Below: Rob E.G. discusses his part with Hal Leonard, the assistant producer.



a little afraid—of performing in a "legit" theatre, but so far none have had any trouble learning their lines.

Each one will do three or four numbers, including his own top record of the year.

● PIN-UP OF LUCKY STARR, page 16.





## Stomp fashions are going gay

● Teenagers everywhere will go for these cute fashions which show exactly what to wear with what when you go stomping or to impromptu holiday parties. New ideas to latch on to are the cotton bikini scarves (at left) and bikini thongs pictured at right.



GET with the beat in skin-tight stretch pants of check jersey and a thigh-long sweatshirt of heavy white cotton that's round-necked and has long sleeves to push up if you want to.



FOR COTTON FANS—a short-sleeved check blouse styled with workmanlike touches (it can also be worn tucked into band of pants). Fly-front denim pants are a natural color and have a slotted belt at the low waistline.







**STANDOUT** twosome (aren't they luscious!) for any casual situation. Crop-top of printed Swedish cotton, sleeveless and with scoop neckline, buttons down the back, is long enough not to need hiking down all the time. Helanca stretch pants look neat, shapely. Bikini thongs with everlasting soles (your own, of course), studded with colored stones, are jazzy notion.

**ARE YOU THE SKIRT TYPE?** Then brace yourself for styles that look so right we show them twice. Black-and-white-check arnel/viscose skirt (left), pleated for comfortable movement, with black stretch braces, matching patent belt, below white cotton blouse pintucked down front. An inverted front pleat, self braces (detachable) characterise the pink denim skirt. Its partner is black-and-white-check cotton blouse with button-down collar that's neat as all set-out. (Fashions from David Jones, Sydney. Pictures by staff photographer Dan Cameron.)

Polansky followed him in, hopes of Joe's coming grew would be far worse if the excitement it was there to see KRAMER out for





Bob Rogers'

# POPLINE

## John Rostill, new man with The Shadows

● John Rostill, newest member of The Shadows, thinks it's all too good to be true. "I never dreamed I'd ever join them," he said, "let alone go to the Canary Islands."

EARLY in December John flew out with Cliff Richard and the boys to Grand Canaria Island for location shooting of their new film, "Wonderful Life."

Stepping into the role of bass guitarist, left vacant by the resignation of Brian ("Licorice") Locking, John cut his first records with The Shadows shortly before their departure from London.

The boys put down the soundtrack numbers for the film, and other material for release next year.

John still finds it difficult to believe he is actually a part of one of the world's most famous small groups.

Only a few months ago he was playing a show in

Bournemouth with The Interns group when The Shadows' road manager, David Bryce, visited him backstage and asked if he was interested in joining the group.

"I thought he was kidding," declared John, but soon he knew otherwise.

The next day he went to London and met The Shads for a try-out at the London Palladium.

"The first number was 'Dance On,' which I knew pretty well, but Cliff's 'I'm Lookin' Out The Window' was tougher," he said.

"Anyway, I managed to get by and returned to Bournemouth the next day. Well, I got the offer, finished up my commitments, and went to Elstree for rehearsals on 'Wonderful Life.'

"Everyone has made me feel at home — but I still think it's all a dream."

### Teen music comes of age

THE rock-'n-roll era is dead and gone, but much of the bad reputation it earned lives on.

Teenagers, who often find the older generation condemning their favorite pops, may be interested in using a few of these facts in a case for the defence.

Pop music is no longer strictly a teenage commodity. Adults who are moving with the times enjoy it just as much as teenagers — more than they care to admit.

There is no doubt that the so-called "teenage" sound is the sound of today. I often notice this

in adult night-clubs, where orchestras that can't render a twist or something similar are not long in their jobs.

Yet young local artists like The Delltones, Rob E.G., Bryan Davies, and Lucky Starr, who have proved their professional maturity in night-club appearances, are still mistakenly called teenage attractions.

Just take a closer look at the Australian charts. For every beat number that comes into vogue there's a ballad.

In fact, some of the biggest records of 1963 have been sweet tunes with a distinctly adult appeal.

Al Martino's "I Love You Because," an oldie revived, has been around longer than any other record this year, with a total of 35 weeks in the Top 100.

And how about songs like "Go Away, Little Girl," "Sukiyaki," "Losing You," "What Will Mary Say?", "Maria Elena," and "Dominique"? They could hardly be described as teenage material.

### Oldies again

WHILE we're on the subject of ballads — just stop for a minute and consider the number of genuine oldies currently hitting the comeback trail.

"Deep Purple," "You Don't Have To Be A Baby To Cry," "Fools Rush In," "Have You Heard?", "There I've Said It Again," "Please," "That Lucky Old Sun," "Maria



JOHN LENNON, leader of The Beatles, who says the boys plan to tour Australia in 1964.

Elena," and "Beautiful Dreamer" are just a few.

Some of these tunes are even older than I am!

Then there are revivals of oldies in a new form, such as Bobby Vee's "Yesterday And You," which was originally "Armen's Theme"; Chubby Checker's "Loddy Lo," a twist on the old folk-song, "Hey Liley Lo," and Lena Horne's "Now!" is, of course, "Hava Nagilah" in a new form.

While all these songs have the 1963 sound, none of the original hit quality has been lost.

### Beatles plan Australian tour

"HELLO, out there in Australia, how are yer?" chorused The Beatles when I rang them recently to find out about their plans to visit Australia.

Spokesman for the group, John Lennon, told me that as yet no definite date has been set for a tour, but "We're looking forward to seeing you all when we come out some time next year," he added.

When the call came through I was in the middle of my Sunday morning show, and The

**WHO WERE  
★ 1963's  
GREATEST ★  
POP STARS?**

A special award to them is announced in  
**EVERYBODY'S  
out tomorrow** 1/6

THIS ISSUE WILL BE ON SALE  
NEXT WEEK IN WESTERN  
AUSTRALIA.





NEW MEMBER of The Shadows, John Rostill (left), with the other members of Cliff Richard's group—from left, Hank Marvin, Brian Bennett, and Bruce Welch.

Beatles had just finished a performance at Sunderland, in County Durham, on the Saturday night.

In reply to all my questions as to how they were enjoying their success, they all replied, "Great, great — we're really knocked out by it all."

"Hang on, Bob," interrupted George Harrison. "I'll get Paul; he's washing his hair."

In his delightful Scouse (Liverpool) accent, Paul McCartney emphatically denied my suggestion that he uses hair oil.

His worst worry at present is a minor one. "The audiences throw jelly babies at us on stage," he said, "and it makes things a bit difficult, yer know."

Asked about the reason for the popularity of the Liverpools, he replied, "Just lucky, I suppose."

Poking gentle fun, he informed me that the most distinctive sound in the group is "John with his coughin'."

When Ringo Starr broke in with "How are yer, clobber?" I asked him if he planned to leave the group.

"There's a story that I might leave the group?" he replied. "Well, they haven't told me about it."

Asked what kind of girls he likes, he gallantly fired back, "Australian girls."

Before they rang off the boys gave me the address

of their fan club, and, for all who may be interested, it is 13 Monmouth Street, London.

As they said goodbye, I found myself eagerly looking forward to meeting this unaffected foursome. Watch out, girls; they'll soon be here.

### Another "Memphis"

ELVIS PRESLEY is spending Christmas at home in Memphis, Tennessee, and one of the biggest records around this Christmas is named for that famous town.

Dave Berry has a great version of the old Chuck Berry tune on the Decca label. It is the same tune recorded by Lonnie Mack and The Ventures earlier this year.

It has been rumored that Elvis himself put down a version of "Memphis" at a recent recording session, and it certainly would be a fitting tribute to his home town, where he spends the festive season every year at his mansion, "Graceland."

But, wherever YOU are spending Christmas, here's hoping it's the merriest of all!

### Sure shots

"When The Lovelight Starts" — "Shining Through His Eyes," The Supremes (London); "Doo Wah Diddy," Exciters (U.A.).



They'll be glad to hear you say  
you're having a wonderful time

**And you can reverse the charges  
on your trunk calls**

Dad won't mind when he hears your voice

THE AUSTRALIAN POST OFFICE

the flower  
Polansky followed him in hopes of Joe's coming grew would be far worse if the excitement. It was better to see gasping out her nose



# TEENA® *Little Teeny*





## TOPS IN SPORT

# He walks 100 miles a week

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● The main ambition of Noel Freeman is to travel "heel-and-toe to Tokyo" for next year's Olympic Games, and he's walking 100 miles a week to make sure he gets there!

OF all the athletes who will represent Australia in Tokyo, 24-year-old Noel, the nation's greatest walker, could be one of the most successful.

It wouldn't surprise anyone if he carried off a gold medal, for in the 1960 Rome Olympics Noel finished second in the 20-kilometre (12½ miles) walk, only nine seconds behind the Russian gold medalist Golubnichiy.

Noel first took up walking as a sport soon after he left the Footscray Technical School in 1955.

At school he'd been a keen and talented Australian Rules footballer, but after an injury a doctor suggested he give the game away and concentrate on something less strenuous.

He joined the Footscray Amateur Athletics Club. Officials suggested he enter a Saturday morning walking competition . . . and he has been walking competitively ever since.

He showed such promise in interclub meetings that only a year later some experts considered he should have been selected for the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne.

However, in 1960 in Rome, he more than justified his place in the Australian contingent by winning a silver medal.

After the Rome Games, Noel spent six months hitch-hiking round Europe, and another six months selling carpets in a leading London store before returning to Australia. "Selling carpets was tougher than hitch-

hiking," said Noel, with one of his earnest looks. "It never worried me if I had to walk a few miles between lifts, because it kept me in good walking form."

Noel, who is a well-built 5ft. 10in., again worked as a salesman when he returned to Melbourne, but now he owns a milk bar in the Melbourne suburb of Richmond.

This is a more than full-time job for him, though his wife, Jocelyn, whom he married 15 months ago, helps by looking after the shop when she has finished her work as a nurse at a nearby medical clinic.

Noel Freeman is a cool, calm, and collected sportsman who isn't easily thrown out of gear.

For instance, at the



NOEL FREEMAN, who won a silver medal at the Rome Olympics in 1960 in the 20-kilometre walk.

Victorian 10-mile championship earlier this year, he was so late working all morning that he arrived at the track in his street clothes just as the field was moving off.

By the time he'd stripped into his singlet, shorts, and shoes, officials clocked him some 72 seconds behind — but he won the title by 160 yards.

When Noel won his silver medal in Rome, he

wore a green cabbage leaf under his hat so that he'd feel something cool and moist on his head.

"I suppose it sounds silly," said Noel, "but it's just the same as other walkers who use damp handkerchiefs or ice-packs. "Mainly it's psychological, but I find that in this sport anything is worth a try."

NEXT WEEK: Kevin Standen.

## Beauty in brief:

# SHOULDER CARE

SMOOTH and spotless back, arms, and shoulders are just as important as a pretty face if you want to look your best in popular "bare" fashions that show a lot of skin.

When you wear a low-cut dress during the day you can, of course, give your skin a smooth enough look simply by powdering all over with pressed or loose powder in a flesh-like color.

To avoid a floury look, apply your powder with a wad of cotton-wool moistened with water or skin lotion; it will look and "hold" far better.

At night, find someone in the family to "do" your back and shoulders for you with a smooth application of tinted foundation lotion or something of the sort before you put your dress on.

How about those freckles that fre-

quently speckle, and even spot, the tops of shoulders and arms? Anyone who has freckles knows that you can sometimes lighten their color but rarely get rid of them altogether.

Where many freckles film the natural color of the skin, make-up is the immediate answer. For camouflage pick a shade of foundation in between the freckle and skin coloring, and with a sponge — very wet for pancake make-up and damp for other make-up — smooth foundation all over in long, even sweeps.

As a rule, light freckles will begin to fade away of their own accord once the heat goes from the sun. When that happens, daily deep-pore cleansing and cream massage of the freckle area may hasten the fading process slightly.—Carolyn Earle.



Louise  
Hunter

## Here's your answer

### Jobs on ships

"MY GIRL-FRIEND and I were planning to go overseas on a working holiday. When we found out the cost, we knew we couldn't do it. We were wondering if we could get jobs on a passenger ship to work our passage over. Could you tell us if this could be done, and what jobs would be available for girls?"

"Kay," Vic.

I hate having to deliver such a knock-out blow to your hopes — but your chances of working your way overseas on a passenger ship are practically nil.

All the companies which control passenger ships plying between Australia and Europe, America and the Far East are based overseas, and engage staff from their home offices.

Even on the big liners, female staff is very limited. Children's nurses, hostesses, and assistant pursers must undergo a training period. Mature women are generally preferred as stewardesses.

In the rare cases where, in an emergency, a vacancy occurs in any of these positions while the ship is in an Australian port, experienced people are sought.

Don't let the cost of travelling stop you, though. Just work out a long-term budget. And save, save, save!

### Sister's steadies

"I AM a 16-year-old girl, and I am very unhappy because I make my sister unhappy. She is 18. About a year ago my sister had her first boy-friend. She fell in love with him and so did I. So much so that when he came over I became a perfect pest and finally caused them to break up — the boy fell in love with me. When I dropped him later because I didn't like him any more, my sister was hurt and said she would never forgive me. I gave my word that if she ever had another boy-friend I would have nothing to do with him. Now she has another boy-friend. I tried not to like him, I didn't show myself when he came over, and didn't once speak to him until he started going to the ballroom dancing

class where I am on the staff. I had to dance with him and so fell madly in love with him. The good part is, he only regards me as a kid sister, he treats me awfully and is always making jokes about me. Could you please tell me how to get over this awful longing to fall in love with my sister's boy-friends. I belong to a club, but have no boy-friends."

"Unhappy," Vic.

What you have to realise is that you're not "madly in love" with your sister's boy-friend at all. Nor were you with the last one (you couldn't have been, could you?).

You're just suffering from a bad case of green-eyed envy — wanting what you can't (or shouldn't) have. It almost always follows in these cases that when you've got it you don't want it any more.

You have your chance now to show your loyalty to your sister. Concentrate on your own circle of friends, your club, and your dancing classes — and stop day-dreaming about HER boy-friend.

### Teasing teens

"I AM 12 years of age and I am very worried. I'm in first year at high school. All the other girls are nine or more months older than I. Because I try to 'keep up with them' (by wearing the same clothes, such as hipsters, stomp skirts, stock-

ing class where I am on the staff. I had to dance with him and so fell madly in love with him. The good part is, he only regards me as a kid sister, he treats me awfully and is always making jokes about me. Could you please tell me how to get over this awful longing to fall in love with my sister's boy-friends. I belong to a club, but have no boy-friends."

"Unhappy," Vic.  
Your cousins, of course, wear clothes of that sort themselves. The next time they tease you, don't let them see that it upsets you. Just smile sweetly and tell them they should be flattered that you want to look like them.

After that, just ignore their remarks. (If you find it hard, just remember that you'll be a teenager yourself after your next birthday.) Teasers soon get tired of their sport if they're not getting a bite.

### Leaving school

"I AM a 15-year-old schoolgirl, puzzled as to whether I should leave school or not, as I do not sit for my Intermediate Certificate until the end of 1964. I'm very interested in becoming an apprentice hairdresser, and recently went for an interview for this. The employer asked me to come back when I leave school, and I think this would be a very good opportunity to start my four years' training. My problem is that I have been visiting a retired schoolteacher who taught me in primary school. Our families are close friends, and I know she would be very disappointed. She admires me very much, and I would not want her to think less of me. Sometimes she invites my girl-friends and me down to her place for the weekend, and we have a wonderful time in her company. Do you think I should leave school, as I am not learning anything? If so, what should I tell my very dear teacher friend?"

"Unsure," N.S.W.

I'm quite sure your former teacher's affection for you wouldn't be lessened in any way because you'd left school — nor would she "think any less of you." She likes you for what you are now, not for what you may be later on.

She would be disappointed, of course, that you hadn't at least

## A word from Debbie . . .

● Made any New Year resolutions yet? Here is a check list of some you should find worth thinking about.

Improving your relations with your younger brother or sister.  
Not displaying temper in public.

Learning a new language.  
Reading at least one good book a month.

Going to a concert.  
Trying a style or color you have never tried before.

Making friends of your enemies.

Never using bad language.  
Never being jealous or possessive.

Being thoughtful in all things.

Striving to do your best at everything you attempt.  
Refraining from gossiping and name-dropping.

Always being loving toward your parents and speaking well of them.

Never neglecting to say thank you.

Being more tolerant of other people's faults.

Making 1964 a year for doing more.

And the final resolution? To keep ALL the resolutions you make.



But if you DO decide to leave and start your hairdressing apprenticeship, just tell her that this is the career which interests you, and that your mother is quite happy about it.

But I advise you to think carefully about this question of leaving school from a different aspect. The Intermediate Certificate is the MINIMUM educational standard required by many employers today. You may want to change your type of work later, then find this immediately counts you out. (You'll still find opportunities to become an apprentice hairdresser in a year's time.)

It's not really true that you "are not learning anything" at school, you know. You're being taught things which will make you a more complete person instead of a "cabbage head" when you grow up.

Even if a pupil is uninterested in lessons, SOME knowledge seeps through.

### Swimming alone

"I AM a girl of 13½, and I dearly love swimming. However, I am not allowed to go by myself, although I swim quite well. The reason I'm not allowed to go alone is that when my mother was younger she was ducked under the water by a fun-loving relative and left almost drowning. Although she was saved she never forgot that day. Do you think it is fair that I should not go swimming by myself? My father has not time to take me. What do you suggest I do?"

"Swimmer," Qld.

Your mother's fear for your safety, though obviously sharpened by her own experience, is perfectly natural. Even if you do swim well, it's not wise to go swimming alone.

Is there a swimming club in your district? Or holiday swimming classes where you could improve your standard? I'm sure your parents would be happy to let you attend any such supervised sessions.

If there aren't any groups like this, try to find someone a little older than you are, who is a strong swimmer and willing to take you sometimes.

Or, if your parents agree, rally some of your friends to go swimming in a group. You'll probably find some of them who'll include you when their own families are taking them swimming.

### Play detective

"I AM a 17-year-old boy with a problem I cannot solve. I recently left school to work in a country town. As it's a fairly small town, I see many people often. There is one girl for whom I have a strong affection. She does not know me, although we see each other often on the street. I cannot quite explain it, but she is never out of my mind, and I feel that I

## LOVERS DON'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE

● I see that courting couples in an English Lovers' Lane are being haunted by a ghost.

THE ghost, which appears in Slaybrook Lane, near the Kentish village of Hythe, is said to be that of a rich, eccentric local resident who died many years ago.

It just goes to show that a man's never too old to be a terror with the girls.

Hythe parents, of course, are probably on the ghost's side—certainly he's getting the kids home by midnight.

But the interesting thing to consider is why the apparition is anti-romance.

Perhaps he himself has had an unfortunate—if spirited—ghostly love affair. And that's soured him on Cupid for good.

He could well have been enamored of a little bottle-blond (you rub the bottle and she comes out).

Joyfully, he probably sang, "I Want a Ghoul Just Like the Ghoul That Married Dear Old Dad."

He was so much in love he might have sworn to follow her anywhere, saying, "Whither thou ghost go I."

They fell out, however—probably over her dyed hair.

"You don't look a fright," he complained one night.

She probably went off with another spectre. Maybe demons are a girl's best friends.

The Slaybrook Lane ghost was left all alone in the other world.

So probably he's really not just screeching when he appears to living lovers.

He's mournfully singing, "I Dream of a Genie With Light Brown Hair."

Perhaps the only romantic people who could safely wander hand-in-hand along Slaybrook Lane would be a pair of jovial spiritualists.

Maybe the spirit wouldn't strike a happy medium!

—Robin Adair

could never forget her. Please help me find a way to get to know her, because I am very worried about this 'impression' she gives me."

S.M.T., N.S.W.

Start playing the detective. It shouldn't be too difficult, in a small town, to gather some clues which can help you to get to know this girl.

Ask your workmates if they know her. Find out where she works . . . whether she attends a local church . . . belongs to a club or plays any sport . . . which bus she catches.

Sooner or later you'll track down some local function she is likely to be at and should be able to find someone who'll introduce you. Or maybe then you'll feel confident enough to introduce yourself.

### Leaving home

"I AM 17, and wish to go to the city to further my career. At what age am I allowed to leave home without my parents' consent?

I hope you can help me, as the date for my career course to start is in a few weeks' time."

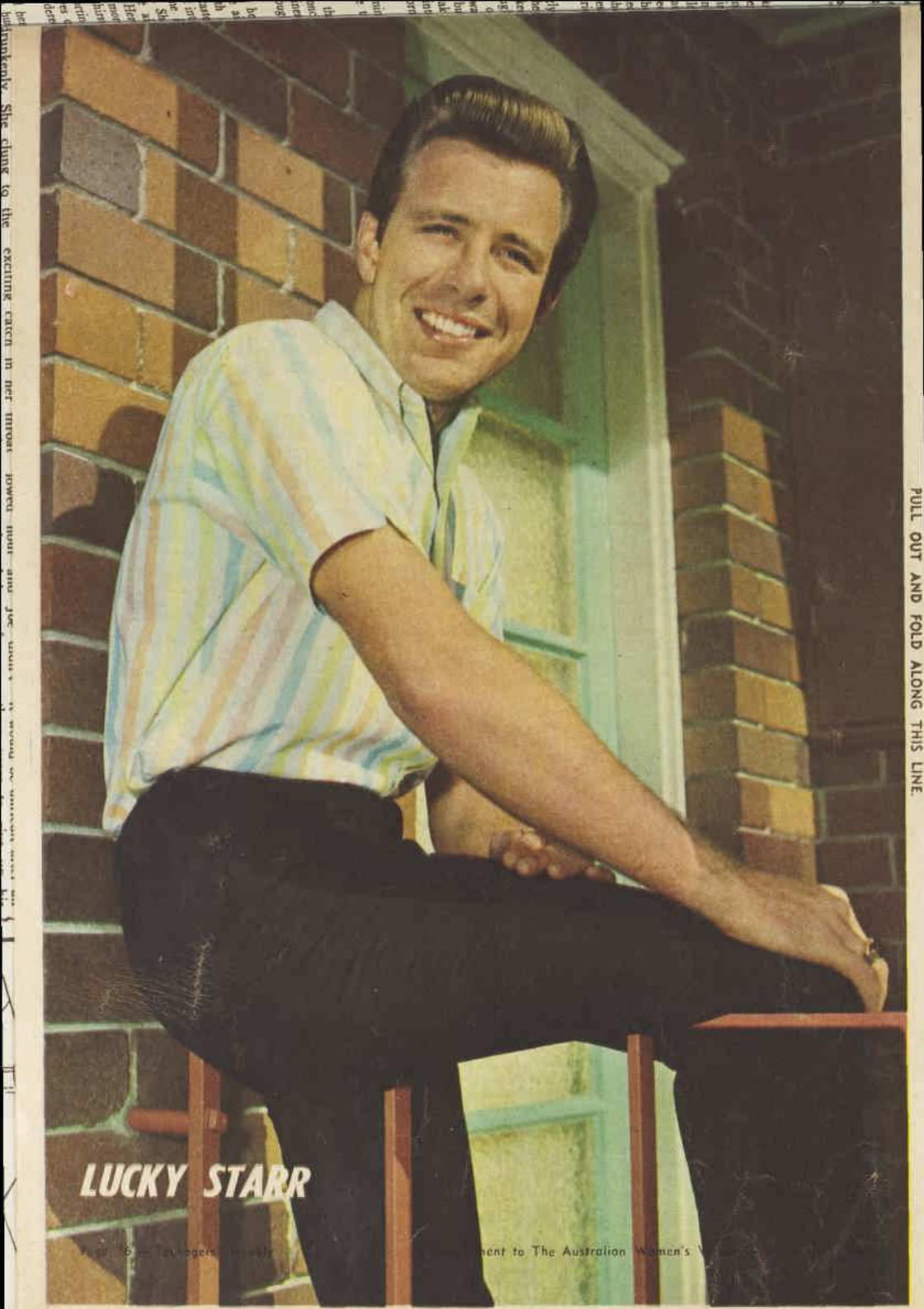
"Career Girl," Vic.

The law says you can leave home without your parents' consent at 16. IF (a) you are earning sufficient money to support yourself; (b) you live in a place where you are properly supervised; (c) you conduct yourself properly.

Leaving home in defiance of your parents' wishes is a very serious step to take, and one you might regret later on. Don't rush into it without thinking hard and without advice from a responsible person who knows your family situation.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.





PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE.

**LUCKY STARR**

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already? She knew Gordon wasn't there. She knew . . .

She dropped down on all fours, picked up the fallen cup, and crawled with it to the duct. Panting at the foul air, she pressed her ear against the aluminium. Was that a sound? Her body stiffened. What that . . . ? It came again, and she recognised it. It was only the cats. The cats down in the cellar—crying.

She started to sob. She couldn't control herself. The sobs heaved up through her. Automatically, while she sobbed, she rapped the cup against the duct. Air, she thought. Air. I want air.

She imagined the air, less than an inch away from her, beyond the thin metal of the duct, great draughts of clean, cool air billowing up from the cellar. The duct! Aluminium! Suddenly she was herself again. The duct! Why hadn't she thought of it before? If she could cut through . . .

There was a metal paper-knife that she always kept by the files. She got up. The sobs had dwindled now to a whimpering she hardly noticed. She crossed to the file, rifled through the scattered papers, and found the knife. She tested the blade. Yes, it was strong. She dropped down again by the duct.

The hollow metal shaft was built in sections, rounded by the floor and then stretching up in a straight column to the ceiling. She chose a spot on the surface at random and stabbed the knife at it with all her strength.

The knife snapped in two. The top half of the broken blade fell with a little tinkle on the cement at her side.

She squatted, staring at it, her lips trembling. Despair seemed to give her vision an uncanny keenness. She saw the broken blade; she saw every little pit and flaw in the cement surface below it. And, for the first time, she found herself really looking at the duct as an object.

**T**HERE was a break between the concave lower section and the straight section above it. Around the break, connecting the two, had been wound a narrow strip of aluminium. The end of the belt of metal had been bent back against itself.

Mrs. Snow slipped the broken knife under the end of the metal strip and prised it up. She found she could quite easily pull the whole strip off. And not only that. The top section of the duct was loose now. Feverishly she tugged at it and bent it sideways. It freed itself, scraping from the lower section. And there, gaping in front of her like a great black mouth, was the exposed interior of the duct.

For a second, her success stunned her. Then, avidly, she leaned over the hole, drinking in great draughts of air. It was wonderful; it was ecstasy; it was champagne.

Mrs. Snow felt her whole body purged, cleaned as by a wind from the sea.

"Joe!" she called down the duct.

She could hear her voice tumbling, echoing, down the shaft.

"Joe! Joe!"

She started to giggle and then to laugh—hysterically, drunkenly. She clung to the broken duct, laughing and sobbing.

And each time she laughed she felt the fresh, cold, life-restoring air . . .

Lorna Mendham lit her first cigarette of the day while she listened absently to Sylvia's chatter across the white-iron terrace breakfast table. Larry was already down at the jetty, fiddling with the boat. Bruce wasn't down yet. It always took him so long to dress.

For the first time since her marriage, Lorna's happiness was clouded. Sylvia was her oldest friend. She and Larry had just come back from two years at the embassy in Rome. They hadn't been at the wedding; they had hardly met Bruce before this weekend.

And now they didn't like him.

They hadn't said anything, of course. They were far too well-mannered for that. But Lorna had suspected it last night, and now she was sure of it. They were being much too formal, much too eager to be charming.

Blow them! thought Lorna. They were just like Aunt Addy. They thought they were so emancipated, but they were all of them stuck in their dreary little social-register rut. What difference did it make that Bruce hadn't been to the right schools or that, possibly because that made him self-conscious with people like the Emmetts, he did try to show off a bit?

Of course, it had been silly of him to go on quite so long last night about all his glamorous friends on the Riviera. But couldn't Sylvia and Larry see through that? Didn't they have enough instinct to sense that he wasn't just good-looking, that he was considerate and kind and—and true? Oh, no, just because he wasn't "one of us," they were suspicious.

Sylvia was rambling on about the antiques she had brought back from Italy. Suddenly Lorna was ashamed of her own depression and irritation. It was foolish to take it all so hard. The Emmetts would come around to Bruce in the end. Of course they would. Everyone did. She forced herself to take an intelligent interest in what Sylvia was saying.

"Darling, it's disastrous about that divine Venetian desk. It was perfect when we bought it in Milan. Now the front of one whole drawer is split. Those terrible ship-pers! And it's quite impossible to get a good cabinet-maker any more. We've tried and tried."

"Aunt Addy has a wonderful man."

"How marvellous." Sylvia leaned across the table. "What's his name?"

"I'm afraid I don't remember."

"Then be an angel. Call Mrs. Snow this minute. I'll plead with him on bended knee to come down next week."

"All right."

Lorna found she was glad to have a legitimate opportunity for telephoning Aunt Addy. She agreed with Bruce, of course, that Aunt Addy should be disciplined. But even so, she still felt a little guilty about yesterday. Even though Aunt Addy was difficult, it wasn't really fair to treat her like a naughty child.

As she got up and moved across the terrace, Bruce appeared through the french windows. He was looking very handsome in white sharkskin slacks with a red scarf knotted exquisitely above an open silk shirt.

As always, Lorna felt that exciting catch in her throat when she saw him. But at the same time, quite unexpectedly, an image came of Larry Emmett down at the boat in dirty old blue jeans

and a T-shirt. For a second she saw Bruce through Sylvia's eyes. She was horrified with herself and ran to him.

He caught her in his arms and kissed her. "Good morning again, darling. Where are you off to?"

"I'm going to call Aunt Addy. Sylvia wants the address of her cabinet-maker."

Bruce's arms tightened around her so suddenly that she almost cried out. Then, very quietly, he said, "But do you know Mrs. Lindsay's number?"

"Mrs. Lindsay?"

His grip had relaxed now. One of his hands was caressing her neck. "Isn't that her name—the old friend of Aunt Addy's who lived in Copenhagen or somewhere?"

"But what has Mrs. Lindsay got to do with it?"

He pushed her away, grinning down at her. "Miss Addlepatte."

"Bruce, what are you talking about?"

"Didn't I tell you? I'm sure I did. Mrs. Lindsay called up yesterday right in the middle of the emerald scare. She's back and rented a house in Connecticut. Aunt Addy was invited for the weekend. She was taking the afternoon train."

Lorna looked at him, puzzled. She hadn't known Mrs. Lindsay was planning to come back to the States. And she was sure Bruce hadn't said anything about it yesterday. He must have forgotten in all the fuss of the burglar story.

"Where is she in Connecticut, Bruce?"

"Gosh, Aunt Addy did tell me. Is it Litchfield? Redding?"

"Never mind, Lorna." Sylvia's voice sounded behind her. "The man couldn't do anything till Tuesday, anyway."

"All right," said Lorna.

But it was strange. Surely Mrs. Lindsay would have written Aunt Addy to say she was coming back, and surely Aunt Addy would have mentioned it. And then for one moment Bruce had seemed so odd. Was it possible that he was making the whole story up because he still didn't want her to spoil Aunt Addy and was reluctant to say so in front of Sylvia?

Lorna was shocked at so disloyal a thought, and her irritation against the Emmetts returned. It was all Sylvia's fault. If it hadn't been for Sylvia she would never have dreamed up such a preposterous idea. Of course Aunt Addy was with Mrs. Lindsay.

"You'd better hurry with your breakfast, Bruce," Sylvia was saying. "Larry's been down at the boat for hours."

Still crouched by the broken furnace duct, Mrs. Snow had finally lost her mood of elation and hope. She had called Joe's name down the shaft at regular intervals, even called the cats' names and heard their mournful answering wails reverberating up from the cellar. She had written notes, too. "Joe, Bruce has locked me in the vault." She knew there was a vent in the cellar. The notes might just come to rest by the open grille, and Joe might just notice the unexpected paper there. She had felt gay, almost frivolous.

But gradually it had all started to change again. Air wasn't enough. As hour followed hour and Joe didn't come, the shelves of cups seemed once again to be creeping menacingly toward her. Thirst became terrible, thickening her tongue, parch-

ing her lips, bringing nausea.

Her voice calling "Joe" was a feeble, painful croak. She gave up calling and started to tap with the cup instead. She needed all the strength that was left to fight against despair.

For, although she went on tapping, she had given up Joe. False hope, she knew, was her most dangerous enemy. Now she was thinking only of Hilary Prynn. Certainly Hilary would come. And he would come at exactly twelve-thirty. He was never a minute early or late for their ritual lunch engagement. At twelve-thirty she would hear the front doorbell ring.

Only a few minutes ago she had dragged herself to the centre of the vault under the ceiling light and, finally, had been able to read the watch.

Twelve-fifteen.

Now it must be almost twelve-thirty. Her knees were aching from her constricted position by the duct, but she hardly noticed it any more. She clung grimly to the duct's broken mouth, waiting—waiting for her last chance.

Suddenly it came—the sound of the front-door buzzer, echoing up from the cellar below. She lurched over the black mouth of the duct and, recklessly expending her tiny reserve of vitality, started to scream:

"Help! Help! Help! Hilary—help!"

**F**OR a moment it seemed to her that her voice was like thunder, rolling down the duct, billowing back to her. Outside in the street, Hilary could hear. Surely, Hilary would hear.

The front door buzzer sounded again.

"Help! Help! Oh, help!"

Her voice sounded deafening to her. And, crazily, it seemed to go on shrilling long after her lips were closed.

Then, suddenly, she understood. It wasn't her voice she was hearing. It was the cats answering her from the cellar. Her own voice was hardly stronger than a whisper.

It was completely drowned by the high, sour yowling of the cats . . .

Hilary Prynn stood at the front door of Mrs. Snow's house. He had dressed, as always, with the greatest care. In his hand he held a small florist's box containing a single white orchid. Adelaide loved white flowers.

The crisp sunlight shone on his pink, distinguished, benevolent face. He was feeling particularly jaunty, but then the prospect of seeing Adelaide always acted as a tonic. They would lunch at the Plaza, of course; and then perhaps Adelaide might enjoy a carriage drive in the park.

They would have until five, because his train to his weekend hosts in Hartford didn't leave until six and he had already checked his suitcase at Grand Central.

As he pressed the door buzzer, a daring thought came. Wasn't this, perhaps, the right moment to ask Adelaide to marry him? Poor old Gordon had been gone now for over five years. Hilary toyed deliciously with the idea of having Adelaide always with him. Of course, it would be difficult after all these years to give up his bachelor habits. But think of the compensations—Adelaide's wonderful flair for companionship, her cool, clear

## Trudy...



"I think it's wonderful, Mr. Hibbs—you get to see all the sunrises!"



"Is today payday already?"



"Well, you STILL have to brush them even though they AREN'T your permanent teeth."



"TRUDY!"



mind, her ability to make decisions.

His thought chain broke. What was the matter with Maggie? She usually answered the door so promptly.

He pressed the buzzer again, and as he did so he heard a strange sound from inside the house. Alarm spread through him. It was almost like someone crying.

He leaned closer, pressing his ear to the door. He heard the sound again. Oh, it was only the cats. Hilary's mouth pursed in faint distaste. He had a horror of cats. Certainly, if he married Adelaide, he would, very tactfully, of course, ease the cats out of the establishment.

He rang the buzzer a third time. Then he remembered. Adelaide had told him on the phone the other day that Maggie was sick. Adelaide must have given the cook the day off, and she was all alone. Upstairs, primping, probably.

He rang the buzzer again. The sound of the cats' wailing was much nearer now. They must have run up to the door. During the long, dead pause that followed, Hilary's alarm increased. What if Adelaide were all alone there and something had happened! A fall in the bathtub, perhaps, or

For surely she must be there. If she had gone away for the weekend she would have called. Their lunch dates were as important to her as to him.

He put his finger on the buzzer and kept it there. He could hear the shrill of the bell merging with the screaming of the cats. He glanced over his shoulder. A policeman was strolling down the sidewalk across the street.

**H**ILARY started down the steps and hurried toward the officer. Adelaide must have had an accident. That was the only explanation. They would have to break down the door, get a doctor, get . . .

He called, "Officer." The policeman turned. It was only then that Hilary realised what must have happened. He'd flown in late from Baltimore last night. He'd been too tired to consult the pad of telephone messages that had been left for him. That morning, in his hurry to get ready for Adelaide, he'd never thought of looking at it.

Of course, Adelaide had been called unexpectedly away and had left a message. He just hadn't seen it. That was all. Years of decorous life as a banker had given Hilary Pryne a horror of scenes.

How monstrously embarrassing if he had actually broken down Adelaide's front door, caused a scandal with the police, and . . . The very thought of it made him hot and cold all over.

"Yes, sir?" The policeman was standing in front of him.

Hilary's pink face grew a trifle pinker. "I'm sorry to trouble you, Officer, but do you happen to have the correct time?"

It was too bad to have missed Adelaide. But he would see her next week, and this way he would get up to Hartford in plenty of time for dinner . . .

The yacht-club orchestra was playing "Goodnight Sweetheart." Lorna was on the dance floor in Bruce's arms. This should have been another blissful end to another blissful day. Bruce had danced with her all evening.

He had never been more loving, more tender. The usual magic was almost as potent as ever. But that little worm of doubt that had first stirred at breakfast was still

#### Continuing our novel

boring. Lorna hated herself for it, but she couldn't suppress the feeling that Bruce was being deliberately loving, deliberately tender, as if . . .

Somehow it all seemed to centre on Aunt Addy. She had brought up Mrs. Lindsay again, quite casually, when they were alone in their room after sailing, and — Had it been her imagination? Or hadn't she sensed — well, a falseness, a falseness in the soothing tone of his voice, the sudden "sincere" steadiness of his eyes. She had drunk more cocktails than usual before dinner to try to forget it all. But it hadn't worked.

It was all absurdly unimportant, of course. But it frightened her. Love and complete trust in marriage meant the same thing to Lorna.

The music stopped. Bruce's lips brushed her cheek.

"Come on, babe. One for the road."

The club bar was crowded. Bruce left Lorna on the fringes of the laughing, chattering groups and pushed forward to order the drinks. Glancing after him, Lorna noticed idly that he had ended up next to a man she had never seen before, a big, red-faced man with curly hair. The man turned to Bruce with a beam of recognition.

"Well, well, Bruce, old fellow, so you didn't end up in a block of cement in the East River after all!" He gave a booming laugh. "Boy, was I glad not to be in your shoes the other day! Almost was, too. Almost bet my shirt on that little filly. Five thousand snackers in the red! How did you raise the dough?"

The laugh, thickened with alcohol, boomed again. "But then, of course, I was forgetting. You married you a bank-roll, didn't you? That's the way to do it! Nothing like a rich wife when you play around in that league."

Lorna heard every word as if it had been bellowed in her ear, and in the same instant she saw Bruce's face, caught completely off guard, growing gaunt and grey with fear. Fear — it was the only word.

Quickly he twisted away from the man, holding the drinks high over the crowding shoulders. Before she could turn away, his eyes caught hers. He knew she had heard.

He brought the drink to her. There was a sickly smile on his lips. "Lorna . . ."

He stopped abruptly, for Sylvia and Larry were hurrying toward them.

"Drink up, children. Time to go home."

In the car driving back to the Emmetts', Lorna was in the front seat with Larry. She was grateful for the darkness and Larry's mellow silence. She felt a dreadful hollow in the pit of her stomach.

What had Bruce done?

He had lost five thousand dollars on the races and somehow raised the money to pay off his losses. She knew that now. That in itself was a complete shock. She hadn't even known he bet on horses. But that wasn't all. There was his uneasiness about Aunt Addy. He couldn't possibly have known they would run into that man. It couldn't have been the man that had been worrying him. Then . . .

Lorna thought: The sapphire ring! Bruce had told her he and Aunt Addy had found it in the upholstery of the chaise-longue. Lorna herself had searched down that upholstery and hadn't found

it. Yesterday she had laughed about it as a joke on herself. But . . . but what if the ring hadn't been there? What if Bruce had lied?

The emeralds, too! Was it conceivable that Bruce could have stolen Aunt Addy's sapphire ring and her emeralds to pay the gambling debt? Was that why Aunt Addy had called so urgently?

Oh, I was forgetting. You married a bank-roll. The cynical implications of that remark tore at her. Her whole new enchanted life was tottering around her, undermined by her own suspicions. Bruce had never loved her. Bruce had only married her for Aunt Addy's money. Bruce, who could lie about the betting, had stolen . . .

No! she prayed. No! Please prove me wrong. Please make me wish I were dead for thinking these things about Bruce.

Somehow she got through the nightcaps with Sylvia and Larry. Then at last she and Bruce were alone.

"Lorna, Lorna, darling, I know what you're thinking."

He caught at her arm. She pulled away.

"Lorna, darling, please listen. I did put five thousand on a horse. I'd got a straight tip. Seven to one. I couldn't lose. That's what they told me. Please, you must understand why I did it. Do you think it's easy for me, penniless, being married to you? Can't you see how I hate living on Aunt Addy's charity, being a kept man? Babe . . ."

His hands slid on to her elbows from behind. "Darling, I want to be a real husband. More than anything in the world, I want to be able to take care of you myself. If I'd won, I'd have made thirty-five thousand. That would have been a beginning."

He twisted her around. His face was forlorn, ashamed, like a little boy's face. Lorna couldn't control her feelings. She couldn't control that twinge of sympathy and warmth that ran through her. But she said accusingly, "How did you raise the five thousand to pay the bookie?"

**B**RUCE shrugged. "From a money-lender. Terrific interest, of course. But it was the only thing to do. Those bookies, they're tough. They have to be paid off. I—I couldn't possibly have gone to Aunt Addy. You know how she'd react. Oh, I've spoilt everything. I know that. I know you think I'm the heel of the world."

He broke away from her and sat down on the edge of the bed. "I was going to tell you. I kept putting it off. I was scared. All weekend I've been a nervous wreck. I—I guess maybe running into Bob Struther there was a blessing in disguise. At least it's all out in the open now. And . . ." He looked down at his hands. "Do you want a divorce?"

All weekend he'd been a nervous wreck. Lorna was torn between the steadiness of her thinking and her passionate desire not to lose the only real happiness she had ever found.

All weekend he'd been a nervous wreck. Why not? Wasn't this crazy loss of five thousand dollars reason enough to make anyone a nervous wreck? Wasn't that enough in itself to explain the oddness, the uneasiness that had worried her so?

The sapphire ring could have been lodged down in the upholstery, and Bruce's explanation for Aunt Addy's

urgent phone call could perfectly well have been true.

"Darling." He looked up at her again, and the naked suffering in his eyes made her want to cry. "It's ruined, isn't it? I've ruined it for good. What an idiot I've been. What a stupid idiot!"

Suddenly there was nothing but her need for him, her hunger to recapture what had almost been lost.

"Oh, Bruce!" She dropped down on the bed next to him. "I've been thinking such terrible things. When I heard that man and I was worried about the money, I thought—I thought maybe you'd taken Aunt Addy's ring and the emeralds."

"Heaven's above!" Bruce gave a loud spontaneous laugh. "Old Raffles Mendham, the international jewel thief!"

"And then when we got mixed up about Mrs. Lindsay and you didn't want me to call Aunt Addy—"

"Baby, my poor, sweet baby! I know I was stupid about Mrs. Lindsay. I was only half there. I . . ."

He twisted around and took her in his arms. She leaned against him, sobbing, exhausted by the suspicions that were dying and the restored love that was flooding through her.

"Oh, Bruce, somehow we'll raise the money to pay off the money-lenders."

"Of course." He was stroking her hair. "Matter of fact, I've already given that some deep thought. Larry's loaded."

"Oh, no. I couldn't ask Larry. But we'll find some way."

"That's my baby." Gently he stretched her out on the bed. He took off her shoes and kissed her on the forehead. "Don't worry, sweetheart. We'll call it a day and be brilliant about it tomorrow."

As she lay there, sobbing, luxuriously enjoying her own relief, she heard Bruce undress and go into the bathroom. The fool! The idiot! It was so like him to do something crazy like that, to try to counterbalance the tiresome money thing she'd always known he hated.

Who expected him to be staid and responsible, anyway. She'd always known he was as simple and muddling as a kid. That was one of the things she loved best about him—such a contrast to the efficient Aunt Addy. How could she have suspected . . .

Lorna wanted a cigarette. She turned toward the bedside table. There weren't any. Bruce's briefcase lay on a nearby chair.

He always carried a packet in it. She reached out and touched the clasp.

Bruce's voice came so suddenly that it made her jump.

"Lorna, what'd you want?"

She turned to see him silhouetted against the bathroom. She thought with horror of a life without Bruce.

"Just you, darling, and a cigarette."

He was at her side, taking a cigarette from his bathrobe pocket, lighting it, slipping it between her lips.

"Lorna, I'll never do anything like that again. I swear it. And all my life I'll never forget how wonderful you've been."

After the door buzzer stopped and she knew Hilary had gone away, it was as if Mrs. Snow had died. There was no panic any more. Perhaps you needed at least some hope to feel panic. There was no panic, no hope, only thirst that was like an incurable disease, something to be

endured minute by minute, something that would never go away.

The night stretched interminably. Was it still night? Hours ago she had dragged herself to the centre of the vault and tried to read her watch. But her head was swimming, and her eyes would not focus on the dial. It didn't matter, anyway. Time didn't matter in the tomb.

Already there were moments when she didn't know any longer where she was. The ceiling light above her seemed to be the light in the cabin of Gordon's cruiser. It seemed to be swaying with the motion of the boat. And Gordon was there, sitting on the bunk with her, his arm around her shoulder. Dear Gordon! How sweet of him to be there when he was dead! Dear Gordon . . .

Then Gordon wasn't there any more and a faint alarm would spread through her. Where were they headed, anyway? Why hadn't they reached port?

"Gordon." Her cracked lips croaked the word out loud, but she wasn't conscious of it.

She twisted around on the cement floor, her arms curled almost caressingly about the open duct.

"This headache, Gordon, this headache. Why don't you bring me an aspirin?"

She started to weep. The tears slid slowly down her cheeks through the straggles of hair.

You're alone. You're lost at sea . . .

**L**ORNA MENDHAM stood with her martini in a corner of the Simmons' huge living-room. The Sunday pre-lunch cocktail party was chattering around her, Sylvia and Larry, who had refused to sacrifice their day's sailing, were not there. Bruce had run into some of his rich friends from the south of France and was out with them on the terrace.

Lorna was glad she was alone. She was too unstrung to deal with sociabilities. After the emotional scene with Bruce last night it had seemed that everything would be perfect between them again. But it wasn't.

When she had fallen in love with Bruce she thought she had sloughed off for ever that side of her nature that was always insecure, self-doubting. She knew now she couldn't escape it. All morning she had been asking herself: How can I be sure Bruce was telling me the truth? He had kept the crazy betting episode from her. If he'd been able to do that . . . I was forgetting. You married a bank-roll. If only Aunt Addy weren't at Mrs. Lindsay's! If only she could call her!

Lorna took a gulp of her martini and struggled grimly with herself. She had to stop feeling like this or her married life would be doomed to disaster. She looked around her for someone to talk to. She saw old Mrs. McCarthy sitting by herself. Mrs. McCarthy was a friend of Aunt Addy's and a bore usually to be avoided. But a bore would be just the right thing for her mood.

She took the few steps to the chair. "Hello, Mrs. McCarthy."

"Hello, my dear. How pretty you're looking. And how's your aunt?"

"Oh, she's fine. Off for the weekend with Mrs. Lindsay."

"Mrs. Warren Lindsay?"

"That's right."

"But, my dear—there must be some mistake," Mrs. Mc-

Carthy's eyes were round olives. "Poor Dora Lindsay died last week. She was a sister-in-law, you know. A husband flew over to Copenhagen for the funeral."

For a moment Lorna felt she was going to faint. Dora Lindsay had been the one who had smiled at her face.

"Oh, I'm so sorry to hear it. Of course I made a mistake. I always mix up Mrs. Lindsay with that—that other friend of Aunt Addy's."

She heard her own voice rattling out banalities. But terror was climbing through her. So she had been right. Last night, Bruce's humiliation, his shame, his apologies, had all been lies. She'd been right, too, in her suspicions yesterday on the terrace when Bruce's arm had tightened so unexpectedly around her.

He'd made that up about Mrs. Lindsay on the spur of the moment. Why? To keep her from calling Aunt Addy? What had he done, Aunt Addy?

She glanced wildly around the room. Bruce wasn't sight.

"Excuse me, Mrs. McCarthy. I—I just remembered. A phone call . . ."

She hurried out away from the party into the hall, picked up the telephone, and gasped at Aunt Addy's number. She was shivering. She could hardly keep the receiver to her ear. And all the time there was a dreadful feeling at the back of her neck that at any moment Bruce would be there behind her, Bruce who was now a stranger, stranger of monstrous terror.

She could hear the phoning at the other end. Someone must be there. At least Arlene. Arlene was there all day Sunday. The distant bell rang and rang.

"Sorry, madam. They don't seem to answer. Shall I—"

Lorna put down the receiver. Feverishly she fished through her wallet. She found Arlene's number. She was sure of it. Yes, she found it in her address book. She picked up the phone again.

An unknown man's voice answered. "Hello?"

"Is Arlene there? This is Mrs. Mendham, Mrs. Snow's niece."

"Sorry, ma'am, she's in Atlantic City."

"But she was supposed to be working for my aunt today."

"No, ma'am, Mr. Mendham called and told her Mrs. Snow was going away for the weekend. She is off till Tuesday."

Fear was in Lorna's blood now like ice. "Did—did Mr. Mendham say where Mrs. Snow was going?"

"No, ma'am, just that Arlene could be off till Tuesday."

"But . . . but . . ."

Lorna heard someone behind her.

"All right," she said in the phone. "I'm sorry to bother you. I—I just thought you might know."

She put down the receiver and turned. Bruce was coming through the living-room door. He was smiling at her affectionately.

"Here you are, darling. I've been looking for you all over."

Astonishingly, her fury at Bruce and her own gullibility conquered her terror. She found she could smile back at him almost casually.

"Hi, Bruce. I was calling the Emmetts," she lied.

"There's a man who's mad as a hatter on business before he goes back to New York. I thought the servants might know just when they'd get from sailing."

His hand was on her arm. It was all she could do to keep from screaming at him.



touch. He'd called Arlene to put her off for the weekend. He'd lied about Mrs. Lindsay to keep Lorna from telephoning the house. Why? Why? Where was Aunt Addy? What had he done to her?

"Darling." As he drew her into the living-room, his voice was buoyant with high spirits. "A wonderful break. I've run into the Baintons from Saint Tropez. They're really rich, and they're dying to meet you."

Her nerves, stretched almost to the snapping point, gave her an uncanny clarity of mind. She had to go home to Aunt Addy. At once. Without arousing his suspicions. There was only one way to do it. Now . . .

They were passing among the cocktail guests. Lorna leaned against her husband; she gave a convincing little sigh and crumpled on to the floor.

She'd been so close to fainting genuinely that the fake hadn't been hard. She heard the abrupt change from chatter to twittering around her. She felt someone—Bruce's—arm slipping under her shoulders.

"Water! Get water!" Later, as a glass was pressed against her lips, she opened her eyes flutteringly and looked straight into her husband's solicitous face.

"Where . . . ? Oh, I'm sorry."

"Lorna."

"It must be the sun. All that sun yesterday. Bruce, you'd better take me back to Sylvia's."

"Of course, baby. Of course."

He lifted her up in his arms and carried her out past the concerned guests and to the car. As he drove her back to the Emmetts', she leaned limply against him, thinking: What shall I do?

**I**T was a nightmare to suspect so much and know so little. It was money, of course. He had done something to raise money. The sapphire ring? The emeralds? But why had he marooned Aunt Addy? Why was he making sure that no one should call the house?

At the Emmetts', Bruce lifted her tenderly out of the car and carried her upstairs to their bedroom. Everything he'd done, every little thing he'd said, was monstrously significant now. She must think back. She . . .

He laid her down on the bed. As he did so she glimpsed his brief-case lying on the chair by the window. Last night she had reached for it in search of cigarettes, and Bruce, coming suddenly out of the bathroom, had almost shouted, "What do you want?" Hadn't his voice sounded odd to her even then? The brief-case! Perhaps there was something in the brief-case.

"Lorna, sweet." Bruce was sitting on the edge of the bed. "Feeling better?"

The brief-case. Her pulses were pounding. If there was anything in it, it would be locked. But the key of her jewel-case fitted the lock. She knew that because once, when she'd lost her jewel-case key, she had finally opened it with the key from Bruce's brief-case.

"Please, Bruce, be an angel. Go down and get me some brandy."

"Sure."

The moment he left the room she jumped up, ran to her jewel-case, took out the key, and hurried with it to the brief-case. As the key turned in the lock the clasp sprang up. She searched clumsily through the case's contents. There was a packet of cigarettes. A bunch

## Continuing our novel

of letters. That must be her Friday mail, which she had asked Bruce to bring down. She'd forgotten to ask him for it.

Something was gleaming at the bottom of the case. She peered at it. It was a revolver! There was something else beside the gun, something little that shone more brightly. She grabbed at it.

It was Aunt Addy's sapphire ring.

As she gazed at it she could feel her teeth chattering. She couldn't control them. She looked down again at the brief-case. When she'd pulled up the ring, she had half knocked out of the case a brown manila envelope, a bank envelope. It had been opened.

She snatched it up. It wasn't hers or Bruce's. It was addressed to Aunt Addy. She felt inside and brought out three cheques. Cash for seven hundred and fifty dollars, signed Adelaide Snow. Cash for five hundred dollars. Cash for fifteen hundred dollars.

Scribbled across the final cheque, in red pencil, unmistakably written by her aunt, was the single word, "Forgery."

It was plain now. Perfectly plain. Bruce had lied about the money-lender. He had raised his gambling debt by forging Aunt Addy's cheques. And Aunt Addy had found him out. That's why she had called Lorna, urgently asking her to come home. Aunt Addy had caught him red-handed, had threatened to expose him. But . . . but . . . It was Bruce who had the cheques. He must have taken them forcibly from Aunt Addy.

Then . . . then . . . He'd killed her? No, no. Never in a million years. He was too clever for that, to leave a body there, to . . . A phrase of Bruce's rushed back to her. "And Aunt Addy went into the vault." The vault! Last week the closing mechanism had broken; the door had swung shut of its own accord. If he'd shut her in the vault! If that was why he had put off Arlene, why he had kept Lorna from calling . . . ! No, no. That was impossible, too. He could never . . .

She heard footsteps on the stairs. Swiftly she relocked the brief-case and threw it back on the chair. She slipped the ring into her suit pocket. She stuffed the cheques back into the envelope and pushed the envelope under the pillow.

She just got to the bed and lay down when Bruce came in with two jiggers of brandy.

"Here you are, my sweetheart. And one for Poppa, too."

She took her glass shakily and gulped its contents. Her thoughts were reeling. If only Sylvia and Larry were there! She should call the police. No, no. How could she dare? Not till she knew more, not till she was sure. She had to get to Aunt Addy. That was the only thing. She had to get to Aunt Addy.

"Bruce, I feel terrible."

"You poor baby. Don't worry. You'll be okay soon."

"No, Bruce. I really think we should go home."

"Home?" Bruce's smile suddenly went. "But, dearest, we can't."

"Why can't we?"

"The Baintons. They're here on their yacht. They're starting at five for a week's cruise up to the Cape and they've invited us. It's a marvellous break. They're full of money, and they'll adore you. Once we get all chummy on the boat it'll be a cinch to borrow that five thousand bucks."

## THE ORDEAL OF MRS. SNOW

Lorna felt as if a trap were slowly constricting around her. As she looked into her husband's bland eyes she had to clench her fists to keep from screaming: How can you lie like that? You've got your money. You stole it from Aunt Addy. What have you done to Aunt Addy?

But to let him know she knew would be madness. If he had done that to Aunt Addy, what mightn't he do . . . ? She thought of the revolver in the brief-case.

"I couldn't," she managed. "I couldn't possibly. I . . ."

"Nonsense. My darling, of course you could and of course you will. Having those money-lenders around our neck would be death. This is our chance—our only chance. Last night you forgave me. You said you did. Now you've just got to help me."

He lay down on the bed next to her. His hand was stroking her forehead. "There, sweetie. Just rest a couple of hours. Then you'll feel right as rain and we'll be all set

Long ago her arms had lost their grip on the broken duct. She lay stretched out on the cement floor. She had no weapons left but this stubborn determination.

Somewhere there was a goal. She didn't know what goal it was any more. But it was there. And, somehow, she would reach it if she fought.

Lorna lay on the bed, pretending to be asleep. Her husband's arm was around her. She didn't dare open her eyes, but she knew he was awake.

How much did he suspect? In all the horror of those minutes, that was the most excruciating question. All weekend he had been "handling" her. She saw that now. Even if he still suspected nothing he would never let her get alone to a telephone, never let her out of his sight until he had her safely cut off on the Baintons' yacht. To call the police, she would have to challenge him, to let him know she had found the forged cheques, that right this minute they were

"It's amazing. I feel wonderful."

"That's my baby."

"Yes, I'm perfectly fine now. And the yachting trip. I think it's a divine idea."

Watching him through closed lashes, she saw his quick, self-satisfied smile, and she thought, wonderingly and with excitement: So he's stupid. After all, he's stupid.

He ruffled her hair.

"That's marvellous. Aunt Addy isn't expecting us till Tuesday. We'll send her a telegram tomorrow night from wherever we put in."

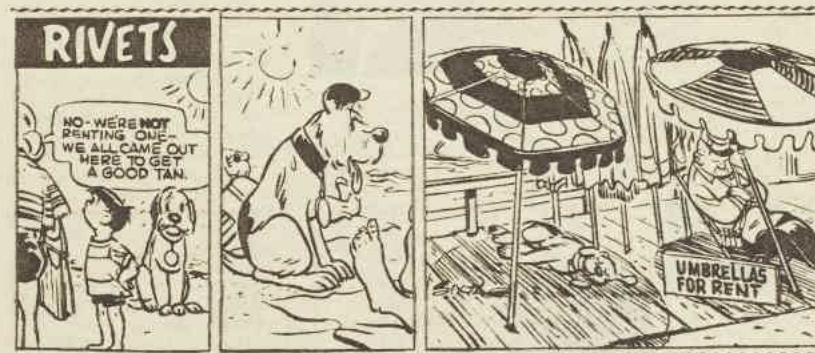
"Oh, don't let's have Aunt Addy on our consciences," Lorna giggled and kissed his cheek. "Darling, there's something much more important right now than Aunt Addy."

"What's that?"

"Another brandy?"

The ease with which she could deceive him was almost humiliating. He rolled off the bed and, with a theatrical yawn, unlocked the door and disappeared.

Lorna ran to the brief-case and unlocked it. She dropped the sapphire ring in-



to go. If Sylvia and Larry aren't back, we'll leave a note. We've got more than enough clothes. The Baintons aren't the dressy set."

Lorna lay there listening to the flurry of her heart. Did he know she suspected him? Was that why he had concocted this yachting scheme—to imprison her? Or was it just another ruse to keep them away longer from home and Aunt Addy? Aunt Addy! In the vault? No, no, no. A dreadful paralysis of will was creeping over her.

Bruce kissed her cheek. "We don't want the servants barking in on us, do we?"

He got up, locked the door, and dropped down again on the bed at her side.

"There! Now, sweetheart, go to bed. By-bye." His fingers were on her forehead again, revolting as caterpillars. "Relax, baby. Poppa's here. Everything's going to be all right."

In the vault the ceiling light had burned out. Mrs. Snow was only intermittently conscious of the darkness. There were moments when it seemed like a smothering black towel stretched tight across her mouth, when her mind was clear enough to grasp reality: that she was in a trap, that she was dying.

But mostly she was drifting in a world of dream and waking visions from the past. Gordon was almost always with her. Gordon was her greatest comfort. But there were horrors, too, unmentionable horrors. Sometimes she felt as if her whole body were screaming.

But, even at the peak of nightmare, when her tongue was a swollen, choking fungus and knives cut at her brain, there was one thing she never forgot. Through every minute of every dragging hour she knew she was fighting and that she must go on fighting.

lying in the manila envelope under the pillow. And if—if he had done what she thought he'd done to Aunt Addy, what, in his desperation, mightn't he do to her?

In her extremity, the knowledge that her marriage was wrecked and her love changed to terror and revulsion were facts she accepted, but pains that would have to be endured later on.

Now there was only Aunt Addy. If all else failed, she would have to risk everything to get in touch with the police. But there must still be a way to get back to Aunt Addy without Bruce realising . . .

Her husband gave a grunt in his simulated sleep and, rolling closer to her, kissed the lobe of her ear. It was one of his favorite tricks. While she struggled not to recoil from him, she felt at the same time a little thrill of hope. If he had the faintest idea that she knew the truth, he wouldn't be trying to charm her any more.

No, she was still being "handled." Maybe her blindness, her pitiful infatuation for him were going to bring salvation. She had been such easy prey that, in his eyes, she was much too stupid to be any possible menace.

Suddenly an idea came to her. It might just work. There were a dozen ways in which it could bring disaster. But it might just work. It would all depend, of course, on her ability to act, her ability to seem loving and trusting and innocent and—stupid. But . . .

Bruce was kissing her ear again. She sighed contentedly, twisted toward him, and, slipping her arms around his neck, slid her lips on his.

"Darling . . ."

"Lorna, baby."

"Have I been asleep for long?"

"Not long."

side. Certainly he knew he had put the ring there. It would be far too dangerous to keep it out.

She went to the bed and, slipping the manila envelope from under the pillow, took out the cheque marked "Forgery" and then put the envelope with the other two cheques back in the brief-case again among the stack of her own letters. She locked the brief-case again, stuffed the "Forgery" cheque into her own handbag, and dropped on to the bed.

Bruce came in with the brandy. He sat down on the edge of the bed and, handing her a glass, raised the other.

"To the Mendhams, sweetie."

"To the Mendhams, Bruce."

Now that the crisis had come, Lorna felt icily sure of herself. Everything depended now on just what Bruce had done after he'd taken the cheques from Aunt Addy. She was taking a gambler's risk. It was at least twenty-one against her, and failure would mean disaster. But she was going to succeed. She would win with every ounce of her being.

"Bruce, darling, I'd forgotten all about the mail. Did you bring it?"

"Why, sure, honey?"

"Then why don't you give it to me now? I'd better read it before we go off on the yacht. There may be something important."

Bruce Mendham crossed the bedroom toward his brief-case. The sense of achievement and self-satisfaction that had been with him all weekend was still simmering delightfully in him. There had been bad moments, of course. Running into Bob Struther at the Yacht Club bar had been unfortunate, but it had been childishly simple to play on Lorna's sympathies and lull her suspicions.

Mrs. Lindsay had been un-

fortunate, too. But the need to keep Lorna from calling Mrs. Snow had been sprung on him so suddenly that he had snatched at the first name that came into his head. But it didn't really matter. Later, he could explain it away to Lorna. He'd say he'd got the story muddled. It had been some friend of Mrs. Lindsay's who'd called with news of her and invited Aunt Addy to Connecticut.

For one bad moment, when he'd found Lorna telephoning from the Simmons', he'd thought she might be on to something. But she'd only been calling the Emmetts.

Bruce had a vain man's contempt for the intelligence of all women who fall in love with him. But his contempt for Lorna, who had married him, was deepest of all. When she'd fainted at the Simmons', she'd wanted to go home. The yachting trip hadn't appealed to her. But all he'd had to do was to love her a little and she was eating out of his hand.

Not that it made much difference whether they went with the Baintons or not. The old woman had been in the vault for over forty-eight hours. The air must have given out long ago. Probably it would be quite safe to go back even now and "discover" her.

But the yachting trip was the artistic touch he couldn't resist. Besides, the Baintons were good people to cultivate.

He took his key-ring out of his pocket and unlocked the brief-case. Instinctively he looked first for the bank envelope and saw it stuffed among Lorna's letters. He removed it from the bundle and, holding it behind his back, took his wife's mail over to the bed.

"Here you are, darling."

"Thanks, darling."

As soon as he saw Lorna absorbed in her letters, he went back to the brief-case. Now he had the bank envelope actually in his hand, it occurred to him that he'd been rather rash carrying the cheques around with him. As soon as he was alone, he'd destroy them.

His back was turned to the bed. Before he dropped the envelope into the brief-case, he opened it and glanced inside. There were the cheques. There . . . He stiffened. Swiftly he pulled the cheques out and glanced at them. It couldn't . . . There must be some mistake.

**B**UT no. There were only two cheques. The third cheque, the cheque on which the old woman had scribbled "Forgery" . . .

He started cautiously searching through the case. Behind him he heard Lorna give an amused laugh.

"Darling, I've got a letter from Rosemary Axel. Do you remember? That woman with the poodle on the Ile de France?"

Panic was stirring in Bruce. The third cheque wasn't in the brief-case. Could he somehow have pulled it out with Lorna's mail? With an immense effort at calm, he crossed to the bed, sat down, and, pretending curiosity, leafed through the tumbled letters. The cheque wasn't there.

Lorna smiled at him over the letter she was reading and, leaning forward, kissed his nose.

"Rosemary sends you her love. She was mad about you. I know she's seethingly jealous of me."

Bruce's thoughts were skittering. Was it possible that Lorna could have suspected after all, could somehow have got into the brief-case and taken the cheque?



# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

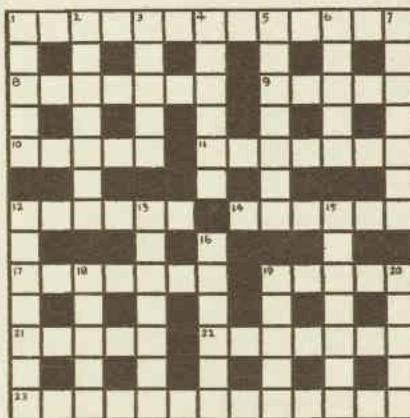
AFTER Joan and her "ghost lover" are happily married, they fly to the planet Magna to begin a new life. But Mandrake is about to begin a strange and dangerous adventure. NOW READ ON . . .



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. Is music at noon making a show of saintliness? It can (13).
8. Letting of land with a sin in leg (7).
9. Color for beginners (5).
10. Banished person (5).
11. Son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra (7).
12. Bird with the head of a porker (6).
14. Impelling force which breaks the rest in the centre (6).
17. A force that has a reciprocal effect (7).
19. Performing (5).
21. Italian city in Campania (5).
22. A goblin harmful to children (7).
23. Honest musical instruments (7, 6).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

1. What you try to do at the moment (5).
2. Approaching in anger (7).
3. Ret it, being common place (5).
4. Little Margaret obtained a grub (6).
5. Treat carelessly, though mostly gentle (7).
6. Open to view and to rev (5).
7. Transgression employs such pouch-like hollows (7).
12. Pure van (anagr. for upstarts, 7).
13. In no peg is an opportunity hidden (7).
15. Suppression of a letter is no lie (7).
16. Vouch for at examination (6).
18. Love in France, love affair here (5).
19. Capital of India (5).
20. Pledges mostly for a sage (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

## THE ORDEAL OF MRS. SNOW

### Continuing our novel

He studied her serene face, smiling close to his. No, that was inconceivable.

Then . . . Of course! The memory leaped on him like a leopard from a tree. After he'd shut the old woman in the vault, he'd taken the three cheques out of the envelope in the study to look at them. He thought — he was almost sure — that he had put all three back in the envelope. But he had been excited, confused.

He must have dropped the third cheque. Of course. It must be there now on the study floor, with the word "Forgery" screaming his guilt to whoever went into the room.

He had to get back. At once. Without losing a minute. It was the only possible thing. Somehow, without rousing Lorna's suspicions, he would have to make a complete change of plan. But how?

THE solution came to him. It was so simple that he found his self-confidence completely restored.

He'd been quite rattled for a moment. That wasn't like him. Bruce Mendham never got rattled.

He kissed Lorna's cheek. "While you're wallowing in your mail, I'll call the Baintons and tell them we're coming. They're at the hotel."

He hurried downstairs and telephoned the hotel, leaving apologies for the Baintons and explaining that he and his wife had had to return unexpectedly to New York. He went back to the bedroom, arranging his face in a mask of rueful disappointment.

"Lorna, darling, old Bainton had a mix-up. His wife had invited some people without telling him. I'm afraid the yacht's full up."

"Oh, Bruce, how annoying."

"But I've got another idea. Bainton told me that Willie Stretz was in New York. You know, big oil man from Texas. A pal of mine. It'd be a cinch to borrow the five thousand from him. But Bainton said he's leaving for Dallas tomorrow. The Emmets wouldn't think it rude of me, would they, if I pushed off to New York right now?"

"Of course not, darling." Lorna was smiling the wifely smile. Its dotting adoration had always rather irritated him. "We'll both leave this minute. I'll write a note for Sylvia."

"There's no need for you to come, too, sweetie."

"But I want to. I only said I was feeling better because I knew the yachting trip meant a lot to you. But now . . . Oh, Bruce, of course I'll go with you. As if it's any fun being anywhere without you!"

Bruce looked at her, feeling the smug contentment of a much-loved man. Well, why not? In fact, it might be better to make the "discovery" with Lorna there as a witness.

"Okay. Pack your things. Let's get out of this place as fast as possible."

As the car sped toward New York, Lorna was in an agony of suspense. She'd fooled him. Bruce thought he'd left the third cheque at the house—and he was rushing back to get it. Her plan had worked. But why had he raised so few objections to her coming with him? Was he that sure of himself. Did that mean Aunt Addy was . . . ?

She fought against the word that reared up in her mind. But didn't it have to be that? Why else would he risk her presence?—Unless he was completely certain that he

was safe, that Aunt Addy wouldn't . . . wouldn't be able to . . .

The afternoon traffic was thick and tangled. Bruce was driving like a demon. Lorna struggling with despair. Everything was lost. No, no. She mustn't feel that way. She had to go on hoping that every minute still counted, that every second that took them nearer to New York would somehow help Aunt Addy.

With a wild movement the car swerved to the right, and a report sounded like a fired gun. The highway seemed to spin around them. Then in a screech of brakes and a wrenching of tyres, the car jolted to a stop.

"Puncture."

With a curse, Bruce jumped out. Shivering, Lorna climbed out, too, watching as he changed the wheel with feverish concentration. He had given up any attempt to hide his frenzied eagerness to get back to New York.

So he thinks I'm that blind, she thought with the chilliness of complete disenchantment. He has this much contempt for my intelligence.

They started once more their headlong rush to New York. Mile fled after mile. At last they crossed the East River and were snarled in the traffic of Fifty-ninth Street. Then Bruce was drawing the car up outside the house on Sutton Place.

"Well, here we are. Pretty good time."

He was smiling his bland smile again as he helped her out on to the sidewalk. He thought he was going to win! He was still "handling" her, completely ignorant of the fact that she had the evidence to destroy him.

The fool she thought, above the jangle of her nerves. The fool!

She stood close behind him as he opened the front door with his key. They went together into the empty hall. There was a weird howling, and the two starved Siamese cats hurtled out of the living-room toward them. One of them leaped straight at Lorna.

The suddenness of the attack caught her off balance. She lost her grip on her handbag. It fell forward on to the parquet floor, sprawling out its contents.

IN a second of freezing horror, she saw the cheque marked "Forgery." It slid, face upward, to Bruce's feet.

Instantly she stooped to snatch it up, but, even as she did so, she knew she was too late. Bruce had grabbed her wrist. He jerked her up so that she was standing immediately in front of him. His face, glaring down at her, was grey with understanding and fury.

"You!" he said. "You!"

Suddenly the panic she had been suppressing for hours was unleashed in her as hysteria, and she screamed: "Where's Aunt Addy? What have you done to Aunt Addy?"

He dragged her toward him, his fingers digging into the skin of her arms; then, in an abrupt change of plan, he pushed her away. His face had completely collapsed. It was quivering and ashen and covered with sweat. He was fumbling in his pocket. He swept out his keys and brought them toward the brief-case.

The gun. Of course, the gun. Lorna threw herself at him, knocking the brief-case

sideways. He grabbed it again and lashed out at her with his fist. As she staggered backwards, he inserted the key into the lock. She threw herself at him again. Dimly she was conscious of the wailing of the cats, rolling around her like an embodiment of her own hysteria.

"Aunt Addy!" she cried. "Where is Aunt Addy?"

She was clutching at him, scratching with her nails, biting into the sleeve of his coat, screaming. She could feel his arms crushing her, feel his hot, panting breath, rancid with brandy, as they struggled together in a nightmare embrace.

And then, suddenly, as the last of her strength was ebbing from her, she felt him go limp and heavy in her grip. He tottered forward against her. Still screaming, she made an immense effort and tore herself from him as he lurched past her and collapsed on to the floor.

She was shivering and whimpering. Tears of terror were blinding her eyes. She blinked and stared. For a moment she couldn't believe . . .

There, in front of her, standing over Bruce, his face white and terrified, was little Joe Polansky. He had something in his hand. What was it? The little hand sanding machine . . .

"Joe!" "I just came in to get the machines. I heard—"

He broke off. He hadn't looked up at her. He was staring down at the unconscious Bruce. Suddenly, with savage viciousness, he kicked him. Then, jumping over him, he started running up the stairs.

Lorna stumbled after him.

"Joe!" His voice trailed down from above her, incoherent with hatred and rage.

"He locked her in. I found a note in the furnace duct. He locked Mrs. Snow up in the vault."

Mrs. Snow was conscious of light and of things — arms — twining around her, lifting her. There was motion. Was it the boat again? Was it Gordon? She could hear sounds, too—voices, but then, for a long time now, there had been voices. They weren't really voices; she knew that. They were cats.

There was something she had to say, something of vast importance that would save everything. But before she could say it, a great black sail slipped down from the mast and enveloped her.

When she opened her eyes, almost twenty-four hours later, she was looking straight into Lorna's face. How lovely to see Lorna! And the man standing behind her, wasn't it old Dr. Garner?

"Aunt Addy. Darling Aunt Addy, are you all right? The police have taken him away."

Him. Bruce. Mrs. Snow remembered everything now. But it didn't matter. It was over.

"Lorna, dear!" She felt a great sense of peace flooding through her. But there was still something on her mind. What was it? Oh, yes, of course. "Lorna, have the cats been fed?"

"Yes, yes. The cats are fine."

Mrs. Snow brought her hand up from under the covers and laid it on her niece's arm.

"I was so worried about the cats," she said.

### THE END

("The Ordeal of Mrs. Snow" is the title story of a collection by Patrick Quentin, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. on August 8, 1961.)



Wilbraham Crescent is shocked  
by a second murder . . .  
fourth part of our serial

# THE CLOCKS

By AGATHA CHRISTIE



"While you are away," Hercule Poirot asked Colin Lamb, "will you permit me to make a few researches?"

SENT to do a typing job at 19 Wilbraham Crescent. SHEILA WEBB discovered the body of a dead man, thought at first to be R. H. CURRY, an insurance agent. MISS PEBMARSH, a blind teacher who lives there, denies she has rung MISS MARTINDALE, the typing bureau's principal. COLIN LAMB, who had been passing the house as Sheila ran from it, called in DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR HARDCASTLE, explaining he had been in the district trying to find the leader of a spy ring active at a nearby naval station.

Miss Pebmarsh says she does not know the murdered man, nor can she explain how four clocks, all set at thirteen minutes past four, have appeared in her sitting-room. Her own grandfather and cuckoo clocks were still keeping the right time. But before the police can remove the strange clocks, one, a travelling clock with ROSEMARY engraved on it, disappears, and Sheila is suspected of taking it, especially when Hardcastle learns from MRS. LAWTON, her aunt, that her real name is Rosemary Sheila and that she is the illegitimate child of Mrs. Lawton's sister, ANN.

Colin and Hardcastle gain very little information from interviewing the neighbors, although MISS WATERHOUSE, who lives at Number 18, says she saw Miss Pebmarsh on the day of the murder walk toward the public phone. But MRS. HEMMING, at Number 20, and MR. BLAND, at Number 61, which backs on to Number 20, know nothing. Neither does MRS. RAMSAY, at 62, although one of her boys has found a foreign coin in Miss Pebmarsh's garden. MRS. McNAUGHTON, at Number 63, is the only one who thinks she may have seen the dead man, whose photograph has been shown to all.

Returning to London to report to his chief, Colin calls on HERCULE POIROT telling him about the murder. Later, at the inquest, it is stated the victim had been drugged before being stabbed. The inquest is adjourned and then EDNA BRENT, from the typing bureau, tries without success to speak to Hardcastle. Instead she goes to Wilbraham Crescent and later is found in the public phone box by Miss Waterhouse, strangled. Once again Sheila is under suspicion. Hardcastle, after seeing Miss Waterhouse, goes to the typing bureau. NOW READ ON:

now? You've got to find who killed that poor girl, Edna, and who played that heartless trick on Sheila. I'm strict with my girls, Inspector; I keep them up to their work and I won't allow them to be late or slipshod. But I don't stand for their being victimised or murdered. I intend to defend them and I intend to see that the people who are being paid by the State to defend them do their work." She glared at him and looked rather like a tigress in human form.

"Give us time, Miss Martindale," he said.

"Time? Just because that silly child is dead, I suppose you think you've all the time in the world. The next thing that happens will be one of the other girls is murdered."

"I don't think you need fear that, Miss Martindale."

"I don't suppose you thought this girl was going to be killed when you got up this morning, Inspector. If so, you'd have taken a few precautions, I suppose, to look after her. And when one of my girls gets killed or is put in some terribly compromising position, you'll be equally surprised. The whole thing is extraordinary, crazy! You must admit yourself it's a crazy set-up. That is, if the things one reads in the papers were true. All those clocks, for instance. They weren't mentioned this morning at the inquest, I noticed."

"As little as possible was mentioned this morning, Miss Martindale. It was only an adjourned inquest, you know."

"All I say is," said Miss Martindale, glaring at him again, "you must do something about it."

"And there's nothing you can tell me, no hint Edna might have given to you? She didn't appear worried by anything, she didn't consult you?"

"I don't suppose she'd have consulted me if she was worried," said Miss Martindale. "But what had she to be worried about?"

That was exactly the question that Inspector Hardcastle would have liked to have had answered for him, but he could see that it was not like that he would get the answer from Miss Martindale. Instead he said, "I'd like to talk to as many of your girls here as I can. I can see that it is not likely that Edna Brent would have confided any fears or worries to you, but she might have spoken of them to her fellow employees."

"That's possible enough, I expect," said Miss Martindale. "They spend their time gossiping—these girls. The moment they hear my step in the passage outside all the typewriters begin to rattle. But what have they been doing just before? Talking. Chat, chat, chitter-chat!" Calming down a little, she said, "There are only three of them in the office at present. Would you like to speak to them while you're here? The others are out on assignments. I can give you their names and their home addresses, if you like."

"Thank you, Miss Martindale."

"I expect you'd like to speak to them alone," said Miss Martindale. "They wouldn't talk as freely if I was standing there looking on. They'd have to admit, you see, that they had been gossiping and wasting their time."

She got up from her seat and opened the door into the outer office.

"Girls," she said, "Detective-Inspector Hardcastle wants to talk things over with you. You can stop work for the moment. Try to tell him anything you know that can help him to find out who killed Edna Brent."

She went back into her own private office and shut the door firmly. Three startled girlish faces looked at the inspector. He summed them up quickly and superficially,

but sufficiently to make up his mind as to the quality of the material with which he was about to deal.

A fair, solid-looking girl with spectacles. Dependable, he thought, but not particularly bright. A rather rakish-looking brunette with the kind of hairdo that suggested she'd been out in a blizzard lately. Eyes that noticed things here, perhaps, but probably highly unreliable in her recollection of events. Everything would be suitably touched up. The third was a born giggler who would, he was sure, agree with whatever anyone else said.

He spoke quietly, informally.

"I suppose you've all heard what has happened to Edna Brent, who worked here?"

Three heads nodded violently.

"By the way, how did you hear?"

They nodded at each other as if trying to decide who should be spokesman. By common consent it appeared to be the fair girl, whose name, it seemed, was Janet.

"Edna didn't come to work at two o'clock, as she should have done," she explained.

"And Sandy Cat was very annoyed," began the dark-haired girl, Maureen, and then stopped herself. "Miss Martindale, I mean."

The third girl giggled. "Sandy Cat is just what we call her," she explained.

"And not a bad name," the inspector thought.

"She's a perfect terror when she likes," said Maureen. "Fairly jumps on you. She asked if Edna had said anything to us about not coming back to the office this afternoon, and that she ought at least to have sent an excuse."

The fair one said: "I told Miss Martindale that she'd been to the inquest with the rest of us, but that we hadn't seen her afterwards, and didn't know where she'd gone."

"That was true, was it?" asked Hardcastle. "You've no idea where she did go when she left the inquest?"

"I suggested she should come and have some lunch with me," said Maureen, "but she seemed to have something on her mind. She said she wasn't sure that she'd bother to have any lunch. Just buy something and eat it in the office."

"So she meant, then, to come back to the office?"

"Oh, yes, of course. We all knew we'd got to do that."

"Have any of you noticed anything different about Edna Brent these last few days? Did she seem to you worried at all, as though she had something on her mind? Did she tell you anything to that effect? If there is anything at all you know, I must beg of you to tell me."

They looked at each other, but not in a conspiratorial manner. It seemed to be merely vague conjecture.

"She was always worried about something," said Maureen. "She gets things muddled up, and makes mistakes. She was a bit slow on the uptake."

"Things always seemed to happen to Edna," said the giggler. "Remember when that stiletto heel of hers came off the other day? Just the sort of thing that would happen to Edna."

"I remember," said Hardcastle.

He remembered how the girl had stood looking down ruefully at the shoe in her hand.

"You know, I had a feeling something awful had happened this afternoon when Edna didn't get here at two o'clock," said Janet. She nodded with a solemn face.

Hardcastle looked at her with some dislike.

He always disliked people who were wise after the event. He was quite sure that the girl in question had thought nothing of the kind. Far more likely, he thought

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ONE of the girls rose at once as Inspector Hardcastle entered the Cavendish Bureau.

"It's Detective-Inspector Hardcastle, isn't it?" she said. "Miss Martindale is expecting you."

She ushered him into the inner office. Miss Martindale did not wait a moment before attacking him.

"It's disgraceful, Inspector Hardcastle, absolutely disgraceful! You must get to the bottom of this. You must get to the bottom of it at once. No dilly-dallying about. The police are supposed to give protection and that is what we need here at this office. Protection. I want protection for my girls and I mean to get it."

"I'm sure, Miss Martindale, that—"

"Are you going to deny that two of my girls, two of them, have been victimised? There is clearly some irresponsible person about who has got some kind of—what do they call it nowadays—a fixtured or a complex about shorthand typists or secretarial bureaus. They are deliberately martyring this institute. First Sheila Webb was summoned by a heartless trick to find a dead body—kind of thing that might send a nervous girl off her head—and now this. A perfectly nice, harmless girl murdered in a telephone box. You must get to the bottom of it, Inspector."

"There's nothing I want more than to get to the bottom of it, Miss Martindale. I've come to see if you can give me any help."

"Help! What help can I give you? Do you think if I had any help I wouldn't have rushed to you with it before



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A short story complete on this page

# GREEN THUMB

By WILLARD FRAZIER

THE drive east from Los Angeles to Las Vegas is not a hard one, but in August, in a third-hand station wagon jammed with suitcases, chinaware, books, and curtains, it can be a trip through purgatory. Long before they crossed the Nevada line the young couple—the very young couple—in the front seat looked exhausted.

The desert dusk had deepened when they reached the neon outskirts of Las Vegas. The girl sat up, pushed a lock of hair from her forehead, and looked at the rainbow signs. "It frightens me, David."

"New York?" The thin young man behind the wheel laughed softly. "It's a challenge, Ann. I was lucky to land the job."

"You made your own luck. They liked your designs, and why shouldn't they? But I meant this town."

"It's only a place to spend the night. Better than most, because the hotels can take a loss on the rooms. They make it up on roulette, blackjack, slot machines."

"I don't suppose anyone but us has ever stopped in Las Vegas just to spend the night. Look at those casino signs—every one of them snarling, 'Give me your money.'"

"They won't get ours," he said. "Of course not! With ninety-five dollars and a gasoline credit card to last us to New York?"

"Eighty-five. Let's not count what you made on your herb garden. That's your money."

"All those lovely seedlings," she sighed. "I hated to sell them, but a ten-dollar bill is ten dollars, David," she said, "what are you going to do about clothes in New York? First impressions mean so much on a new job."

"I've got my blue suit." "But it's so shiny and old—not the sort of thing at all for a young mechanical genius. Somehow I see you tall and straight in grey sharkskin, with gold cuff-links in your sleeves."

"Just as long as you see me that way," he said, "the sharkskin can wait. There's our hotel."

They crossed the lobby between a double line of players, compulsively pulling the handles of a regiment of slot machines, and as they followed the bellboy to the elevator a torrent of silver spilled on to the carpet and a uniformed attendant cried, "Jackpot!"

Ann held back, watching a grey-haired woman stuff the heavy coins into her handbag. "Somebody does win, then," she murmured.

"Want to try your luck, lady?" the bellboy asked.

"Oh, no!" said Ann.

The bellboy shrugged. "The house is really paying tonight, though."

They were at their room when Ann spoke again. "How much can they get from those machines?"

"Chicken feed." The bellboy opened the door. "Most people play 'em for a stake. They take five or ten dollars, run it up to fifty or a hundred, then head for the tables."

"Feel like something to eat?" David asked Ann as the bellboy left.

"I don't think so. I haven't had much appetite lately."

"Then why don't we hit the sack? If we start early, we can put the mountains behind us tomorrow."

The click of the door-latch woke him. "Ann?" he said. He switched on the light. Her bed was empty.

He pulled on his trousers and wrinkled shirt, slipped his feet into moccasins, and had almost reached the elevator when he realised he wasn't wearing socks or necktie and ran back to the room. The door was locked, and the key gone from his pocket. Ann must have taken it. Well, he knew where to find her: at the slot machines.

But she wasn't there. He paused by the one vacant machine when a friendly voice at his left said, "I wouldn't play that bandit, pal. It's ice-cold. Some blonde just hit it for 40 bucks." Then he saw her walking like a somnambulist toward the green baize tables where the hotel's serious business was conducted. How can I stop her now, he wondered?

"Take a chance, little lady," the dealer was crooning.

"I don't even know how," she said.

"You musta played twenty-one when you were a kid. Same game."

"I always liked twenty-one," she said. "How much do I bet?"

"A thousand's the limit."

"Would fifty be all right?"

"Fifty's fine." He slid a white counter across the table, and dealt. David couldn't see her hand, but when the dealer offered her a third card she shook her head.

"Smart," said the dealer. "I got sixteen showing, so I gotta draw—and it's a jack. Bust. Here's your hundred. Let it ride?"

"Why not?" said Ann, and David closed his eyes. When he opened them again she had two hundred, and in no time at all four hundred.

"That ought to be enough," she said in a wondering voice. "He can manage nicely with that. But I suppose it isn't really fair to stop now, when I've done nothing but win."

"You win again," the dealer said. "Play the whole eight hundred? You got the golden touch."

Cards slapped the green baize, and the dealer said, "Seventeen. I stand. What you got besides that pretty face card?"

"Another face card," she said. "Really, I feel terrible about this, but I have to get back."

"Here's three five-hundreds and one make sixteen hundred," he said. "Why don't you try the wheel on the way out?" the dealer said.

Nobody could have missed it. The roulette table sat squarely in front of the exit, in case some lucky player thought of leaving with his pockets full. She needs help now, David thought, but as he moved toward her he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Sorry, sir," said a cold voice. "Neckties must be worn in the gaming room."

Looking back from the lobby door he saw her at the roulette table.



Ann pensively watched the  
roulette wheel before she  
made her play.

"Put it on red," someone said. "Red's hot."

"Odd's even hotter," another voice answered. "Or low field."

She was studying the markings on the table's felt cover. Come away, David pleaded silently.

Then she straightened. Her hand held three yellow five-hundred-dollar tokens, and her voice was confident as she said, "I'm playing these for my husband. One on black, for his hair." A counter fell to the table. "One on low for his voice, and the third on even for his temper." She fished the final hundred-dollar token from her handbag. "This goes on a number. Two, for the two of us."

He heard the whirr and rattle of the ball, then the croupier's flat monotone: "Number twenty-seven. Red, high, and odd." David walked blindly away.

When she turned the corner from the elevator and saw him waiting in front of the door of their room she stopped. "David!" she said. "You were asleep."

"The stupidest thing." He managed a smile. "I woke and found you gone, and when I went to look for you the door slammed behind me. Were you watching the gambling? It's quite a sight."

She nodded, and slid the key into the lock.

"I'd have joined you," he went on, "but I wasn't wearing a necktie."

They were inside the room now, and as the door closed once again she ran to him, pressing her face against his chest. The words came with a rush. "Oh, David, you won't believe anyone could be so foolish, but I wasn't just watching, I was gambling, and I lost... I lost..."

"How much did you lose?" he asked gently.

"The whole ten dollars from my herb garden."

"That's not worth crying about," he said. "Take my handkerchief... Sweetie, this is going to be a surprise, but it might cheer you up to hear it now. I got an advance on my salary and made a deposit on a little house in New Jersey. It has plenty of space for a herb garden, they tell me, an upstairs off the front bedroom there a nursery."

She looked up at him, startled. "How did you guess?"

"It wasn't hard," he said. "No appetite, those sick spells in the morning... That's why you wanted me to get the suit, wasn't it? And the gold cuff-links? You were afraid if I knew about the baby I'd never buy them." He held her close and said, "I've got an idea. If it's a girl we'll name her Marjoram."

"And if it's a boy?"

"Basil, of course. Let's go to bed, huh? We've got a rough drive to-morrow."

It was a long chance to take, he thought. Crossing a whole continent to an unknown future, giving up small security for big hopes, but rowing on those hopes for a house to shelter the woman he loved and the child he would come to love—it was a gamble, all right.

But one gambler in the family was enough.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 1, 1964



# THE DANCING LESSON

There was much for Simonetta to learn — an appealing short story

By **LYN ARNOLD**

ONCE Madame Martinez had danced with a world-famous ballet company. Once Madame M., as we called her, had been a Swan and a Sylphide. I, being a grandmother, having once seen Pavlova dance at what must have been the next-last if not the last of her many last performances; I, sharing the time that Madame Martinez had inhabited, pictured her also as that doll in "Petrouchka" and the slant-eyed charmer of "Scheherazade."

But now Madame M. ran a dancing school in our suburb. A mountain of flesh, gowned in black, she walked with an ebony stick, and only her flashing eyes and her flashing hands, and her sometimes flashing bare feet bore testimony to a time of stardom.

Her voice flashed, too. "Ah, no, no, no!" she would cry, and, clasping her hands, sighing sonorously, casting up her eyes to heaven, she would intone: "Oh send me dancers!"

None of the little girls, and the not so little girls, who queued up to be taught by Madame Martinez minded her wrath. Perhaps because when praise came they knew it to be heartfelt.

Madame Martinez lived in a fine, great house where once she had been . . . not kept. Ah, no, not that! We believed she had been revered by a rich admirer. It still retained the magnificence of those days.

The little girls leapt upon perfect parquet, sank to their heels beneath chandeliers that tinkled slightly.

I, as I have said, was not a mamma but a grandmamma. My age, I felt, and my experience having seen "the best" when a little girl entitled me to consider my charge, Simonetta, something quite out of the ordinary.

Of course, I knew that the . . . adoration—I don't think it was less—and the deep delight with which I watched Simonetta dance, wasn't free of a grandmother's fondness. Yet still I believed her different—something approaching Madame Martinez herself. Or even Pavlova.

Madame Martinez added fuel to my fire, for she did not say: "No, no, no!" to Simonetta, but, "No"; and while no easy adulations fell from her lips, sometimes I caught in her flashing eyes a moment's soberness. Sometimes, watching Simonetta, she would half-sigh and touch her shoulder and say: "Yes. Work, my child, and one day . . ."

Simonetta, too, had that fineness of line that belongs to the ballerina. She was not a "pretty" child. No dimpling cheeks, sparkling eyes, or flaxen curls—no simpering smiles. Not quite eight, she hadn't yet graduated to the bigger girls' class, but was in, as it were, the top class among the babies.

Some of the little girls, with an eye on Mamma, with a watch-me look, and a see-me smile (wobbling, meanwhile, upon a foot that was meant to hold the ground for the other one held aloft) would metaphorically bow to a ghostly audience; and then Madame Martinez would cry her "No, no, no!" passionately.

Simonetta, though, seemed aware of no one but herself—or, sometimes, herself and Madame Martinez. Her mouth folded in, her eyes grave, a tiny frown between winging brows telling anyone who knew of a masterful concentration, Simonetta danced.

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"Soread your arms," Madame Martinez said, tapping the floor with her stick.

*Ron Jankie*





She danced for joy, of course—that emerged, to me; but she danced to learn, to grow, to become a dancer.

"Your Simonetta has something the others lack," Madame M. announced to me one day.

"Oh," I cried, from politeness, so not to antagonise the mamas and their offspring on Simonetta's behalf. "The child's in love with dancing. So are they all, your little dancers."

I hoped perhaps with such praise to placate and silence Madame M., but now she gave what in anyone else would have been a snort. "They adore the dance," she said, and it was said with scorn, "just exactly as they adore their riding-school ponies. They like it, yes. But for them it is being fashionable, being in the swim, being, one day, courted—applauded. While Simonetta..."

The other mamas drew away with that curl of the lip which says: "Teacher's pet." And I knew I should have to be careful. One in particular who, in her middle-aged plumpness, still bore the traces of the pretty girl she had been, showed a curl of the lip not only supercilious but pitying.

For her little sprig, a five-year-old and adorably pretty, was already destined by mother for The Dance.

"I christened her Dawn," her mama told me once. "I knew even then... Just Dawn. Nothing else," she said. "Can't you see it in lights?"

If I could, I couldn't see Dawn the owner of that fame, but then perhaps I was to be mistaken.

One day Madame M. announced with a certain reserve, a certain distance, that tomorrow a Gentleman from the Films would arrive, to find among her pupils, a child to enact, as a child, a Film Star.

"This star purports to be, in the picture, a ballerina. That part of her part will naturally be faked," observed Madame M. "Will he, as they say, doubled?"

But how did they know about us, discover us here? the mothers whispered among themselves.

And Madame Martinez, not as if having heard, threw away the speech: "I am known still by a great many people."

Whisper said that the man (or his wife, or his son, or his brother—rumors differed) had once been, himself, a pupil of Madame M.'s; and wanting the classic spark in

Continued from page 29

a tiny child, hoped to find it here.

Simonetta, walking home in a flurry of snow, in her red knitted cap and scarf and gloves, wearing rubber boots, nonetheless picked her way on the pavement with a delicacy, a sureness, an exquisite unselfconsciousness that had in it—what other word would do but dedication?

"Are you looking forward to it, Simon?" I asked.

"Looking forward to what?" said Simonetta.

"Tomorrow," I said.

She paused and shook her head. "It'll waste a lot of time," she said, "in the class."

So I said nothing more. I had pondered, perhaps, on giving a warning: Don't hope for too much. But in the face of such wonderful single-mindedness, what could I say? I said nothing.

Next day, the little girls, brushed and polished, some even in party dresses (Madame M. gave a silent snort when she saw it) stood waiting under the tinkling chandeliers. And among the mamas passed a rustle of "Now you'll see."

Dawn's mama was already, in spirit, bowing, smiling, accepting bouquets, accepting thanks; being ever so slightly sorry (though in the nicest possible way, you will understand) for the other mamas, doomed to disappointment.

Leaning upon her stick, Madame Martinez made her entrance with a tall, brash, spectacled man who usurped Madame's authority.

"Now first," he said, "limber up, or what you do to begin a lesson, just as if I weren't here."

"And now," he added, "whatever exercises or steps you do next."

The class complied, looking wary, a little surprised; all but Simonetta. Nothing existed for her but the chance to perfect this step in this moment now, though perhaps she spared the shred of a thought for the not-yet-reached arabesque.

"Now," said the Gentleman. "You, you, you, you and you..."

He was separating the sheep from the goats; and the first of the chosen was Dawn, and the last of the chosen was Simonetta.

"All right," he said. "I want you to improvise—do a little dance—make it up. Whatever comes to you, what you like. Play!" he said to

the pianist; and then, to the little girls: "You can choose your music."

The chosen gathered around the piano: the sad unchosen returned to their mothers' sides.

"Very well!"

He placed them in a line: Dawn first, Simonetta last. It could have been that he put them in order of size, but I didn't think so.

Dawn took the stage. She took it with aplomb, Mother having, I guessed, rehearsed her many times for just such an occasion.

Madame Martinez, I noticed, shut her eyes, swelled her nostrils for a snort, but no sound escaped her. The music began, a pretty tinkle. Madame Martinez drew a deep shuddering breath, as if she had said: Yes, you would choose that. Pretty-pretty, it suits you.

Dawn raised an arm. Presently she raised a leg. But what she raised most were those wonderful deep blue eyes. She fluttered, she dipped, she swooped, she wobbled a bit and regained her balance. And as the music approached its end she

spare energy from the matter in hand.

Simonetta was concentrating.

And now Simonetta danced. The little girls sat upon the floor, and I saw their reflection in the great gilt-framed looking-glass that had once, I knew, graced a salon of Madame Martinez.

A whisper rustled through them; yes, almost a laugh. I stiffened furiously. Were they laughing at Simonetta? They were. For not a look did she give to the Gentleman, or to Madame Martinez, or to her fellow dancers. The only thing that counted for Simonetta was to dance.

She was in a world of her own, seeking only that will-o'-the-wisp perfection, paying her homage only to her Muse. And—ah! A tiny sound had escaped her lips, a quick joy lighted her eyes, but the joy was not for us.

Simonetta had achieved—yes, achieved at last—her desired arabesque: it was now flawless.

The music ceased. Nobody spoke. The mothers held themselves tense, with a

The little girls flocked round Dawn to say "Wonderful!" and to hide their chagrin. Only Simonetta stood quiet. The color had flooded her face when the Gentleman said, "The best dancer here." Now it rushed away, she was paler than ordinarily, a small frown knit the space between those flyaway brows; but not a frown of concentration this time, a frown of bewilderment.

Still, she squared her shoulders, a gesture I knew very well when she "pulled herself together." She joined in the little crowd who applauded Dawn. She said what was necessary, I knew, and though I could not hear, I knew also, something not untruthful.

The Gentleman, Dawn, and Dawn's Mama were in a happy conclave; happy, thrilling, that is, for them; what he felt was anyone's guests. And I heard him say, as he turned to Madame Martinez: "Easy to handle. Adores herself, and not shy. And a perfect little mimic! And pretty, of course..." She will have the audience eating her. Just enough, though.

known better than to. But that look on her that suddenly growing look that was not grow ah, I could not bear it. "Simonetta!" said I. "Stay behind."

The Gentleman said a byes; Madame M. rec these rather like royal which, I suppose, in chosen line, she was.

She waited until the little girl and mamma gone down the drive, she said: "Dance again me."

"Now," said Madame Martinez, "dance for the look glass."

Simonetta turned to h amazement.

"Yes, that is what I Dance, and watch you this time."

Simonetta danced, she stopped. "I can't," said. "It all goes if I myself."

"Yes, indeed," said I. "But I wanted to realise that. Do Dawn—that little person—never stops watching self. You can't blame child, of course, with mother like that. But Simonetta, you, too, something to learn."

Madame M. approach my granddaughter. "Sp your arms," she said, "al der him, as you did in dance."

Simonetta did so.

"You have the making said Madame Martinez, being a dancer one day, are very young. If you ch to primp and preen you win applause, as Dawn already learned to do. you, Simonetta, you learn something more."

"So far, my child, dance only for yourself, great dancer dances, yes herself, it's true, but gives herself, too, to audience. See!" cried Madame M., and she threw her stick and, smiling Simonetta, spread her in a gesture of joy.

"And now you, my d

Once again, arms spread, watching Madame M. and reaching out to that old and this new perfection, Simonetta obeyed.

"All art—all life," Madame Martinez; and of us, yet, had heard note in her voice. "All all life" she repeated, the answer to a question haps never asked, but answered always: Do you brace the world or embrace yourself?"

(Copyright)

## THE DANCING LESSON

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

sank to the floor in a curtsy not learned from Madame Martinez—one coached by Mama. I knew. Then she regained her height with outspreading arms... the arms full, one felt, of admirers' roses.

"Next!" said Madame Martinez, before the Gentleman could say anything, or the mamas applaud.

Four other little girls chose their music and danced, some well, some not so well; there was not much to choose between them.

"Now you!" the Gentleman said to Simonetta. He smiled. She almost smiled back, in so far as she could

hand outstretched, ready as it were to sustain their much-beloved, if rejected.

The Gentleman smiled. He looked Simonetta straight in the eye: No one else existed for him in that moment.

"You're far and away the best dancer here," he said. "But you're not what we want. Not!" he said, and he walked toward Dawn, with a shrug of the shoulder, a smile—it could have been rueful. "You..."

Among us there moved a flutter, a sort of reach to a climax, the break of a wave, then silence.

And then there was talk again, and congratulations.

he put in hurriedly under the fierce flash of Madame Martinez' eye, "just enough of what you've taught her for us to get away with it."

Madame Martinez moved forward and clapped her hands.

"That," she said, "is enough for today. I don't feel like teaching; you're not in a state for learning."

The little girls clustered around the doorway that led to the cloakroom; Simonetta, her face still troubled, lagged behind.

"Simonetta," I said. "Are you disappointed?"

"No."

I should, of course, have

## THE CLOCKS

Continued from page 27

"And I said really it's not our fault. We've heard some terrible news about Edna. Miss Martindale."

"And what did Miss Martindale say or do?"

"Well, she wouldn't believe it at first," said the brunette. "She said 'Nonsense. You've just been picking up some silly gossip in a shop. It must be some other girl. Why should it be Edna?' And she marched back into her room and rang up the police station and found out it was true."

"But I don't see," said Janet almost dreamily. "I don't see why anyone should want to kill Edna."

"It's not as though she had a boy or anything," said the brunette.

All three looked at Hardcastle hopefully as though he could give them the answer to the problem. He sighed. There was nothing here for him. Perhaps one of the other girls might be more helpful. And there was Sheila Webb herself.

"Were Sheila Webb and Edna Brent particular friends?" he asked.

They looked at each other vaguely.

"Not special, I don't think."

"Where is Miss Webb, by the way?"

He was told that Sheila Webb was at the Curlew Hotel, attending on Professor Purdy.

Professor Purdy sounded irritated as he broke off dictating and answered the telephone.

"Who? What? You mean he is here now? Well, ask him if tomorrow will do? Oh, very well—very well—tell him to come up."

"Always something," he said with vexation. "How can I ever be expected to do any serious work with these constant interruptions." He looked with mild displeasure at Sheila Webb and said: "Now where were we, my dear?"

Sheila was about to reply when there was a knock at the door. Professor Purdy brought himself back with some difficulty from the chronological difficulties of approximately 3000 years ago.

"Yes?" he said testily. "yes, come in, what is it? I may say I mentioned particularly that I was not to be disturbed this afternoon."

"I'm very sorry, sir, very sorry indeed that it has been necessary to do so. Good evening, Miss Webb."

Sheila Webb had risen to her feet, setting aside her notebook. Hardcastle wondered if he only fancied that he saw sudden apprehension come into her eyes.

"Well, what is it?" said the professor again, sharply.

"I am Detective-Inspector Hardcastle, as Miss Webb here will tell you."

"Quite," said the professor.

"What I really wanted was a few words with Miss Webb."

"Can't you wait? It is really most awkward at this moment. Most awkward. We were just at a critical point. Miss Webb will be disengaged in about a quarter of an hour—oh, well, perhaps half an hour. Something like that. Oh, dear me, is it six o'clock already?"

"I'm very sorry, Professor Purdy," Hardcastle's tone was firm.

"Oh, very well, very well. What is it—some motoring offence, I suppose? How very officious these traffic wardens are. One insisted the other day that I had left my car four and a half hours at a parking meter. I'm sure that could not possibly be so."

"It's a little more serious than a parking offence, sir."

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes. And you don't have a car, do you, my dear?" He looked vaguely at Sheila Webb. "Yes, I remember, you come here by bus. Well, Inspector, what is it?"

"It's about a girl called Edna Brent." He turned to Sheila Webb. "I expect you've heard about it."

She stared at him. Beautiful eyes. Cornflower-blue

eyes. Eyes that reminded of someone.

"Edna Brent, did you say? She raised her eyebrows. Yes, I know her, of course. What about her?"

"I see the news hasn't to you yet. Where did lunch, Miss Webb?"

Color came up in cheeks.

"I lunched with a friend the Ho Tung restaurant, if it's really any business yours."

"You didn't go on a wards to the office?"

"To the Cavendish Building you mean? I called in and was told it had arranged that I was to straight here to Professor Purdy at half past two."

"That's right," said the fessor, nodding his head. "Half past two. And we been working ever since. Dear me, I should ordered tea. I am very Miss Webb, I'm afraid must have missed having tea. You should have minded me."

"Oh, it didn't matter, fessor Purdy, it didn't ter at all."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—JANUARY 1,





# When to referee a FIGHT

## Hints to help parents prevent school-holiday battle fatigue

● If ever an author laid head on the chopping-block, here I am. My last speech will only be a claim that these suggestions on settling fights among children DO work.

I've seen it happen — though not necessarily always — with my own children.

Of course, some fights settle themselves. Even when sounds like imminent murder, it usually isn't. Often the combatants learn more settling their own battles.

Other fights need help from outside. Experienced mothers usually step in for one of four reasons:

1. When there is personal danger involved — for example, two children fighting over a knife.
2. When personal rights are being violated, as when the big children pick on a smaller child.
3. When there is property damage imminent — if children are playing ball next to the china cabinet.
4. When an explanation is needed — two children fighting for possession of a game checker, for example, not realising it requires two people to play.

**TAKING TURNS.** This strategy is often the basis for settling along. The grim older-on-er may be persuaded to give his pal a short

turn if you are there to see he gets the plaything back.

Taking turns on things such as swings and slippery-dips may go more smoothly if a child knows he has some possessions which are not to be shared. Having his special toys makes a child more relaxed in sharing things.

Frequently two- and three-year-olds are still hazy about "mine" and "yours," and should not be hurried into premature give and take.

Turns for older children are helped by counting. Give each child a numbered place — you be first, you be second, you be third — and then switch around. Or give each child ten pushes on the swing. Or set a timer bell so each youngster gets a five-minute turn with a toy.

Provide good examples of adult turn-taking. Our children were amazed when we explained that a traffic light really showed adults whose turn it was so the cars wouldn't collide.

**SHARING.** You can show a child that by sharing he gets to play with more and different toys.

Gather a group around a table to color and give each child a few sheets of paper and one crayon of his own. Explain that he

can either contribute his crayon to a centre pile, in exchange for the privilege of borrowing other colors, or use the crayon as his own exclusively.

Usually, one or two children will decide to pool colors. The resulting privileges and brighter pictures convince the lone wolves.

**DUPLICATION.** Try providing similar or identical toys—dolls, cars, books, puzzles — for each of the youngsters. Even young children are acutely aware of a

different games, puzzles, books.

The youngsters' individual preferences will soon become apparent, anyway.

**DIVERSION.** Stop squabbles by abruptly switching interest to something else. The mother who offers a biscuit or a shiny toy to get her car-keys back has used diversion. So has the father who makes faces or tells stories while he pushes his son into pyjamas.

Some children are highly divertible; others have the one-track, dogged determination that will move mountains. In general, the younger the child, the more divertible.

**SUBSTITUTION.** This is a forthright offer of

oring book may both use it if they decide on pictures on opposite pages, or mother clips the unused centre page with a clothespeg so the youngsters can work at opposite ends of the book.

Pages may be cut out to color and mount, too. In this way, neither child gets the whole book, although both enjoy coloring at the same time.

**ENLARGING.** In this technique, play is expanded to include more people or ideas. Example: two children occupy a cubbyhouse. Two more want to play, but there isn't room. So you suggest that the two "outs" rig up the trike and waggon and make grocery, mail, and milk deliveries.

The two "ins" phone for needs. The two "ins" may then want turns being delivery men, or perhaps all four will want "out."

The cubbyhouse may become a railroad station with more trikes and waggons hitched for a train. Along wanders baby sister, wailing because there's no room in the train for her. Who better to dress in a hat to sell tickets? The initial play idea has been enlarged.

**PAYING NO ATTENTION.** This is a simple and amazingly effective corrective. Children often try out different ways of behaving, and if they get no attention from others or fun for themselves they may drop the difficult behaviour.

For the times when this technique doesn't work, send the offender to his room or away from the group for five or ten minutes. Keep calm and matter-of-fact — he's going "until he feels better" or "until he can play better with others."

Be friendly when you let him back, or suggest he return himself when he's ready to join happily. You'll often

find him turned into a shy little angel, needing casual and friendly reinstatement.

**REMOVAL.** This is a stronger method for settling disputes, to be used when there is no chance for turns, sharing, or compromise. Explain that you will have to put the fought-over toy away or change the children's game until they can learn to play without fighting.

Go on to something else and don't return the toy or permit the same game for a day or so. One mother I know politely removes toys AND playmates until her own children stop bickering and quarrelling. She claims it clears the air in a hurry.

**SPLIT ACTIVITIES.** Much friction between brothers and sisters (parents and children, too!) is eliminated by temporary separation. Try putting one child with toys in one room and another child with toys in another for half an hour.

Or encourage the youngsters to play independently — one indoors, one out. Or feed and bathe the children one by one or in shifts and watch how the muddles untangle themselves.

**ATTRACTIVE REQUESTS.** Which would you rather hear? "What a lovely day! Let's take lunch outside. Who'll make the sandwiches?" or "Unless you stop squabbling and help me we'll never get lunch. I'm so tired."

"Go and tidy your room. It's a mess," or "I like my drawers neat with things in boxes so I can find them. Would you like this box to keep YOUR things in?"

Of course, all such manoeuvres won't work with all of the children all of the time. But some will. For the rest, your own sense of humor will help cut down on the youngsters' battles — and your battle fatigue.

By DOROTHY KIRK BURNETT

fraction of difference between the size of apples, icing on cake slices, or newness of coloring books.

It is easy to duplicate small toys, but both difficult and unwise to duplicate everything. Life doesn't pass out duplicate situations.

So, though you may start out by duplicating exactly for very young brothers and sisters, try to wean them into receiving approximate possessions — a red sweater and a blue sweater, a scooter and tricycle, two

something else, usually made with an explanation.

You remove the knife because it's sharp and give the child some crayons. You lure him away from cousin Debbie's favorite new stuffed monkey by tapping some notes on a toy xylophone, while you explain that the monkey is a special possession of Debbie's, just like his own koala.

**COMPROMISE.** Each child gives up a little. Two children fighting over a col-



## SAVORY LOAF WINS £5

● A delicious meat loaf sandwiched together with a savory stuffing mixture wins the £5 prize for a reader this week.

THIS dish can be served hot with vegetables or cold with salad greens.

All spoon measurements are level.

### SUMMER SALAD LOAF

One egg, 1lb. minced steak, 1lb. pork sausages, 1 small tomato,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon barbecue sauce, extra breadcrumbs, seasoning (see below).

Beat egg and add mince. Remove skin from sausages, add to mince with finely chopped tomato, breadcrumbs, parsley, salt, pepper, and sauces; mix well. Grease loaf-tin thickly and coat with extra breadcrumbs. Press half the meat mixture into prepared tin, spread over seasoning, then cover with remaining meat mixture. Cover with greased paper or foil, bake in moderately slow oven  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Remove from oven, pour off any excess fat. Serve hot or chill overnight and serve sliced with salad vegetables.

Seasoning: One tablespoon butter,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups soft breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 small onion (finely chopped), 1 bacon rasher (chopped), 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, grated rind  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, 1 egg or milk for binding.

Rub butter into breadcrumbs, add salt, pepper, onion, bacon, parsley, and lemon rind. Bind together with beaten egg or milk.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Broad, 20 Cyril St., Camp Hill, Qld.

## HOME HINTS

● Save time and labor doing household chores during the holiday season by following these useful tips from readers. Each one wins £1/1/-.

**A** CLEAN spring-type wooden clothes peg is ideal for decorating edges of pastry-cases and tart-shells. Hold peg in usual way, dip in plain flour, then press firmly into uncooked pastry.—Mrs. E. Fredericks, 32 Philip St., Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.

Bicarbonate of soda is a cheap and effective water softener. Add a good dessertspoon to the bath or the water for the family wash.—Mrs. D. Thomas, "Fernwood," 9 Cascade St., Wentworth Falls, N.S.W.

Grate a block of chocolate and fold it through ice-cream after final beating. Freeze in usual way.—Mrs. C. Waterworth, 17 Gardenia Rd., Risdon Vale, Tas.

Pieces of used aluminium foil no longer big enough to wrap food make excellent pot scourers, and will not rust.—M. McKenzie, 66 Hare St., Kalgoorlie, W.A.

Dip left-over scones in milk, then warm them in a moderate oven for a few minutes. The result is freshly baked scones again.—Mrs. M. Dowling, 8 Moray St., Fawkner, Vic.

Make an economical syrup for sweetening homemade orange and lemon drinks by boiling 2 cups of sugar with 1 cup water for 10 minutes. Cool, then bottle for use as required.—Geraldene Fitzgerald, 40 Constitution Rd., Windsor, Brisbane.

Tint natural pearl buttons the right color for the garment with fabric dye. Heat concentrated dye solution to boiling point, then drop buttons in it and simmer 5 minutes for a pale shade, longer for deeper color.—Miss R. Munns, c/o 16 Squirrel St., Woy Woy, N.S.W.

Sprinkle a few drops of ammonia on some cotton-wool and place in your wardrobe. It will kill moths and silverfish.—Mrs. A. Stubbs, 4 Wise St., Tamworth, N.S.W.

Before laying underfelt and linoleum on a concrete floor, paint the floor with bituminous paint. This will prevent linoleum sweating and will add years to its life.—Mrs. E. Fisher, 34 Sinclair Court, Anzac Highway, Camden, S.A.

When removing paint or varnish from table or chair legs, stand each leg in a tin partly filled with the remover. Brushed up from the tin, the remover flows back without mess or waste.—Mrs. R. Smiles, Box 10, P.O., Dalby, Qld.

As a variation of the old-fashioned rock cakes, make them smaller than usual and roll in shredded coconut before baking.—N. Fletcher, 22 Wade St., Campsie, N.S.W.

Cooked, mashed brains, seasoned with salt, pepper, and a little lemon juice and mixed into a rich thick white sauce, make a delicious mock oyster filling for patties.—Mrs. P. N. Taylor, 5 Albert Rd., Drouin, Vic.

Use fine wet string instead of rubber bands to seal jam pots. The string shrinks on drying, gives a perfect seal, and does not perish, as rubber will.—Valerie J. Buckland, 1 Clarinda Rd., Essendon, Vic.

If out of cochineal when making icing, a few drops of the water in which beetroot has been cooked will serve the purpose.—Mrs. L. Hicks, "Earl's Court," Ellamark St., Nudgee, Brisbane.

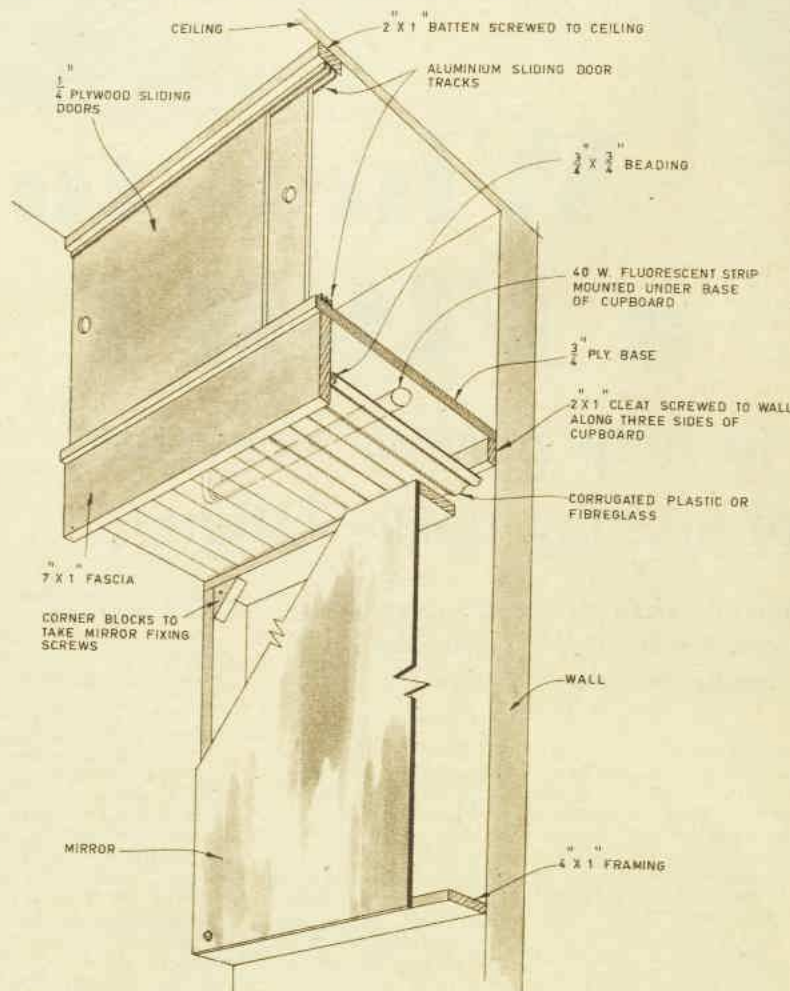
## BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN



## Space-saving cupboard for the bathroom

THESE cupboards add extra storage space to a tiny bathroom.

● Here is a new idea to utilise wasted space over the bath. There is a light under the cupboard and a large mirror on the wall.



**I**N the bathroom sketched above, storage cupboards have been built-in above the bath to make use of dead space. This is a particularly good idea for bathrooms with high ceilings.

The large mirror fixed to the wall behind the bath is a practical addition, which would make any small bathroom appear bigger.

A stool in the bathroom would make the cupboard accessible.

Because the size of the board will vary according to room dimensions, no measurements or list of materials can be given.

Handymen should be able to build this project by following the diagram at

### Hidden light

Lighting for the mirror is provided by a 40-watt fluorescent strip mounted under the cupboard. The strip is concealed behind a false ceiling of translucent plastic or fibreglass.

The translucent plastic should be cut so it is just a little larger, enabling it to be slipped out easily when it is necessary to replace the fluorescent strip.

The  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. plywood for the cupboard is supported on 3 sides by timber cleats fixed to walls.

On brick walls, cleats can be held with wall plugs and screws; on timber-framed walls, cleats can be nailed directly to studs.

A frame of  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. x 1 in. timber attached to the wall forms a mounting for the mirror, which is fixed with special mirror-fixing screws and washers. Holes for screws can be drilled by a mirror supplier.

The fluorescent strip should be installed by a licensed electrician.

A batten of  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. x 1 in. timber fixed to the ceiling provides fixing for the track. Lower track is fixed to base of cupboard. Sliding doors are available from leading hardware stores.

The sliding doors are made from  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. plywood.

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# AT HOME

## with Margaret Sydney

● At this time of the year, with its holiday picnics and parties, most women begin to wonder which will give out first—their strength or their wardrobe. As I'm fairly long on one and very short on the other, it's always my wardrobe that loses the battle.

THIS New Year state of complete exhaustion of the wardrobe isn't helped by having daughters. One rule that clothes are sacred to the original owner and that no one else wear them.

Maternal pride is what gets you down. I want them to look nice. Your hard heart is melted by the cry, "But I haven't anything to wear that everyone hasn't at least a million times," and you think, ah well, it doesn't matter for once. New last words.

In our household an acute observer could be able to work out who owns a piece of clothing (i.e., who paid for it in the beginning) by listening carefully when it is mentioned.

Kay says, "All right, you wear the low skirt to the Robinsons tonight and wear it to Joan's party tomorrow," any other overhearing the conversation would know that (in a strictly legal sense) the skirt is mine.

Kay and Di use the possessive pronoun their own clothes (my hat, my blue dress, my brown shoes) and the definite article (the yellow skirt, the green handbag) those things they regard as being in the common domain — to be used by whoever gets in first.

Hugh seems to get some amusement out of the argument that this gives rise to; I doubt if he'll find it nearly so amusing when Mike's grown up and begins to work the same racket!

### New Year's Eve advice

#### from centuries ago . . .

FOR those "modest drinkers as sometimes in company are drawn, rather forced to pledge in full bowls than quaffing companions as they would be loth to offend," Sir Hugh gave some valuable advice in 1594 that will do as well for New Year's Eve as for any other.

Drink first a good large draught of Sallet Oyle, for that will float upon the spirits from ascending into the Braine. To what quantitie soever of newe milke you drinke first, you may well drinke thrice as much wine after, without danger of being sicke. But howe sicke you shall bee with prevention, I will not heere determine. Which was wise of him, perhaps, in case the simpleton, on his advice, decided to drink a bucket of new milk, followed by a glass of wine!

Suppose the Sallet Oyle and the newe milke don't work, you may want an "After Drinking Cure for the Heide-ake." This was published in a book called Medical Experiences in the 1600s, so it's practically a doctor's prescription.

Take green Hemlock that is tender, and cut it in your Socks, so that it may lie between them and the Soles of your feet; shift the Herbs once a Day. If you've forgotten the Oyle and the Hemlock fails to work be-

fore you feel it's time to change your socks, here's a cure-all that was advocated by that outstanding French gourmet Brillat-Savarin as late as the first part of the 19th century.

"Let, then, every man who has drunk too deeply from the cup of pleasure, every man who has devoted to work a considerable part of the time due to sleep, every man of wit who feels that he has temporarily become stupid, every man who finds the air damp, the weather unendurable, or time hanging heavy on his hands, every man tormented with some fixed idea which deprives him of the liberty of thinking — let all such people, we say, prescribe to themselves a good pint of chocolate mixed with amber in the proportion of from 60 to 70 grains to the pound, and they will see wonders."

It might, as well, be a useful pick-me-up for every housewife who has coped with Christmas, every mother battling through long holidays, and every examinee still on tenterhooks over exam results!

### Just how long is a cocktail party?

ONE of the most urgent social questions these days is how long is a cocktail party? Nobody knows, least of all the poor hostess.

I always remember Gilbert Harding's advice in his Book of Manners, which was that it did no harm to put the word "precisely" after the 7.30 p.m. or 8 p.m., which indicates, on your invitation, the end of the affair.

In the first place, I wouldn't be game to do it. And in the second, would anyone take any notice?

People's invitations seem to be getting vaguer and vaguer — especially those delivered by telephone.

Hugh and I were caught recently by an invitation for 7.30. Now most of our friends have children, and if they have people to dinner they ask them for 7.30 so that the juvenile bathing and bedding can be finished first.

We arrived a few minutes after half past seven, empty and expecting to be fed, to find the family on the last mouthfuls of their meal and full of apologies because they hadn't finished. If we'd known them well we'd have said, "Hey, we haven't eaten"; but we didn't, and so we sat through a long evening, empty and not expecting to be fed.

There was a certain amount of hungry bickering on the way home about whose fault that was, but I stick to it that our hostess should either have said "Come to dinner" or "Come in after dinner" on such and such a night, and not left it to us to work out by telepathic means what the invitation meant.

That part of the invitation is easy to deal with, if you're firm. It's the other end of the evening that presents problems.

When I'm really old I intend to adopt the method used by the Duke of Bedford's aunt. She used to talk to herself, and guests who overstayed their welcome were likely to hear her exclaim in a loud stage whisper, "I wish they'd go! I wish they'd go!"

● Mum was of a retiring disposition. With a family of nine to care for she didn't get out much. Then she took up an outside interest. Her bemused husband describes the changes which followed.

## It all started when Mum joined the choir

● We have been happily married for over 22 years and the love I hear my wife is wrapped up in the care and welfare of our nine children ranging from three to 21 years of age.

OUR chief family burden is what is generally referred to as "keeping our heads above water."

Usually my wife and I discuss our financial problems, or anything else affecting the family or ourselves, before dropping off to sleep at night.

One fateful night (as it turned out) my wife remarked casually, "I think I'll join the church choir. They're appealing for volunteers."

Knowing my wife likes singing, I replied: "Well, there's nothing to stop you. You don't get out much — it would be a bit of a change and interest for you."

Little did I realise then what repercussions this joining the choir business would have on our home life, our finances, and my wife herself!

Actually, the effect on our home wasn't too bad at the start, as choir practice was only one night a week, when I was left to baby-sit and attend to the family generally.

But from then on it became two nights a week, which made it a bit harder on the home front.

Then one night my wife came home rather later than usual, all agog with the announcement: "We are going to give a concert in the church hall."

From then on the plot really thickened . . .

As the all-important event drew nearer, choir practice extended to several nights a week, with some afternoon sessions thrown in for good measure. As our family circle had always been intact, we all began to miss Mother in many ways.

### Like Cleopatra

However, this was not all. At all hours of the day and night Mum would sit at the piano practising her songs. It even became the usual thing for the family lying in bed in the early morning to hear Mum harmonising such songs as "Smile the While You Kiss Me Sad Adieu."

These seemed appropriate words, indeed! A few nights before the concert a bombshell fell upon my ears.

"In order to appear on stage looking as nice as the other members of the

choir," Mum said, "I must have a hairdo."

This was something almost unprecedented — although I must confess that since the last time Mum had had a perm her locks had become a bit grey and straggly.

My wife returned from the hairdressers a much-changed woman.

I admit that I had expected to see an improvement in her appearance. But little did I expect her to return with jet-black hair.

And to cap the lot this gleaming black hair was piled up in a style similar to that of a glamorous young TV star.

I could still recognise the old loving face of my dear better half, but above that she looked like Cleopatra.

### A READER'S STORY

As each member of the household arrived and caught their first glimpse of Mother, their eyes almost started out of their heads.

And: "Why, Mother! You look 20 years younger . . .!"

With my strong leaning to the practical, I was inwardly whispering, "This is going to cost a pretty penny!" But I found out afterwards that in the hairdo field they don't count in pennies but in guineas.

Despite the cost of the transformation, I felt myself falling in love with my girl over again. Even at my mature age, I felt myself in the happy mood of a young lover of 17.

But the change wrought in me was nothing compared to the change in my better half.

From the moment she returned from the hairstylist she appeared to be walking on air. "I feel just wonderful," she said.

I learned something here. Something I am determined to act upon in the future. Whenever my wife appears to be off color I will not send her to the doctor — but to the local hairstylist. (This I would confidentially recommend to other husbands as being more economical in the long run.)

Psychologically my wife is also a much-changed woman. She now appears to be able to brush off most of the petty cares that used to tend to make her irritable.

She has become kinder, gentler, and more considerate to all members of our family.

In the past she was of a retiring disposition, but now she has come out of her

shell, is more self-assertive with friends and acquaintances, and takes a keener interest in the cultural arts.

In the household, she has a stronger tendency toward making everything more attractive and comfortable — just as if everything has to match up to her newly acquired ego.

I include all this on the credit side of the hairdo.

### New hat, too!

On the other hand, the guineas for the concert were yet to pile up.

It seems it became "absolutely essential" that my wife should have a new hat to match her new hairstyle — the old dowdy one would be quite out of place now.

Next, a new dress for the concert was an absolute "must." And how could anyone stand on the concert platform before a large and critical audience in her old shoes?

What could a loving and devoted husband do but pay up and LOOK BIG?

It was here that my beautiful teenage daughter stepped into the picture and said: "Mother, your hair looks lovely, but your face looks awfully out of place. You must have a facial!"

The following night a smartly attired lady knocked on the front door and asked to see Mum.

This "beauty expert" took my wife into the front bedroom and (from what I could gather later) extracted several ounces of what she called "grime" from Mum's face, then added a miraculous but costly lotion which gave a peach-like bloom to her skin.

Then an expensive phial of lipstick was needed to match all the rest.

Came the night of the concert. I had to take all the family, bring Auntie over in the car, pay for all the tickets, and sport them all soft drinks and ice-cream at interval.

I must say the choir acquitted themselves well, and inwardly I felt proud to see my wife on stage looking so young and beautiful.

At the close of the concert, Father D — complimented the choir on its performance. And added, "It was so good that we must have another concert in the near future."

"WHAT?" I thought. "NOT ALL THAT LOT OVER AGAIN!"

— "Dad," Vic.  
(Name and address supplied)



# TOMATOES...for breakfast, lunch, dinner

● Red, ripe tomatoes, full of rich flavor, are now in bountiful supply, so make full use of them by serving dishes that feature tomatoes at any meal.

**TOMATOES** are universally popular because of their delicious taste, their high food value, and the attractive color they add to so many dishes—soups, salads, sauces, savories, and an almost unlimited variety of main-course dishes.

In this feature is a variety of recipes based on tomatoes, to serve at breakfast, lunch, or dinner, as well as some special salads, and new ways of using tomatoes for consommé, a dressing, a side dish, and sauces, chutneys, and preserves.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used. Recipes serve 4 to 6 unless otherwise stated.

## BREAKFAST . . .

### GRILLED TOMATOES

Six large firm tomatoes, salt and pepper, 1 cup fine, dry breadcrumbs, 1 cup grated cheese, butter, chopped parsley, bacon rashers.

Cut tomatoes into  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in.-thick slices, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dip in mixture of the grated cheese and crumbs, arrange on greased grill. Dot with butter, grill until well browned on both sides. Dust with chopped parsley, serve with crisp slices of bacon.

### SCRAMBLED TOMATOES

Two pounds tomatoes, salt and pepper, 2 teaspoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  onion (grated), 2oz. butter, chopped parsley, buttered toast.

Peel tomatoes, chop coarsely. Place in saucepan with the salt, pepper, sugar, and onion. Cover, cook slowly about 20 minutes, or until tomatoes are soft. Remove cover, and, if very juicy, boil rapidly about 5 minutes. Remove from heat, check seasoning, and stir in butter, bit by bit. Dust with chopped parsley. Pile tomatoes on thick slices of buttered toast. Serve immediately.

### TOMATO OMELET

Three ripe tomatoes, little oil, 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt and pepper, little cream, 4 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, 1 tablespoon water.

Peel, seed, and chop tomatoes, put into saucepan with the oil and onion. Cook quickly until soft, stirring and shaking pan occasionally. Rub through sieve. Return to saucepan, cook until mixture reduces to thick sauce. Season well.

Beat eggs with fork, adding salt, pepper, and water. Melt butter in omelet pan, pour in eggs, cook quickly until lightly set. Pour about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of tomato mixture into omelet and fold it over. Carefully slide on to hot dish. Add a little cream to remaining tomato mixture, pour round omelet. Serve immediately. Serves 2.

Note: To save time in the morning, prepare the tomato mixture the night before.

### BAKED EGGS WITH TOMATOES

Six medium tomatoes, 4 teaspoons butter, browned bread-crumbs, salt and pepper, eight eggs.

Peel tomatoes, remove seeds; chop finely. Place teaspoon of melted butter in each of 4 ramekin dishes, cover bottom of each dish with layer of crumbs. Add tomato slices, season with salt and pepper. Bake in moderate oven 5 minutes. Remove from oven, carefully break 2 eggs into each dish. Return dishes to oven, bake eggs 6 to 10 minutes, or until they reach desired degree of firmness. Serve immediately.

## LUNCH . . .

### STUFFED TOMATOES A LA GREQUE

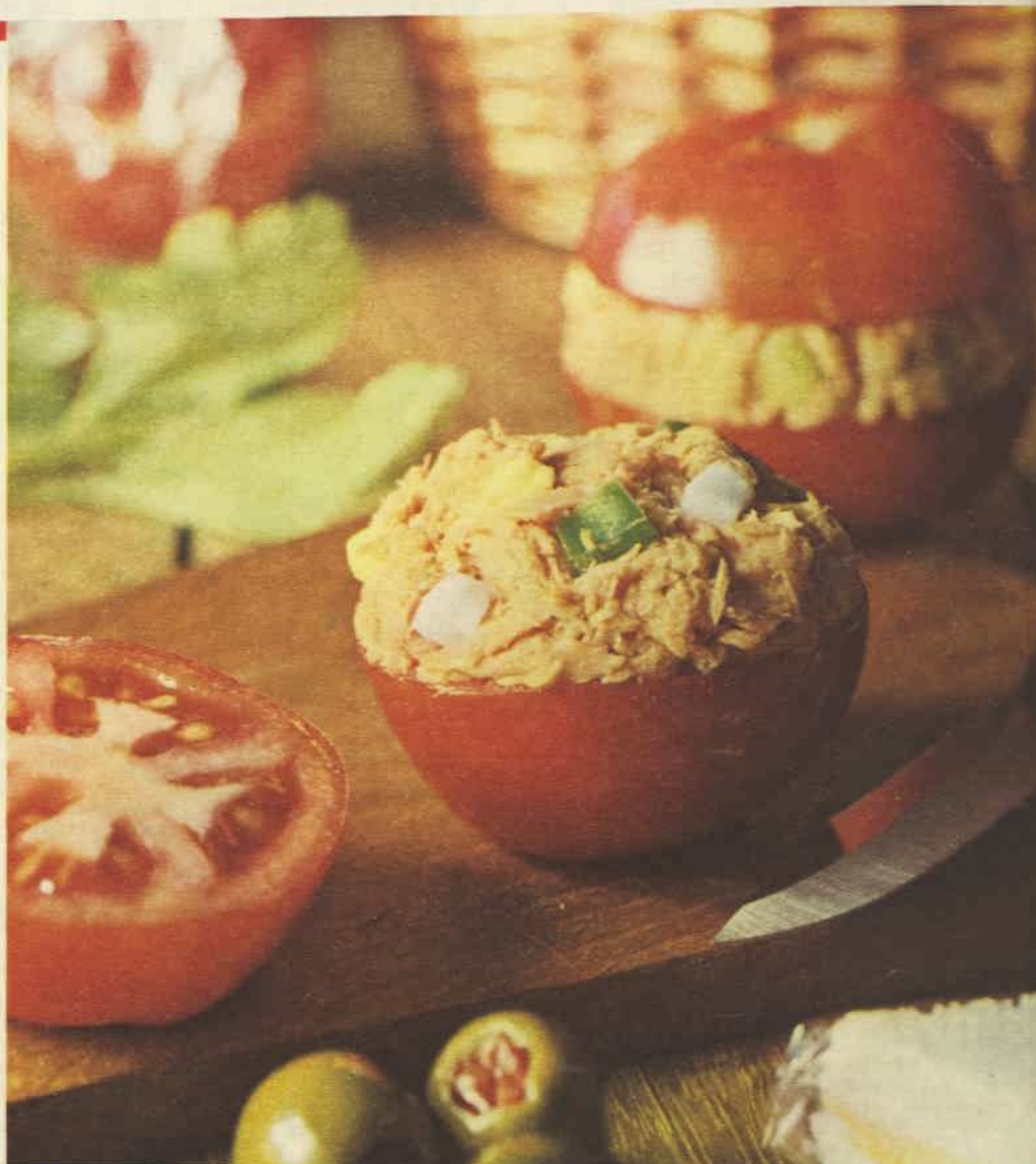
Twelve large tomatoes, 2 cups cooked rice, 1 medium-sized onion (chopped), 2 tablespoons currants, 1 clove garlic (crushed), salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon parsley.

Remove tops from tomatoes, scoop out flesh, removing seeds, and mix well with the rice. Add the onion, currants, garlic, pepper, salt, and parsley; mix well. Stuff tomatoes with this mixture, place in greased ovenproof dish. Cover, bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

Note: Finely chopped leftover beef or lamb could be incorporated in filling.

### TOMATO AND PRAWN SOUP

One pound onions, 2lb. tomatoes (peeled, seeds removed), 2 tablespoons oil, salt and pepper, 1 bayleaf, few chopped leaves of fresh basil (if available — otherwise use pinch of dried basil), 1 clove garlic (crushed),  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints stock or water, 1lb. prawns, 1oz. vermicelli, parsley, crusty bread.



**TUNA-TOMATOES**, colorful, delicious, and easy to prepare, is one of the dishes based on tomatoes in this cookery feature. See the recipe below.

Cook onions in the hot oil until soft and golden. Then add chopped tomatoes, salt, pepper, bayleaf, basil, and garlic; simmer until tomatoes are soft. Add stock or water, cook slowly 20 minutes. Rub soup through sieve or puree in electric blender. Return to saucepan, bring to boil, put in the vermicelli (broken into small pieces) and prawns. Cook further 10 minutes, dust with chopped parsley. Serve immediately with salad and crusty french bread or garlic bread.

### TUNA-TOMATOES

Six medium-sized tomatoes, salt and pepper, 7oz. can tuna, 1 dessertspoon chopped green pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped celery, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon prepared mayonnaise, squeeze lemon juice.

Halve tomatoes, scoop out pulp. Sprinkle shells with salt and pepper. Combine tuna, green pepper, celery, hard-boiled eggs, and mayonnaise. Season to taste with salt, pepper, lemon juice. Fill tomato shells with mixture, then sandwich them together. Serve thoroughly chilled with green salad.

### SPAGHETTI WITH FRESH TOMATO SAUCE

One pound ripe tomatoes (peeled and seeded), little oil, 1 clove garlic (crushed), salt and pepper, handful of chopped parsley,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. spaghetti, boiling salted water, butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup grated parmesan cheese, crusty french bread.

Heat the oil in frying-pan, add the chopped tomatoes. Cook until soft but not mushy, then add garlic, salt, pepper, and parsley. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until just tender; drain, rinse under running water. Place in serving-dish, top with lump of butter; keep warm. Stir the grated cheese into the sauce, boil quickly over high heat a few minutes (if sauce seems too thin). Check seasoning, then pour over spaghetti. Serve with crusty french bread.

## DINNER . . .

### CHICKEN, HUNTER-STYLE

One roasting chicken, 3 tablespoons oil, 1 small onion (chopped), 1 small green pepper (chopped, with seeds moved), 1 stick celery (finely chopped), 1 clove garlic (crushed), sprig of fresh rosemary or pinch of dried rosemary, 3 large tomatoes (peeled and seeded), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dry red wine,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms (sliced), salt and pepper.

Cut chicken into joints, brown on all sides in the hot oil. Add the onion, green pepper, celery, garlic, seasoning, rosemary. Allow vegetables to soften and brown slightly, add chopped tomatoes, parsley, and wine. Cover pan, simmer until chicken is almost tender. Slice mushrooms, add to casserole; simmer further 15 minutes. Transfer chicken to serving-dish, cook sauce over high heat 5 minutes. Check seasoning, pour over chicken.

### VEAL WITH TOMATOES

Piece of roasting veal weighing about 3lb. (boned leg, or piece of fillet), 1 clove garlic, salt and pepper, 12 tomatoes (peeled and seeded), 12 small onions (peeled), 2 shallots (chopped), sprig of rosemary, 1 teaspoon salt, chopped parsley.

Cut garlic into slivers, insert in meat. Rub all over with salt and pepper, brown on all sides in the heated oil. Roast, add whole tomatoes, baby onions, shallots, rosemary and sugar. Cover pan, cook gently until meat is tender.

To serve: Make bed of the onions on serving-plate, arrange veal on top, surround with tomatoes. Sprinkle with parsley, serve immediately.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN





**TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL:** Serve it icy cold in tall tumblers to enjoy the tangy, zestful taste. The recipe in the miscellaneous section below gives ingredients to enhance the spicy flavor.



**POTATO-TOMATO SALAD:** This salad, scattered with toasted, chopped nuts, looks gay and colorful and is delicious. It teams well with cold lamb, beef, or chicken. The recipe is given in the salad section below.

### TRIPE CATALANE

Two pounds tripe, 1 quart water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dry white wine, onions (chopped), 2 carrots (diced), 2 leeks (chopped), sprigs parsley, sprig of thyme, bayleaf.

Mash tripe thoroughly, put into large saucepan with the water, wine, vegetables, and herbs. Cover, simmer until tender (at least 2 hours). Drain, cut into small pieces. Assemble the following ingredients:

One onion (finely chopped), 4 tomatoes (peeled, seeded, chopped), 2oz. butter, sprig of thyme, leaf of basil, marjoram (or 1 teaspoon mixed dried herbs),  $\frac{1}{2}$  bayleaf, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 cup dry white wine, bread, black olives.

Melt onion in the melted butter, add the tripe. Cook 5 minutes and add tomatoes. Then stir in the herbs, nutmeg, 1 tablespoon of the parsley, salt, pepper, half the garlic. Cook over moderate heat 5 to 10 minutes, then pour on the wine. Bring to the boil, reduce slightly, then cover and simmer 10 minutes. Sprinkle over the remaining parsley and olive oil. Serve with slices of buttered rye bread and black olives.

### HUNGARIAN GOULASH

Three ounces butter, 1lb. onions (sliced), 2lb. topside of beef, 2 tablespoons seasoned flour, 1 tablespoon paprika, 1lb. potatoes (peeled, seeded, and chopped), 1 wineglass dry red wine, stock, bouquet garni, salt and freshly ground pepper, small potatoes (peeled and parboiled), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Melt the butter in heavy saucepan and put in the onions. Cook slowly until soft and brown; remove from heat. Cut into cubes, roll first in paprika, then in seasoned flour. Brown meat in the pan and add the tomatoes and browned onions. Cook a few minutes, then pour on the wine. Sprinkle with any remaining flour and paprika, add sufficient stock to cover, the bouquet garni, salt and pepper. Cook in slow oven or simmer over gentle heat  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours, stirring occasionally. Drain off sauce, put through sieve (if desired). Return to saucepan, together with potatoes. Cook further 10 minutes. Dust with parsley.

Serve Goulash with hot buttered noodles topped with onion seeds. Or spoon generous helpings over white fluffy rice.



**SPAGHETTI WITH FRESH TOMATO SAUCE:** Easy to make, economical lunch dish with true Italian flavor. See opposite page.

## SALADS . . .

### TOMATO-CREAM SALAD

Remove skins from 6 to 8 small, round tomatoes. Arrange them (whole) in salad bowl or silver dish. Pour over a dressing consisting of  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint thick cream flavored with a little salt and handful of chopped parsley.

### POTATO-TOMATO SALAD

(This is an excellent accompaniment for cold chicken.)

Two pounds peeled, boiled potatoes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup french dressing, 2 shallots (chopped), 2 sticks celery (chopped), 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, 3 large tomatoes (cut into wedges),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped toasted nuts.

Dice boiled potatoes, place in bowl. Pour over the french dressing while potatoes are still hot; set aside until cool. When cold, mix in shallots and celery, arrange in mound on serving-platter. Surround platter with lettuce leaves, top with tomato wedges. Mix chives with mayonnaise, pour over potatoes. Scatter nuts on top, serve immediately.

### DANISH TOMATO SALAD

(Quantities as required)

Tomatoes, onions, salt, pepper, sugar, chives, basil, french dressing.

Peel and slice tomatoes. Peel 1 onion for every 6 tomatoes. Divide onion into rings, put in bottom of salad bowl. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, sugar. Then sprinkle over chopped chives and little dried basil. Top with tomato slices, sprinkle with chives and basil once again. Season with salt and pepper. Pour over sufficient french dressing (3 parts oil to 1 of vinegar) to moisten thoroughly; cover dish tightly, refrigerate at least 4 hours.

### TOMATOES GUACAMOLE

Eight ripe tomatoes (peeled), 2 ripe avocado pears, juice of 1 lemon, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt and pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon chilli powder, 4 tablespoons finely chopped celery or green pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Slice tops off tomatoes, remove pulp and seeds. Cover with aluminium foil, chill until ready to use.

Peel avocados, mash with wooden spoon, adding lemon juice, onion, crushed garlic, salt, pepper, chilli powder, and celery or green pepper; blend in half the tomato pulp. Just before serving, fill each tomato case with avocado mixture. Sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

## MISCELLANEOUS . . .

### TOMATO AND ORANGE CONSOMME

Blend together 3 cups each of tomato juice and strained orange juice; add squeeze of lemon juice, salt, and freshly ground pepper. Serve consommé hot or cold sprinkled with chopped chives or mint.

### TOMATO CHUTNEY

One dessertspoon butter, 1 whole dried red chilli,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cumin seed,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon each nutmeg and mustard seed, 4 medium-sized tomatoes (peeled and cut into slices),  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, 1oz. raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar.

Melt butter in saucepan, add the crumbled chilli, cumin seed, nutmeg, and mustard seed. When the seeds start to jump, add tomatoes. Quarter the lemon half, place on top. Simmer 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Add raisins and sugar, simmer, stirring occasionally, until thickened (about 30 minutes). Chill. If desired, pack into sterilised jars and seal. Otherwise store in refrigerator.

### TOMATOES WITH CREAM

(A delicious side dish)

Six large tomatoes, seasoned flour, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 cup cream, chopped parsley.

Cut tomatoes into thick slices, dip each in seasoned flour. Melt butter in large frying-pan, add tomato slices, sprinkle with half the brown sugar; cook over moderate heat until

## History of Tomatoes

• The origin of the tomato has been traced to Mexico, where the natives have grown it for food since prehistoric times.

HOWEVER, it was slow to be accepted as a food in other countries because the flowers of the tomato plant bore a marked resemblance to those of the deadly nightshade. Nightshade berries, too, look like miniature tomatoes. It was believed tomatoes might be equally poisonous.

It has been said it was a brave man who ate the first oyster. But equally as brave did people consider an American architect and gentleman farmer named Robert John-

son, who in 1820 invited his townsfolk to watch him eating red tomatoes without ill effect.

From that time tomatoes were accepted as a popular food in America.

Tomatoes were grown in Italy in the middle part of the 16th century. They called it "poma d'oro," or "golden apple," indicating that the first tomatoes grown there were yellow in color.

The French called it "pomme d'amour"—the "apple of love."

slices are brown underneath. Turn carefully, sprinkle with remaining sugar; cook slowly until tender. Pour over the cream, continue to cook until it begins to bubble. Arrange tomatoes on warm serving-dish, pour sauce over, dust with little finely chopped parsley. Serve immediately.

### TOMATO FRENCH DRESSING

One small can condensed tomato soup,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup vinegar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups oil,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, juice 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard.

Combine all ingredients in jar. Cover and shake thoroughly. Store in refrigerator.

### TOMATO QUETTA

Five pounds ripe, firm tomatoes, boiling water, 1oz. green ginger, 1oz. garlic, 1 small red chilli, 2oz. currants, 2oz. sultanas, 1oz. salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. white sugar, 1 cup malt vinegar.

Pour boiling water over tomatoes, let stand few minutes; drain. Peel skins from tomatoes, cut tomatoes into pieces and place in large saucepan. Add finely sliced ginger, garlic, chilli, then currants, sultanas, salt, sugar, vinegar. Boil very quickly, uncovered, approximately 1 hour or until mixture is very thick and reduced to half quantity; stir frequently. When cooked, mixture should be bright red color. Cool slightly, spoon into clean, dry jars.

### RIPE TOMATO MARMALADE

Fifteen medium-sized tomatoes, 2 small oranges, 2 small lemons,  $\frac{7}{8}$  cups sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 sticks cinnamon.

Scald tomatoes, remove skins. Mash tomatoes, retaining all juice and discarding hard cores. Measure pulp and juice (there should be 10 cups). Thinly slice oranges and lemons, including rinds; leave slices whole. In large saucepan combine tomato, orange, and lemon slices, sugar, salt, cinnamon sticks. Bring to the boil and boil gently, stirring frequently, until thickened (about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours). Remove from heat, discard cinnamon sticks. Pour into hot sterilised jars. Seal immediately.

### TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

Four cups tomato juice, 1 bayleaf, 3 cloves,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper, 1 small diced onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup crushed celery leaves.

Combine all ingredients in a jug or basin and cover tightly, allow to stand for several hours. Strain before serving.





A JAPANESE TORII GATE frames the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davis, at Leura, N.S.W. Called "Ishi Yama" (rocky mountain), the tiny house is surrounded by a lovely garden. Irises line the white marble driveway, and carport (right) has been designed to look like a shoji screen.

## ON A MOUNTAIN TOP *Japanese design in house and garden*



SLIGHTLY UPTURNED EAVES help give the house its oriental charm. At side entrance is a potted willow tree (a common sight in Japan), and there are weathered stones everywhere.



TERRACE OVERLOOKS mountain view and rock garden filled with low plants and bonsai. Mrs. Davis turned overflow from water barrel into a trickling stream. A barbecue is at right.





**WATER BARREL**, a traditional feature of all Japanese homes, was made locally as a surprise by Mr. Davis for his wife. Water is turned on under terrace, flows through pipes hidden in bamboo. The *fatsia japonica* growing near barrel adds color.

Continued on  
page 39

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

● A rocky ledge at Leura, N.S.W., overlooking a breathtaking panoramic view of the Blue Mountains, was chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davis as a perfect building site.

**T**HIS tiny, one-bedroomed house was "the smallest we could build to comply with local building regulations," said Mrs. Davis, who is president of The Garden Club of Australia.

The white-painted asbestos cement exterior has black vertical battens and eaves. It was designed by retired architect John Dennison Miller to in-

clude some of Mrs. Davis' ideas, culled from two trips to Japan.

It's a house where the "garden gets top priority," said Mrs. Davis. And the results of their hard work are clearly seen in these photographs.

Among the plants in the garden are magnolias, crab apple, tulips, holly, bamboo, and a weeping cherry tree.



**LIVING-ROOM** is dominated by a large picture window framing the magnificent view. Fireplace wall is covered with bamboo-patterned grasspaper; furnishings are colorful and comfortable.



**NATURAL ROCK POOL** to encourage mountain birds is set in the front garden under a tree. Unobtrusive seed container, river pebbles, and lantern complete the setting.



"Very remiss of me," said the professor, "very remiss. But there, I mustn't interrupt, since the inspector wants to ask you some questions."

"So you don't know what's happened to Edna Brent?" "Happened to her?" asked Sheila, sharply, her voice rising. "Happened to her? What do you mean? Has she had an accident or something—been run over?"

"Very dangerous, all this speeding," put in the professor.

"Yes," said Hardcastle, "something's happened to her." He paused and then said, putting it as brutally as possible, "She was strangled about half past twelve, in a telephone box."

"In a telephone box?" said the professor, rising to the occasion by showing some interest.

Sheila Webb said nothing. She stared at him. Her mouth opened slightly, her eyes widened. Either this is the first you've heard of it or you're a damn good actress thought Hardcastle to himself.

"Dear, dear," said the professor, "strangled in a telephone box. That seems very extraordinary to me. Very extraordinary. Not the sort of place I would choose myself. I mean, if I were to do such a thing. No, indeed. Well, well. Poor girl. Most unfortunate for her."

"Edna—killed! But why?" "Did you know, Miss Webb, that Edna Brent was very anxious to see you the day before yesterday, that she came to your aunt's house, and waited for some time for you to come back?"

"My fault again," said the professor guiltily. "I kept Miss Webb very late that evening, I remember. Very late indeed. I really still feel very apologetic about it. You must always remind me of the time, my dear. You really must."

"My aunt told me about that," said Sheila, "but I didn't know it was anything special. Was it? Was Edna in trouble of any kind?"

"We don't know," said the inspector. "We probably never shall know. Unless you can tell us?"

"I tell you? How should I know?" "You might have had some idea, perhaps, of what Edna Brent wanted to see you about?"

She shook her head. "I've no idea, no idea at all." "Hasn't she hinted anything to you, spoken to you in the office at all about whatever the trouble was?"

"No. No, indeed she hasn't—hadn't—I wasn't at the office at all yesterday. I had to go over to Landis Bay to one of our authors for the whole day."

"You didn't think that she'd been worried lately?" "Well, Edna always looked worried or puzzled. She had a very—what shall I say—diffident, uncertain kind of mind. I mean, she was never quite sure that what she thought of doing was the right thing or not. She missed out two whole pages in typing Armand Levine's book once and she was terribly worried about what to do then, because she'd sent it off to him before she realised what had happened."

"I see. And she asked you all your advice as to what she should do about it?" "Yes. I told her she'd better write a note to him quickly because people don't always start reading their typescript at once for correction. She could write and say what had happened and ask him not to complain to Miss Martindale. But she said she didn't quite like to do that."

"She usually came and asked for advice when one of these problems arose?"

Continued from page 30

"Oh, yes, always. But the trouble was, of course, that we didn't always all agree as to what she should do. Then she got puzzled again."

"So it would be quite natural that she should come to one of you if she had a problem? It happened quite frequently?"

"Yes. Yes, it did."

"You don't think it might have been something more serious this time?"

"I don't suppose so. What sort of serious thing could it be?"

Was Sheila Webb, the inspector wondered, quite as much at ease as she tried to appear.

"I don't know what she wanted to talk to me about," she went on speaking faster and rather breathlessly. "I've no idea. And I certainly can't imagine why she wanted to come out to my aunt's house and speak to me there."

**H**ARDCASTLE looked at her and said, "It would seem, wouldn't it, that it was something she did not want to speak to you about at the Cavendish Bureau? Something, perhaps, that she felt ought to be kept private between you and her. Couldn't that have been the case?"

"I think it's very unlikely. I'm sure it couldn't have been at all like that." Her breath came quickly.

"So you can't help me, Miss Webb?"

"No. I'm sorry. I'm very sorry about Edna, but I don't know anything that could help you."

"Nothing that might have a connection or a tie-up with what happened on the 9th of December?"

"You mean—that man—that man in Wilbraham Crescent?"

"That's what I mean."

"How could it have been? What could Edna know about that?"

"Nothing very important, perhaps," said the inspector, "but something. And anything would help. Anything however small." He paused. "The telephone box where she was killed was in Wilbraham Crescent. Does that convey anything to you, Miss Webb?"

"Nothing at all."

"Were you yourself at Wilbraham Crescent, today?"

"No I wasn't," she said vehemently. "I never went

near it. I'm beginning to feel that it's a horrible place. I wish I'd never gone there in the first place. I wish I'd never got mixed up in all this. Why did they send for me, ask for me specially, that day? Why did Edna have to get killed near there? You must find out, Inspector, you must, you must!"

"We mean to find out, Miss Webb," the inspector said. There was a faint menace in his voice as he went on: "I can assure you of that."

"You're trembling, my dear," said Professor Purdy. "I think, I really do think, that you ought to have a glass of sherry."

#### Colin's Narrative:

I reported to Beck as soon as I got to London. He waved his cigar at me.

"There may have been something in that idiotic crescent idea of yours after all," he allowed.

"I've turned up something at last, have I?"

"I won't go as far as that, but I'll just say that you may have."

Our construction engineer, Mr. Ramsay, of 62 Wilbraham Crescent, is not all he seems. Some very curious assignments he's taken on lately. Genuine firms, but firms without much back history, and what history they have, rather a peculiar one. Ramsay went off at a moment's notice about five weeks ago. He went to Rumania."

"That's not what he told his wife."

"Possibly not, but that's where he went. And that's where he is now. We'd like to know a bit more about him. So you can stir your stumps, my lad, and get going. I've got all the visas ready for you, and a nice new passport. Nigel Trench it will be this time. Rub up your knowledge of rare plants in the Balkans. You're a botanist."

"Any special instructions?" "No. We'll give you your contact when you pick up your papers. Find out all you can about our Mr. Ramsay."

He looked at me keenly. "You don't sound as pleased as you might be." He peered through the cigar smoke.

"It's always pleasant when a hunch pays off," I said evasively.

"Right crescent, wrong number. 61 is occupied by a perfectly blameless builder. Blameless in our sense, that

is. Poor old Hanbury got the number wrong, but he wasn't far off."

"Have you vetted the others? Or only Ramsay?"

"Diana Lodge seems to be as pure as Diana. A long history of cats. McNaughton was vaguely interesting. He's a retired professor, as you know. Mathematics. Quite brilliant, it seems. Resigned his Chair quite suddenly on the grounds of ill-health. I suppose that may be true—but he seems quite hale and hearty. He seems to have cut himself off from all his old friends, which is rather odd."

"The trouble is," I said, "that we get to thinking that everything that everybody does is highly suspicious."

"You may have got something there," said Colonel Beck. "There are times when I suspect you, Colin, of having changed over to the other side. There are times when I suspect myself of having changed over to the other side, and then having changed back to this one! All a jolly mix-up."

My plane left at 10 p.m. I went to see Hercule Poirot first. This time he was drinking a cirap de cassis. (Black-currant to you and me.) He offered me some. I refused. George brought me whisky. Everything as usual.

"You look depressed," said Poirot.

"Not at all. I'm just off abroad."

He looked at me. I nodded.

"So it is like that?"

"Yes, it is like that."

"I wish you all success."

"Thank you. And what about you, Poirot, how are you getting along with your homework?"

"Pardon?"

"What about the Crowdean Clocks Murder—Have you leaned back, closed your eyes, and come up with all the answers?"

"I have read what you left here with great interest," said Poirot.

"Not much there, was there? I told you these particular neighbors were a washout."

"On the contrary. In the case of at least two of these people very illuminating remarks were made."

"Which of them? And what were the remarks?"

Poirot told me in an irritating fashion that I must reread my notes carefully.

"You will see for yourself

then—it leaps to the eye. The thing to do now is to talk to more neighbors."

"There aren't any more."

"There must be. Somebody has always seen something. It is an axiom."

"It may be an axiom but it isn't so in this case. And I've got further details for you. There has been another murder."

"Indeed? So soon? That is interesting. Tell me."

I told him. He questioned me closely until he got every single detail out of me. I told him, too, of the postcard I had passed on to Hardcastle.

"Remember—four one three," he repeated. "Yes—it is the same pattern."

"What do you mean by that?"

Poirot closed his eyes.

"That postcard lacks only one thing, a fingerprint dipped in blood."

I looked at him doubtfully.

"What do you really think of this business?"

"It grows much clearer—as usual, the murderer cannot let well alone."

"But who's the murderer?"

Poirot craftily did not reply to that.

"Whilst you are away, you permit that I make a few researches?"

"Such as?"

"Tomorrow I shall instruct Miss Lemon to write a letter to an old lawyer friend of mine, Mr. Enderby. I shall ask her to consult the marriage records at Somerset House. She will also send for me a certain overseas cable."

"I'm not sure that's fair," I objected. "You're not just sitting and thinking."

"That is exactly what I am doing! What Miss Lemon is to do, is to verify for me the answers that I have already arrived at. I ask not for information, but for confirmation."

**I** LAUGHED.

"I don't believe you know a thing, Poirot! This is all bluff. Why, nobody knows yet who the dead man is—"

"I know."

"What's his name?"

"I have no idea. His name is not important. I know, if you can understand, not who he is but who he is."

"A blackmailer?"

Poirot closed his eyes. "A private detective?"

Poirot opened his eyes. "I say to you a little quotation. As I did last time. And after that I say no more."

He recited with the utmost solemnity.

"Dilly, dilly, dilly—come and be killed."

Detective-Inspector Hardcastle looked at the calendar on his desk. September the 20th. Just over ten days. They hadn't been able to make as much progress as he would have liked because they were held up with that initial difficulty. The identification of a dead body. It had taken longer than he would have thought possible. All the leads seemed to have petered out, failed. The laboratory examination of the clothes had brought in nothing particularly helpful. The clothes themselves had yielded no clues. They were good quality clothes, export quality, not new but well cared for. Dentists had not helped, nor laundries, nor cleaners. The dead man remained a "mystery man!"

And yet, so Hardcastle felt, he was not really a "mystery man." There was nothing spectacular or dramatic about him. He was just a man whom nobody had been able to come forward and recognise. That was the pattern of it, he was sure. Hardcastle sighed as he thought of the telephone calls and letters that had necessarily poured in after the

publication in the public of the photograph with caption below it: **DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?**

Astonishing the amount of people who thought they knew this man. Dauphine who wrote in a hopeful of fathers from whom it been estranged for years. Old woman of ninety was that the photograph in tion was her son, who had home thirty years ago. Numerous wives had sure that it was a missing band. Sisters had not quite so anxious to brothers. Sisters, per were less hopeful thinker

And, of course, there vast numbers of people had seen that very man Lincolnshire, Newca Devon, London, on a tub a bus, lurking on a pier, ing sinister at the corner road, trying to hide his as he came out of the ci Hundreds of leads, the promising of them pat followed up and not yie anything.

But today the inspector slightly more hopeful. looked again at the lette his desk. Merlina Rival body in their senses, thought, could christe child Merlina. No

it was a fancy adopted by the lady he But he liked the feel of letter. It was not exte gant or over-confident. merely said that the w thought it possible that man in question was her band from whom she parted several years ago. was due this morning. pressed his buzzer and geant Gray came in.

"That Mrs. Rival arrived yet?"

"Just come this min said Gray. "I was comi tell you."

"What's she like?"

"Bit theatrical—look said Gray, after reflecti moment. "Lot of make- not very good make-up. ly reliable sort of woma the whole, I should say."

"Did she seem upset?"

"No. Not noticeably."

"All right," said I castle, "let's have her in. Gray departed and ently returned, saying a did so, "Mrs. Rival, sir."

The inspector got up shook hands with her. A fifty, he should judge, from a long way away—a long way—she might looked thirty. Close at the result of make-up lessly applied made her rather older than fifty, by the whole he put it at Dark hair heavily han No hat, medium height build, wearing a dark and skirt and a white bl Carrying a large tartan A jingly bracelet or two, eral rings, on the whole thought, making moral ments on the basis of experience, rather a good Not over-scrupulous, ably, but easy to live reasonably generous, po kind. Reliable? That was question. He wouldn't on it, but then he cou afford to bank on that of thing, anyway.

"I'm very glad to see Mrs. Rival," he said, "a hope very much you'll be to help us."

"Of course, I'm not a sure," said Mrs. Rival, spoke apologetically. "Bu did look like Harry. much like Harry. Of co I'm quite prepared to that it isn't, and I ho shan't have taken up time for nothing."

She seemed quite agetic about it.

"You mustn't feel that any case," said the ins tor. We want help very b over this case."

"Yes, I see. I hope I'll able to be sure. You see, a long time since I saw hi

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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 916.—FROCK

Unusual frock is cut out to make in cotton in lemon, green, bottle-green, or pink, with white check. Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust, 31/-; 36 and 38 in. bust, 32/6. Postage 3/- extra.

### No. 917.—DUCHESS SET

Duchesse set is cut out to embroider with flower design on cream or white Irish linen. Price 9/3. Postage 1/- extra.

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Set of tea-towels cut out to embroider with "Day of the Week" motifs on multi-striped linen tea-towelling. Price is 7/3 each, plus 9d. postage, OR set of 7, 49/-, plus 3/- postage.

### No. 919.—CHILD'S FROCK

Pretty frock for the junior miss is cut out to make in pink/white and red/white crisp cotton. Sizes 1 and 2 years, 17/6; 3 and 4 years, 19/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 144/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Needlework Notions, Box 4869, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 5348, Wellington, No C.O.D. orders accepted.





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... N A MOUNTAIN TOP . . . concluded

*THIS PERFECT outdoor dining spot, overlooking the mountain view, is at one side of the Davis' home at Leura, N.S.W. Stools round informal table are tree stumps. Flat, carefully collected weathered rocks make a path.*



"Shall we get down a few facts to help us? When did you last see your husband?"

"I've been trying to get it accurate," said Mrs. Rival, "all the way down in the train. It's terrible how one's memory goes when it comes to time. I believe I said in my letter to you it was about ten years ago, but it's more than that. D'you know, I think it's nearer fifteen. Time does go fast. I suppose," she added shrewdly, "that one tends to think it's less than it is because it makes you feel younger. Don't you think so?"

"I should think it could do," said the inspector. "Anyway, you think it's roughly fifteen years since you saw him? When were you married?"

"It must have been about three years before that," said Mrs. Rival.

"And you were living then?"

"At a place called Shipton Bois, in Suffolk. Nice town. Market town. Rather one-horse, if you know what I mean."

"And what did your husband do?"

"He was an insurance agent. At least—she stopped herself—that's what he said he was."

The inspector looked up sharply.

"You found out that that wasn't true?"

"Well, no, not exactly. . . . Not at the time. It's only since then that I've thought that perhaps it wasn't true. It'd be an easy thing for a man to say, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose it would in certain circumstances."

"I mean, it gives a man an excuse for being away from home a good deal."

"Your husband was away from home a good deal, Mrs. Rival?"

"Yes. I never thought about it much to begin with—"

"But later?"

She did not answer at once then she said "Can't we get on with it? After all, if it isn't Harry—"

He wondered what exactly she was thinking. There was strain in her voice, possibly emotion? He was not sure.

"I can understand," he said, "that you'd like to get it over. We'll go now."

He rose and escorted her out of the room to the waiting car. Her nervousness when they got to where they were going was no more than the nervousness of other people he had taken to this same place. He said the usual reassuring things.

"It'll be quiet all right. Nothing distressing. It will only take a minute or two."

The tray was rolled out, the attendant lifted the sheet. She stood staring down for a few moments, her breath came a little faster, she made a faint gasping sound, then she turned away abruptly. She said, "It's Harry. Yes. He's a lot older, he looks different. . . . But it's Harry."

The inspector nodded to the attendant, then he laid his hand on her arm and took her out again to the car and then drove back to the station. He didn't say anything. He left her to pull herself together. When they got back to his room a constable came

Continued from page 38

in almost at once with a tray of tea.

"There you are, Mrs. Rival. Have a cup, it'll pull you together. Then we'll talk."

"Thank you."

She put sugar in the tea, a good deal of it, and gulped it down quickly.

"That's better," she said. "It's not that I mind, really. Only—only, well it does turn you up a bit, doesn't it?"

"You think this man is definitely your husband?"

"I'm sure he is. Of course, he's much older, but he hasn't changed really so much. He always looked—well, very neat. Nice, you know, good class."

Yes, thought Hardcastle, it was quite a good description. Good class. Presumably, Harry had looked much better class than he was. Some men did, and it was helpful to them for their particular purposes.

Mrs. Rival said, "He was very particular always about his clothes and everything. That's why, I think—they fell for him so easily. They never suspected anything."

"Who fell for him, Mrs. Rival?" Hardcastle's voice was gentle, sympathetic.

"Women. That's where he was most of the time."

"I see. And you got to know about it?"

"Well, I—I suspected. I mean, he was away such a lot. Of course, I knew what men are like. I thought probably there was a girl from time to time. But it's no good asking men about these things. They'll lie to you and that's all. But I didn't think—I really didn't think that he made a business of it."

"And did he?"

She nodded. "I think he must have done."

"But later?"

"How did you find out?"

SHE shrugged her shoulders. "He came back one day from a trip he'd taken. To Newcastle, he said. Anyway, he came back and said he'd have to clear out quickly. He said that the game was up. There was some woman he'd got into trouble. A schoolteacher, he said, and there might be a bit of a stink about it. I asked him questions then. He didn't mind telling me. Probably he thought I knew more than I did. They used to fall for him, you know, easily enough, just as I did. He'd give her a ring and they'd get engaged—and then he'd say he'd invest money for them. They usually gave it to him quite easily."

"Had he tried the same thing with you?"

"He had, as a matter of fact, only I didn't give him any."

"Why not? Didn't you trust him, even then?"

"Well, I wasn't the kind that trusts anybody. I'd had what you'd call a bit of experience, you know, of men and their ways and the scamiest side of things. Anyway, I didn't want him investing my money for me. What money I had I could invest for myself. Always keep your money in your own hands and then you'll be sure you've got it! I've seen too many girls and women make fools of themselves."

"When did he want you to invest money? Before you were married or after?"

"I think he suggested something of the kind beforehand, but I didn't respond and he sheered off the subject at once. Then, after we were married, he told me about some wonderful opportunity he'd got. I said 'Nothing doing.' It wasn't only because I didn't trust

him, but I'd often heard men say they're on to something wonderful and then it turned out that they'd been had for a mug themselves."

"Had your husband ever been in trouble with the police?"

"No fear," said Mrs. Rival. "Women don't like the world to know they've been duped. But this time, apparently, things might be different. This girl or woman, she was an educated woman. She wouldn't be as easy to deceive as the others may have been."

"She was going to have a child?"

"Yes."

"Had that happened on other occasions?"

"I rather think so." There was bitterness now in her voice.

Hardcastle said gently, "You were fond of him, Mrs. Rival?"

"I don't know. I honestly don't know. I suppose I was in a way, or I wouldn't have married him."

"You were—excuse me—married to him?"

"I don't even know that for sure," said Mrs. Rival

## THE CLOCKS

"Did he ever use the name Curry?"

"Curry? No, I don't think so. Not that I know of, anyway."

Hardcastle slipped the card across the table to her. "This was in his pocket," he said.

"Still saying he's an insurance agent, I see," she remarked. "I expect he uses—used, I mean—all sorts of different names."

"You say you've never heard of him for the last fifteen years?"

"He hasn't sent me a Christmas card, if that's what you mean," said Mrs. Rival, with a sudden glint of humor. "I don't suppose he'd know where I was, anyway. I went back to the stage for a while after we parted. On tour mostly. It wasn't much of a life and I dropped the name of Castleton, too. Went back to Merlina Rival."

"Merlina—er—not your real name, I suppose?"

She shook her head and a faint, cheerful smile appeared on her face.

"I thought it up. Unusual. My real name's Flossie Gapp-Florence, I suppose I must

that he might be brought to book for. I should have thought it more likely it was some racket with women."

"Might it have been, do you think, Mrs. Rival, some form of blackmail?"

"Well, I don't know. . . . I suppose, yes, in a way. Some women, perhaps, that wouldn't want something in her past raked up. He'd feel pretty safe over that, I think. Mind you, I don't say it is so, but it might be. I don't think he'd want very much money, you know. I don't think he'd drive anyone desperate, but he might just collect in a small way." She nodded in affirmation. "Yes."

"Women liked him, did they?"

"Yes. They always fell for him rather easily. Mainly, I think, because he always seemed so good class and respectable. They were proud of having made a conquest of a man like that. They looked forward to a nice safe future with him. That's the nearest way I can put it. I felt the same way myself," added Mrs. Rival with some frankness.

"There's just one more small point," Hardcastle spoke to his subordinate. "Just bring those clocks in, will you?"

THEY were brought in on a tray with a cloth over them. Hardcastle whipped off the cloth and exposed them to Mrs. Rival's gaze. She inspected them with frank interest and approbation.

"Pretty, aren't they? I like that one." She touched the ornate clock.

"You haven't seen any of them before. They don't mean anything to you?"

"Can't say they do. Ought they to?"

"Can you think of any connection between your husband and the name Rosemary?"

"Rosemary? Let me think. There was a red-head—No, her name was Rosalie. I'm afraid I can't think of anyone. But then I probably wouldn't know, would I? Harry kept his affairs very dark."

"If you saw a clock with the hands pointing to four—"

Hardcastle paused.

Mrs. Rival gave a cheerful chuckle.

"I'd think it was getting on for teatime."

Hardcastle sighed.

"Well, Mrs. Rival," he said, "we are very grateful to you. The adjourned inquest, as I told you, will be the day after tomorrow. You won't mind giving evidence of identification, will you?"

"No. No, that will be all right. I'll just have to say who he was, is that it? I shan't have to go into things? I won't have to go into his manner of life—anything of that kind?"

"That will not be necessary at present. All you will have to swear to is that he is the man, Harry Castleton, to whom you were married. The exact date will be on record at Somerset House. Where were you married? Can you remember that?"

"Place called Donbrook—St. Michael's, I think was the name of the church. I hope it isn't more than twenty years ago. That would make me feel I had one foot in the grave," said Mrs. Rival.

She got up and held out her hand. Hardcastle said goodbye. He went back to his desk and sat there tapping it with a pencil. Presently Sergeant Cray came in.

"Satisfactory?" he asked.

"Seems so," said the Inspector. "Name of Harry Castleton—possibly an alias.

We'll have to see what can find out about the fellow. It seems likely that more than one woman might reason to want revenge on him."

"Looks so respectable," said Cray.

"That," said Hardcastle, "seems to have been principal stock-in-trade."

He thought again of the clock with Rosemary written on it. Remember

Colin Lamb's Narrative

"So you have returned," said Hercule Poirot.

He placed a bookmark carefully to mark his place in the book he was reading. This time a cup of hot chocolate stood on the table beside the elbow. Poirot certainly liked the most terrible taste of drinks! For once he did not urge me to join him.

"How are you?" I asked.

"I am disturbed. I am much disturbed. They are the renovations, the new decorations, even the structural alteration in the flats."

"Won't that improve them?"

"It will improve them—but it will be most tiresome to me. I shall have to disarrange myself. There will be a smell of paint!" He looked at me with an angry

outrage.

Then, dismissing his

culties with a wave of his hand, he asked: "You had the success, yes?"

I said slowly: "I don't know."

"Ah—it is like that," he said.

"I found out what I had sent to find out. I did not find the man himself. I only self do not know what you wanted. Information? Of course?"

"Speaking of bodies, I have the account of the adjourned inquest at Crowden. When murder by a person or persons unknown. And no body has been given a name at last."

I nodded.

"Harry Castleton, whom he may be."

"Identified by his name. You have been to Crowden?"

"Not yet. I thought going down tomorrow."

"Oh, you have some leisure time?"

"Not yet. I'm still on my job. My job takes me time."

"I paused a moment and then said: 'I don't know much about what's been happening while I've been abroad—just the mere of the identification—do you think of it?'"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders.

"It was to be expected. Yes—the police very good—"

"And wives are obliging."

"Mrs. Merlina Rival?"

"What a name!"

"It reminds me of something," said Poirot. "No, what does it remind you of?"

He looked at me thoughtfully, but I couldn't help knowing Poirot, it had reminded him of something.

"A visit to a friend—a country house," said Poirot, then shook his head.

"No—it is so long ago. When I came back to London, I'll come and tell all I can find out from the castle about Mrs. Merlina Rival."

Poirot waved a hand and said: "It is not necessary. You mean you know about her already?"

"No. I mean that I am interested in her—"

"You're not interested, but why not? I don't know. I shook my head."

"One must concentrate

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### Notice to Contributors

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.



Continued from page 40

## THE CLOCKS

we settled ourselves with our drinks.

"Things are moving at last," said Hardcastle. "We've identified our corpse."

"I know. I looked up the newspaper files — who was Harry Castleton?"

"A man of apparently the utmost respectability and who made his living by going through a form of marriage or merely getting engaged to well-to-do credulous women. They entrusted their savings to him, impressed by his superior knowledge of finance and shortly afterwards he quietly faded into the blue."

"He didn't look that kind of a man," I said, casting my mind back.

"That was his chief asset." "Wasn't he ever prosecuted?"

"No — we've made inquiries but it isn't easy to get much information. He changed his name fairly often. And although they think at the Yard that Harry Castleton, Raymond Blair, Lawrence Dalton, Roger Byron were all one and the same person, they never could prove it. The women, you see, wouldn't tell. They preferred to lose their money. The man was really more of a name than anything — cropping up here and there — always the same pattern — but incredibly elusive."

"Roger Byron, say, would disappear from Southend, and a man called Lawrence Dalton would commence operations in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He was shy of being photographed — eluded his lady friends' desire to snapshot him. All this goes quite a long time back — fifteen to twenty years. About that time he seemed really to disappear. The rumor spread about that he was dead — but some people said he had gone abroad."

"Anyway, nothing was heard of him until he turned up, dead, on Miss Pebmarsh's sitting-room carpet?" I said.

"Exactly." "It certainly opens up possibilities."

"It certainly does." "A woman scorned who never forgot?" I suggested.

"It does happen, you know. There are women with long memories who don't forget."

I JUMPED ahead to conclude for him. "And if such a woman were to go blind — a second affliction on top of the other —"

"That's only conjecture. Nothing to substantiate it as yet."

"What was the wife like — Mrs. — what was it? — Merlina Rival? What a name! It can't be her own."

"Her real name is Flossie Gapp. The other she invented. More suitable for her way of life."

"What is she?" "I should say she was a good-natured woman, and one willing to oblige her friends. Described herself as an ex-actress. Occasionally did 'hostess' work. Quite likeable."

"Reliable?" "As reliable as most. Her recognition was quite positive. No hesitation."

"That's a blessing." "Yes. I was beginning to despair. The amount of wives I've had here! I'd begun to think it's a wise woman who knows her own husband. Mind you, I think Mrs. Rival might have known a little more about her husband than she lets on."

"Has she herself ever been mixed up in criminal activities?"

"Not for the record. I think she may have had, per-

haps still has, some shady friends."

"What about the clocks?" "Didn't mean a thing to her. I think she was speaking the truth. We've traced where they came from — Portobello Market. That's the ornolu and the Dresden china. And very little help that is! You know what it's like on a Saturday there. Bought by an American lady, the stall keeper thinks — but I'd say that's just a guess. Portobello Market is full of American tourists. His wife says it was a man bought them. She can't remember what he looked like. The silver one came from a silversmith in Bournemouth. A tall lady who wanted a present for her little girl! All she can remember about her is she wore a green hat."

"And the fourth clock? The one that disappeared?"

"No comment," said Hardcastle.

I knew just what he meant by that.

The hotel I was staying in was a poky little place by the station. It served a decent grill, but that was all that could be said for it. Except,

saucers were all canary color.

I ordered coffee and scones for two. It was early enough for us to have the place practically to ourselves.

When the waitress had taken the order and gone away we looked across the table at each other.

"Are you all right, Sheila?" "What do you mean — am I all right?"

Her eyes had such dark circles under them that they looked violet rather than blue.

"Have you been having a bad time?" "Yes — no — I don't know. I thought you had gone away?"

"I had. I've come back." "Why?"

"You know why." Her eyes dropped.

"I'm afraid of him," she said after a pause of at least a minute, which is a long time.

"Who are you afraid of?" "That friend of yours — that inspector. He thinks . . . he thinks I killed that man, and that I killed Edna, too . . ."

"Oh, that's just his manner," I said reassuringly. "He always goes about looking as though he suspected everybody."

"No, Colin, it's not like that at all. It's no good saying



of course, that it was cheap.

At 10 o'clock I rang the Cavendish Secretarial Bureau and said that I wanted a shorthand typist to take down some letters and retype a business agreement. My name was Douglas Weatherby, and I was staying at the Clarendon Hotel (extraordinarily tatty hotels always have grand names). Was Miss Sheila Webb available? A friend of mine had found her very efficient.

I was in luck. Sheila could come straight away. She had, however, an appointment at 12 o'clock. I said that I would have finished with her before that as I had an appointment myself.

I was outside the swing doors of the Clarendon when Sheila appeared. I stepped forward.

"Mr. Douglas Weatherby at your service," I said.

"Was it you rang up?" "It was."

"But you can't do things like that." She looked scandalised.

"Why not? I'm prepared to pay the Cavendish Bureau for your services. What does it matter to them if we spend your valuable and expensive time in the Buttercup Cafe just across the street instead of dictating dull letters beginning 'Yours of the 3rd promississio to hand,' etc. Come on, let's go and drink indifferent coffee in peaceful surroundings."

The Buttercup Cafe lived up to its name by being violently and aggressively yellow. Formica table tops, plastic cushions and cups and

things just to cheer me up. He's thought that I had something to do with it right from the beginning."

"My dear girl, there's no evidence against you. Just because you were there on the spot that day, because someone put you on the spot . . ."

She interrupted. "He thinks I put myself on the spot. He thinks it's all a trumped-up story. He thinks that Edna in some way knew about it. He thinks that Edna recognised my voice on the telephone pretending to be Miss Pebmarsh."

"Was it your voice?" I asked.

"No, of course it wasn't. I never made that telephone call. I've always told you so."

"Look here, Sheila," I said — "Whatever you tell anyone else, you've got to tell me the truth."

"So you don't believe a word I say!"

"Yes, I do. You might have made that telephone call that day for some quite innocent reason. Someone may have asked you to make it, perhaps told you it was part of a joke, and then you got scared and once you'd lied about it, you had to go on lying. Was it like that?"

"No, no, no! How often have I got to tell you?"

"It's all very well, Sheila, but there's something you're not telling me. I want you to trust me. If Hardcastle has got something against you, something that he has not told me about —"

She interrupted again.

"Do you expect him to tell you everything?"

"Well, there's no reason why he shouldn't. We're roughly members of the same profession."

The waitress brought our order at this point. The coffee was as pale as the latest fashionable shade of pink.

"I didn't know you had anything to do with the police," Sheila said, slowly stirring her coffee round and round.

"It's not exactly the police. It's an entirely different branch. But what I was getting at was, that if Dick doesn't tell me things he knows about you, it's for a special reason. It's because he thinks I'm interested in you. Well, I am interested in you. I'm more than that. I'm for you, Sheila, whatever you've done. You came out of that house that day scared to death. You were really scared. You weren't pretending. You couldn't have acted a part the way you did."

"Of course I was scared. I was terrified."

"Was it only finding the dead body that scared you? Or was there something else?"

"What else should there be?"

I braced myself.

"Why did you pinch that clock with Rosemary written across it?"

"What do you mean? Why should I pinch it?"

"I'm asking you why you did."

"I never touched it."

"You went back into that room because you'd left your gloves there, you said. You weren't wearing any gloves that day. A fine September day. I've never seen you wear gloves. All right then, you went back into that room and you picked up that clock. Don't lie to me about that. That's what you did, isn't it?"

SHE was silent for a moment or two, crumbling up the scones on her plate.

"All right," she said, in a voice that was almost a whisper. "All right. I did. I picked up the clock and I shoved it into my bag and I came out again."

"Why did you do it?" "Because of the name — Rosemary. It's my name."

"Your name is Rosemary, not Sheila?"

"It's both. Rosemary Sheila."

"And was that enough, just that? The fact that you'd the same name as was written on one of those clocks?"

She heard my disbelief, but she stuck to it.

"I was scared, I tell you."

I looked at her. Sheila was my girl — the girl I wanted — and wanted for keeps. But it wasn't any use having illusions about her. Sheila was a liar and probably always would be a liar. It was her way of fighting for survival — the quick easy glib denial. It was a child's weapon — and she'd probably never got out of using it. If I wanted Sheila I must accept her as she was — be at hand to prop up the weak places. We've all got our weak places. Mine were different from Sheila's, but they were there.

I made up my mind and attacked. It was the only way.

"It was your clock, wasn't it?" I said. "It belonged to you?"

She gasped.

"How did you know?" "Tell me about it."

The story tumbled out then in a helter-skelter of words. She'd had the clock nearly all her life. Until she was about six years old she'd always gone by the name of Rosemary — but she hated it and had insisted on being called Sheila. Lately the

clock had been giving trouble. She'd taken it with her to leave at a clock-repairing shop not far from the Bureau. But she'd left it somewhere — in the bus, perhaps, or in the milk-bar where she went for a sandwich at lunchtime.

"How long was this before the murder at 19 Wilbraham Crescent?"

About a week, she thought. She hadn't bothered much, because the clock was old and always going wrong and it would really be better to get a new one.

And then: "I didn't notice it at first," she said. "Not when I went into the room. And then I found the dead man. I was paralysed. I straightened up after touching him and I just stood there staring and my clock was facing me on a table by the fire — my clock — and there was blood on my hand — and then she came in and I forgot everything because she was going to tread on him. And — and so — I bolted. To get away — that's all I wanted."

I nodded.

"And later?"

"I began to think. She said she hadn't telephoned for me — then who had — who'd got me there and put my clock there. I — I said that about leaving gloves and — and stuffed it into my bag. I suppose it was — stupid of me."

"You couldn't have done anything sillier," I told her. "In some ways, Sheila, you've got no sense at all."

"But someone is trying to involve me. That postcard. It must have been sent by someone who knows that I took that clock. And the postcard itself — the Old Bailey. If my father was a criminal —"

"What do you know about your father and mother?"

"My father and mother died in an accident when I was a baby. That's what my aunt told me. What I've always been told. But she never speaks about them, she never tells me anything about them. Sometimes, once or twice when I asked, she's told me things about them that aren't the same as what she'd told me before. So I've always known, you see, that there's something wrong."

"Go on."

"So I think that perhaps my father was some kind of criminal — perhaps even a murderer. Or perhaps it was my mother. People don't say your parents are dead and can't or won't tell you anything about those parents unless the real reason is something — something that they think would be too awful for you to know."

"So you got yourself all worked up. It's probably quite simple. You may just have been an illegitimate child."

"I thought of that, too. People do sometimes try to hide that kind of thing from children. It's very stupid. They'd much better just tell them the truth. It doesn't matter as much nowadays. But the whole point is, you see, that I don't know. I don't know what's behind all this. Why was I called Rosemary? It's not a fancy name. It means remembrance, doesn't it?"

"Which could be a nice meaning," I pointed out.

"Yes, it could . . . But I don't feel it did. Anyway, after the inspector had asked me questions that day, I began to think. Why had someone wanted to get me there? To get me there with a strange man who was dead? Or was it the dead man who had wanted me to meet him there? Was he perhaps — my father, and he wanted me to do something for him? And then someone had come along

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and killed him instead. Or did someone want to make out from the beginning that it was I who had killed him? Oh, I was all mixed up, frightened. It seemed somehow as if everything was being made to point at me. Getting me there, and a dead man, and my name — Rosemary — on my clock that didn't belong there. So I got in a panic and did something that was stupid, as you say."

"I shook my head at her. 'You've been reading or typing too many thrillers and mystery stories,' I said accusingly. 'What about Edna? Haven't you any idea at all what she'd got into her head about you? Why did she come all the way to your house to talk to you when she saw you every day at the office?'"

"I've no idea. She couldn't have thought I had anything to do with the murder. She couldn't."

"Could it have been something she overheard and made a mistake about?"

"There was nothing, I tell you. Nothing!"

"I wondered. I couldn't help wondering. . . . Even now, I didn't trust Sheila to tell the truth."

"Have you got any personal enemies? Disgruntled young men, jealous girls, someone or other a bit unbalanced who might have it in for you?"

"It sounded most unconvincing as I said it. 'Of course not.'"

"So there it was. Even now I wasn't sure about that clock. It was a fantastic

Continued from page 41

story. 413. What did those figures mean? Why write them on a postcard with the word: REMEMBER unless they would mean something to the person to whom the postcard was sent?"

"I sighed, paid the bill and got up."

"Don't worry," I said. (Surely the most famous words in the English or any other language.) "The Colin Lamb Personal Service is on the job. You're going to be all right, and we're going to be married and live happily ever after on practically nothing a year. By the way," I said, unable to stop myself, though I knew it would have been better to end on the romantic note, but the Colin Lamb personal curiosity drove me on, "what have you actually done with that clock? Hidden it in your stocking drawer?"

She waited for just a moment before she said: "I put it in the dustbin of the house next door."

I was quite impressed. It was simple and probably effective. To think of that had been clever of her. Perhaps I had under-estimated Sheila."

When Sheila had gone, I went across to the Clarendon, packed my bag, and left it ready with the porter. It was the kind of hotel where they are particular about your checking out before noon."

Then I set out. My route took me past the police station, and after hesitating a moment I went in. I asked

for Hardcastle and he was there. I found him frowning down at a letter in his hand. "I'm off again this evening, Dick," I said. "Back to London."

He looked up at me with a thoughtful expression. "Will you take a piece of advice from me?"

"No," I said immediately. He paid no attention. People never do when they want to give you advice."

"I should get away — and stay away — if you know what's best for you."

"Nobody can judge what's best for anyone else."

"I'll tell you something, Dick. When I've tidied up my present assignment, I'm quitting. At least — I think I am."

"Why?"

"I'm like an old-fashioned Victorian clergyman. I have Doubts."

"Give yourself time."

I WASN'T sure what he meant by that. I asked him what he himself was looking so worried about. "Read that," He passed me the letter he had been studying.

Dear Sir, I've just thought of something. You asked me if my husband had any identifying marks and I said he hadn't. But I was wrong. Actually he has a kind of scar behind his left ear. He cut himself with a razor when a dog we had jumped up at him, and he had to have it stitched up. It was so small and unimportant I never thought of it the other day.

Yours truly, Merlina Rival.

"She writes a nice dashing hand," I said, "though I've never really fancied purple ink. Did the deceased have a scar?"

"He had a scar all right. Just where she says."

"Didn't she see it when she was shown the body?"

Hardcastle shook his head. "The ear covers it. You have to bend the ear forward before you can see it."

"Then that's all right. Nice piece of corroboration. What's eating you?"

Hardcastle said gloomily that this case was the devil. He asked if I would be seeing my French or Belgian friend in London.

"Probably. Why?"

"I mentioned him to the chief constable who says he remembers him quite well — that Girl Guide murder case. I was to extend a very cordial welcome to him if he is thinking of coming down here."

"Not he," I said. "The man is practically a limpet."

It was a quarter past twelve when I rang the bell at 62 Wilbraham Crescent. Mrs. Ramsay opened the door. She hardly raised her eyes to look at me.

"What is it?" she said. "Can I speak to you for a moment? I was here about ten days ago. You may not remember."

She lifted her eyes then to study me further. A faint frown appeared between her eyebrows.

"You came — you were with that police inspector, weren't you?"

"That's right, Mrs. Ramsay. Can I come in?"

"If you want to, I suppose. One doesn't refuse to let the police in. They'd take a very poor view of it if you did."

She led the way into the sitting-room, made a brusque gesture toward a chair, and sat down opposite me. There had been a faint acerbity in her voice, but her manner now resumed a listlessness

which I had not noted in it previously.

I said: "It seems quiet here today. . . . I suppose your boys have gone back to school?"

"Yes. It does make a difference." She went on, "I suppose you want to ask some more questions, do you, about this last murder? The girl who was killed in the telephone box?"

"No, not exactly that. I'm not really connected with the police, you know."

She looked faintly surprised.

"I thought you were Sergeant Lamb, wasn't it?"

"My name is Lamb, yes, but I work in an entirely different department."

The listlessness vanished from Mrs. Ramsay's manner. She gave me a quick, hard, direct stare.

"Oh," she said, "well, what is it?"

"Your husband is still abroad?"

"Yes."

"He's been gone rather a long time, hasn't he, Mrs. Ramsay? And gone rather a long way?"

"What do you know about it?"

"Well, he's gone beyond the Iron Curtain, hasn't he?"

She was silent for a moment or two, and then she said in a quiet, toneless voice, "Yes. Yes, that's quite right."

"Did you know he was going?"

"More or less." She paused a minute and then said, "He wanted me to join him there."

"Had he been thinking of it for some time?"

"I suppose so. He didn't tell me until lately."

"You are not in sympathy with his views?"

"I was once, I suppose. But you must know that already. . . . you check up pretty thoroughly on things like that don't you? Go back into the past, find out who was a fellow traveller, who was a party member, all that sort of thing."

"You might be able to give us information that would be very useful to us," I said.

She shook her head. "No. I can't do that. I don't mean that I won't. You see, he never told me anything definite. I didn't want to know. I was sick and tired of the whole thing! When Michael told me that he was leaving this country, clearing out and going to Moscow, it didn't really startle me. I had to decide then what I wanted to do."

"And you decided you were not sufficiently in sympathy with your husband's aims?"

"No, I wouldn't put it like that at all! My view is entirely personal. I believe it always is with women in the end, unless, of course, one is a fanatic. And then women can be very fanatical, but I wasn't. I've never been any-

thing more than mildly left-wing."

"Was your husband mixed up in the Larkin business?"

"I don't know. I suppose he might have been. He never told me anything or spoke to me about it."

She looked at me suddenly with more animation.

"We'd better get it quite clear, Mr. Lamb. Or Mr. Wolf in Lamb's clothing, or whatever you are. I loved my husband. I might have been fond enough of him to go with him to Moscow, whether I agreed with what his politics were or not. He wanted me to bring the boys. I didn't want to bring the boys! It was as simple as that. And so I decided I'd have to stay with them."

Whether I shall ever see Michael again or not I don't know. He's got to choose his way of life and I've got to choose mine, but I did know one thing quite definitely. After he talked about it to me. I wanted the boys brought up here in their own country. They're English. I want them to be brought up as ordinary English boys."

"I see."

"And that I think is all," said Mrs. Ramsay, as she got up.

There was now a sudden decision in her manner.

"It must have been a hard choice," I said gently. "I'm very sorry for you."

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leaned her head forward, peering at me, and releasing her grip.

"You're the young man from the police," she said, didn't recognise you at all."

I carried the shopping bag to her front door and stood there beside me.

shopping-bag was unceremoniously heavy. I wondered was in it. Pounds of potatoes?

"Don't ring," she said. "The door isn't locked."

Nobody's door seemed to be locked in Wilbraham Crescent.

"And how are you getting on with things?" she chatted. "He seems to be married very much to his him."

I didn't know who she was talking about.

"Who did — I've heard away," I explained.

"Oh, I see. Shadwell, someone, I suppose. I heard that Mrs. Rival. I was the inquest. Such a comely looking woman. I must say she didn't seem much by her husband's death."

"She hadn't seen him fifteen years," I explained.

"Angus and I have married for twenty years. She sighed. 'It's a long time. And so much gardening that he isn't at the university. . . . It makes it difficult to know what to do for oneself.'"

At that moment, Mr. Naughton, spade in hand, came round the corner of the house.

"Oh, you're back, my dear. Let me take the things."

"Just put it in the kitchen," said Mrs. McNaughton. "I'll swiftly — her elbow nudged me. "Just the cornflakes, the eggs and a melon," she said to her husband, smiling brightly."

I deposited the bag on the kitchen table. It clinked. Cornflakes, my foot! my spy's instincts take over. Under the other parcels were three bottles of whisky. I understood why Mr. McNaughton was so bright and garrulous. Why she was occasionally a little unsteady on her feet. And possibly why Mr. McNaughton had resigned his job."

It was a morning visit. I met Mr. McNaughton as I was going along the street toward Albany Road. Mr. Bland seemed in good form. He recognized me at once.

"How are you? No crime? Got your dead end identified, I see. Seem to have treated that wife of yours rather badly. By the way, excuse me, you're not one of the locals, are you?"

I said evasively I had come down from London.

"So the Yard was interested, was it?"

"Well — I drew the line out in a noncommittal way. "I understand. Mustn't tales out of school, weren't they at the inquest?"

I said I had been about. "So have I, my boy. Have I?" He winked at me. "Gay Paree?" I winked back.

"Wish it had been only a day trip to Boulogne. He dug me in the elbow (quite Mrs. McNaughton!).

"Didn't take the team up with a very little bit. Blonde. Quite hot number."

"Business trip?" I said, both laughed like men of the world.

He went on toward 61 and I walked on toward Albany Road.

I was dissatisfied with self. As Poirot had there should have been to be got out of the neighbors. It was positively natural that nobody should have seen anything! Poirot Hardcastle had asked

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THE CLOCKS

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## THE CLOCKS

I stopped and exchanged a few words with him, first detaching his playful claw from my shoulder.

"If cats could speak," I offered him as a conversational opening.

The orange cat opened his mouth, gave a loud melodious miaow.

"I know you can," I said. "I know you can speak just as well as I can. But you're not speaking my language. Were you sitting here that day. Did you see who came into that house or who came out of it? Do you know all about what happened? I wouldn't put it past you, puss."

The cat took my remark in poor part. He turned his back on me and began to switch his tail.

"I'm sorry, your Majesty," I said.

He gave me a cold look over his shoulder and started industriously to wash himself. Neighbors, I reflected bitterly! There was no doubt about it, neighbors were in short supply in Wilbraham Crescent.

What I wanted — what Hardcastle wanted — was some nice, gossiping, prying, peering old lady with time hanging heavy on her hands.

Always hoping to look out and see something scandalous. The trouble is that that kind

thing that was being held up to it. The flash of light came again.

I dropped a hand into my pocket. I keep a good many things in my pockets, things that may be useful. You'd be surprised at what is useful sometimes. A little adhesive tape. A few quite innocent-looking instruments which are quite capable of opening most locked doors, a tin of grey powder labelled something which it wasn't and an insufflator to use with it, and one or two other little gadgets which most people wouldn't recognise for what they are. Among other things I had a pocket bird watcher. Not a high-powered one but just good enough to be useful. I took this out and raised it to my eye.

There was a child at the window. I could see long plaits of hair lying over her shoulders. She had a pair of small opera glasses and she was studying me with what might have been flattering attention. As there was nothing else for her to look at, however, it might not be as flattering as it seemed. At that moment, however, there was another midday distraction in Wilbraham Crescent.

A very old Rolls-Royce came with dignity along the road driven by a very elderly chauffeur. He looked dignified but rather disgusted with life. He passed me with the solemnity of a whole procession of cars. My child observer, I noticed, was now training her opera glasses on him. I stood there, thinking.

It is always my belief that if you wait long enough, you're bound to have some stroke of luck. Something that you can't count upon and that you would never have thought of, but which just happens. Was it possible that this might be mine? Looking up again at the big square block, I noted carefully the position of the particular window I was interested in, counting from it to each end and up from the ground. Third floor. Then I walked along the street till I came to the entrance to the block of flats. It had a wide carriage-drive sweeping round the block with neatly spaced flower-beds at strategic positions in the grass.

It's always well, I find, to go through all the motions, so I stepped off the carriage-drive toward the block, looked up over my head as though startled, bent down to the grass, pretended to hunt about and finally straightened up, apparently transferring something from my hand to my pocket. Then I walked round the block until I came to the entrance.

At most times of day I should think there was a porter here, but between the sacred hours of one and two the entrance hall was empty. There was a bell with a large sign above it, saying Porter, but I did not ring it. There was an automatic lift and I went to it and pressed a button for the third floor. After that I had to check things pretty carefully.

It looks simple enough from the outside to place one particular room, but the inside of a building is confusing. However, I'd had a good deal of practice at that sort of thing in my time, and I was fairly sure that I'd got the right door. The number on it, for better or worse, was No. 77. Well, I thought, sevens are lucky. Here goes. I pressed the bell and stood back to await events.

(To be concluded)

The novel "The Clocks" is published by William Collins.

## Butterick PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.



2761—Toddlers' Playwear, back-buttoned, sleeveless, waist-length overblouse, shorts, and gathered skirt. (B) Applique included in pattern. Sizes 1 to 3 (19, 20, 21, 22in. chest). Butterick pattern 2761, price 5/- includes postage.



2231—Toddlers' Co-ordinates. (A) Pants and matching blazer jacket, contrast back-buttoned shirt with short sleeves and polo collar. (B) Contrast blazer with binding to match pants. (C) Self-collared shirt, contrast pants. (D) Pants with snapped crotch, bias tape-trimmed, sleeveless jacket. Sizes 1 to 3 (19, 20, 21, 22in. chest). Butterick pattern 2231, price 5/- includes postage.



of old lady seems to have died out nowadays. They are all sitting grouped together in old ladies' homes with every comfort for the aged, or crowding up hospitals where beds are needed urgently for the really sick. The lame and the halt and the old didn't live in their own houses any more, attended by a faithful domestic or by some half-witted poor relation glad of a good home. It was a serious setback to criminal investigation.

I looked across the road. Why couldn't there be any neighbors there? Why couldn't there be a neat row of houses facing me instead of that great, inhuman-looking concrete block. A kind of human beehive, no doubt, tenanted by worker bees who were out all day and only came back in the evening to wash their smalls or make up their faces and go out to meet their young men. By contrast with the inhumanity of that block of flats I began almost to have a kindly feeling for the faded Victorian gentility of Wilbraham Crescent.

My eye was caught by a flash of light somewhere half-way up the building. It puzzled me. I stared up. Yes, there it came again. An open window and someone looking through it. A face slightly obliterated by some-



2352—Raglan-sleeved dress with away-from-the-neck shaped collar, panel front flared skirt with pockets. Long or above-elbow sleeves. Purchased or self belt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2352, price 5/3 includes postage.



2488—New Year's Eve dress with shallow neckline, low squared back. Slim skirt with or without attached panels or over-skirt. (A) Floor length. (B) Short. (D) Contrast bodice, attached back panels. (E) Attached over-skirt, self-tie belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2488, price 6/- includes postage.

2701—Pretty dress, bell-shaped skirt with centre-front pleat, bateau neckline with extended shoulders. (A) Cummerbund tied from side seams. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2701, price 6/- includes postage.

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*So many Christmasses ago*

He arrived furry-soft and chubby on a new Christmas morning.  
Happy days he's seen since then and cuddly warm nights.  
And hard times too (look at his threadbare shoulder).  
But, a lot of Christmasses from now he'll still be loved.  
Such simple things as this remind us of the great goodness that is Christmas.

Children, wherever you may be, the makers of **Arnott's** famous **Biscuits** wish you (and your Teddy Bear) a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.